

Outdoor America

OCTOBER
1929

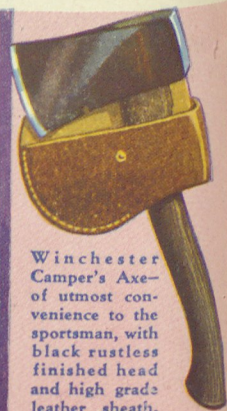
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Who's Who in Fresh Water



MUSKALLUNGE

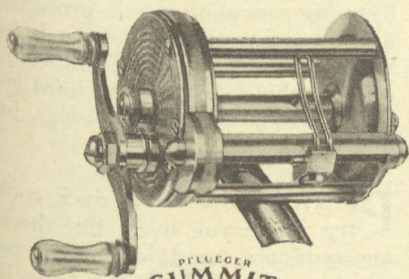
Mixes Brains with Courage

Expert anglers say this member of the ruthless Pike family is the best sport inland waters offer. He is a long, rakish fellow—straight back, but with a powerful drive in his long willowy body.

Lazily, he slinks about in deep water—until he sees food. Then bang!—he hits the bait like a galloping full back lifting it out of the water with his savage rush. From then on he treats you to about as good a display of aquatic acrobatics as you will ever see. If you can land the majority of your Muskallunge strikes you can consider yourself a B. P.—a Bachelor of Piscatorial Art.

His favorite hang out is the region of the Great Lakes, but any Northern State east of the Mississippi is honored with his presence. Try a Pflueger Muskill Bait or Lowe Spoon and see that your line is in good condition.

Excellent food value. "The more you eat, the more you want." Heaviest on record caught with tackle weighed 100 pounds even.

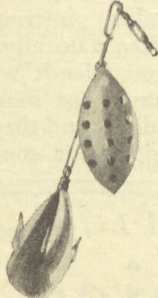


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SUMMIT
FISHING REEL
LEVEL WIND

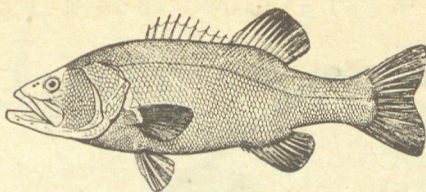
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Minnow
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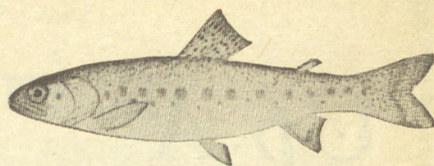
Large Mouthed BLACK BASS

The King of the Quiet Pools

This big brother of the Small-Mouthed Bass prefers deep waters. There he lurks until you skim a bait above his head. Then he hits so hard and so sudden he usually hooks himself. Sinking like a plummet, he will carry your line down to the bottom of the pool—then cross back, and likely as not carry the line beneath the boat. Not until you wear him out will he show himself.

Luckily these fine fighters are all through the East and Middle West—up to Canada and down to Louisiana.

For lures use the Pflueger Pal-O-Mine Minnow and Luminous Tandem Spinner. Black Bass are delicious! 34½ lbs. is the heaviest caught on tackle to date.



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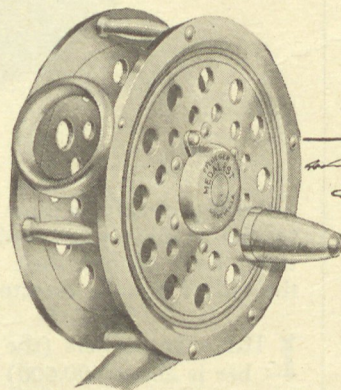
The Dandy of the West

Just as colorful, just as wild as the dashing waters he lives in! This Rainbow colored fighter is essentially a western fish, although he has been introduced to Eastern, Northern and even foreign streams.

The Coast Ranges of the Pacific States offer the finest Rainbow fishing however. Pflueger Spinners, Colorado-Whirl-I-Gig, etc., are excellent lures. His taste varies—so be guided by what local fishermen use.

And for food value—you will have to decide that yourself some evening under Western stars, when you take your trout out of the sizzling pan, or out of his steaming, pine-needle nest among the coals ... Largest on record caught with tackle —26 1/2 pounds.

—and What's What in Fishing Tackle

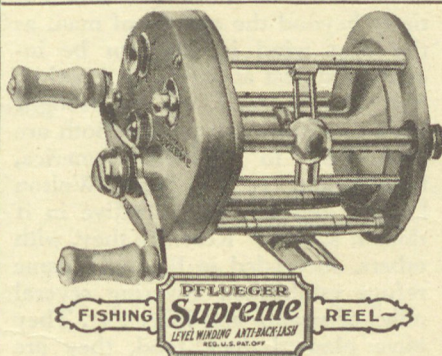


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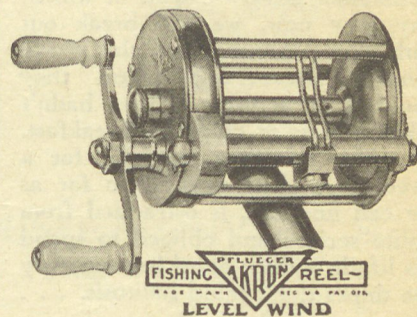
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“Up A Little Bit, Al”

IN the immediate foreground of this picture is an excellent likeness of Al Stedman, an enthusiastic and patient sportsman and duck hunter of St. Paul, Minn., and in the background you get a glimpse of the gun of Kenneth Wright, an equally patient Nimrod from the same city. . . . They are sitting in their blind at Tamarack Lake shooting at some ducks. . . .

* * *

CAN you find the error in the above paragraph? Of course you can. They aren't shooting at ducks at all. They're just aiming at the sky. This makes it difficult for the photographer to get a good picture, because you've got to get them to aim at the same place in the sky or the picture looks funny. That means giving a lot of directions: "Down a bit, Ken. . . . Up a little, Al. . . . Down a little more, Ken," and so on, until you get a pose which indicates they're both aiming at the same flock of ducks. . . .

* * *

SUCH posing is of course done in all good fun, and there's no deep dark plot to really mislead anybody about the ducks. . . . Nor is this a testimonial advertisement, in which, any time now, we will break out with the statement that the above hunters swear and affirm they couldn't hit a thing if they hadn't taken a glass of Hypo for breakfast. . . . Nor are they reaching for a sweet. . . . And neither, so far as we can find out, is ostracized from polite society and obliged to spend his life in a duck blind because only the ducks don't mind halitosis. . . .

* * *

BUT the picture does mean something, and the proper caption for it would be, "We Won't Have to Pose Next Year!" Which is true.

++



There'll probably be some real ducks to aim at next year, and the boys won't have to aim their guns with the aid of a stage director. . . .

* * *

LIKE many others (the real number is about 100,000) they have discovered that ducks are not entirely beyond the control of man, as the west wind is, but can be increased almost at will, and shooting, from fair to good, can be brought back to almost any pond. Both are subscribers to Outdoor America, both belong to the Izaak Walton League and have been active in it since it started. Recently they, with others, succeeded in having a game refuge established covering several miles of swamp and lake. . . . They have planted duck food, they are going to get some shooting. . . .

* * *

FOR six long and weary years has Outdoor America been driving

this fact home, pounding away at the idea of making better shooting by using common sense in protection and administration of game. It has made available the best authorities on the subject, has studied hard and long, has passed on its findings, has offered to help. . . .

* * *

PERHAPS there's no duck country where you live. But there's an outdoors, and doubtless one which would be the better for a little looking after. Sportsmen who are interested in their own sport are born subscribers to Outdoor America. Not all, however, know it, and it takes somebody to get them in touch with this magazine which helps, instructs, and entertains. You, naturally, are a reader. Have you friends who are not? If you have, just send their names to the editor, and they'll get sample copies, with your compliments, pronto.

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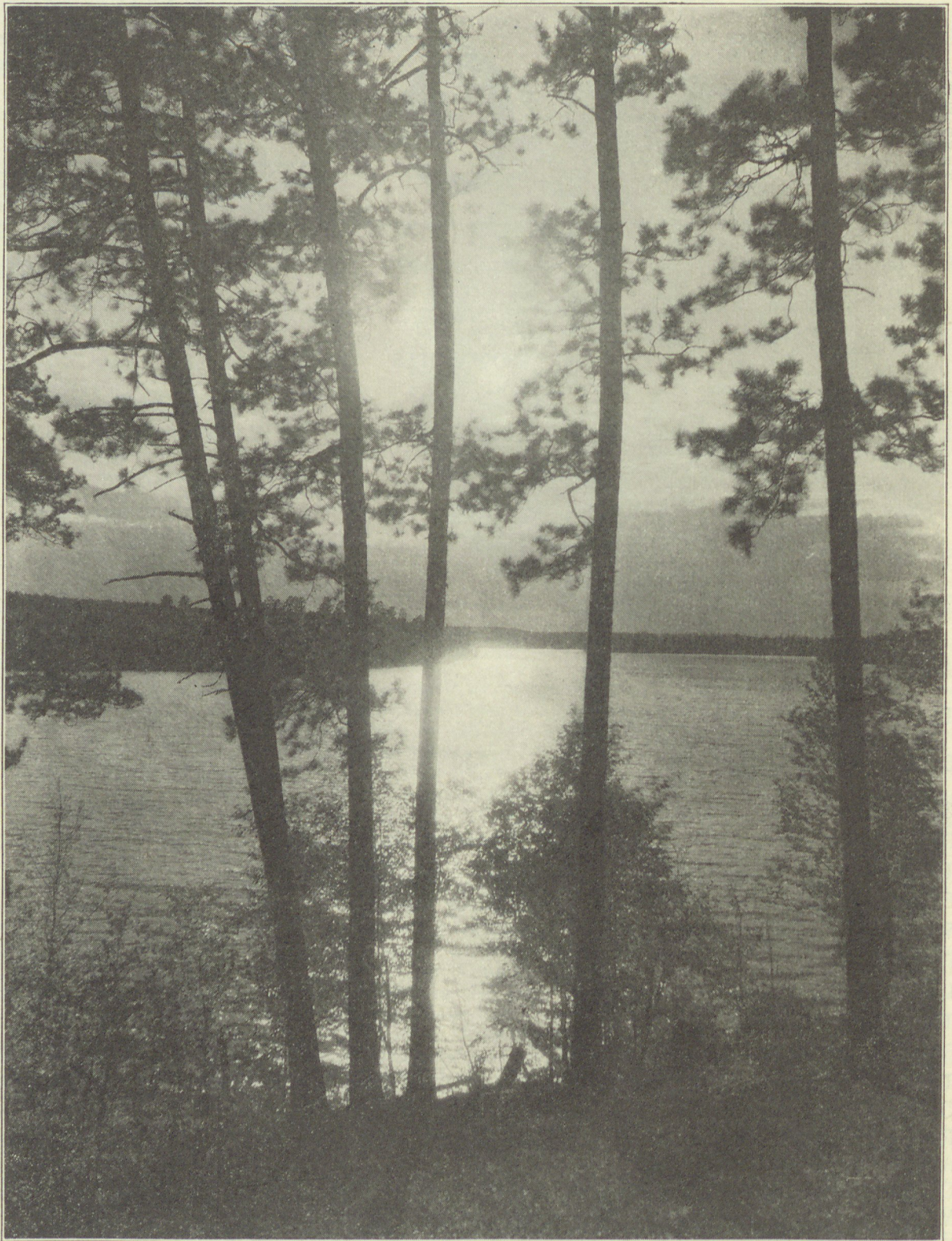
Number 3

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Photograph by Bert Brown

Itasca Park, Minnesota.

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The Black Bears of Bayou Salè

By

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

Drawings by Uldene Trippe



SHOULD you spread a map of the state of Louisiana out before you and were that map anywhere near definite and particular in properly giving recognition to its minute places of interest as well as its villages of the first order, such as New Orleans, the chances are strong that you will be able to find a place that is known as Bayou Salè. You will find it just below Centerville and south by east of Franklin the county seat of St. Mary parish.

I do not know that Bayou Salè should have any particular reason for being on the map save for the rather peculiar reputation that has been breathed it that it is the gateway to the most singular region in North America. But just because it is supposed gateway to this said habitat of a certain most unusual specie of the bear family do not think for one moment that people are streaming into this region to see what they may see. Rather far from such.

The Bayou Salè country has what you might say, ah, the reputation. For almost a hundred miles along west of east Cote Blanche Bay and with more than a fifty mile stretch, stretches a wilderness of canebrake and cypress swamp, such jungles as defy invasion and which even the natives cannot find any logical reason for tampering with because after all the Bayou Salè country has that aforementioned evil reputation.

When you ask the natives about it something of fear and superstition seems to enter their eyes. Yes, they will tell you, there are many black bear in this region—and leave them well enough alone for they are cunning and treacherous and many people have been maimed, even killed, who have penetrated too far into that vast unknown. O yes, you might hunt the bears of Bayou Salè but keep you well to the outer fringes of said region at risk of the claw, the right-handed swat and the proverbial bear hug!

All this talk of bears, thought I, was no more nor less than so much buncombe: putting one over on the outsider, I decided. So I asked Captain B. Chauvin about it and he after drinking in a voluminous cloud of smoke from a cigarette half closed his eyes for emphasis, set his lips in a determined line and remarked:

"There are black bear in the Bayou Salè country six, seven, eight feet high. Once I bring a boat down Bayou Salè. I am standing at the wheel and I see a bear in the water by the shore. I take my gun and I shoot four, five, six times and the bear grabs mud and leaves and claps it onto the wounds; then he falls dead in the water. We have a hard time getting that bear on the boat but when we get him stretched out on the deck there he is, weighing eight, nine hundred pounds. I say to the niggers and I open the bear's hand to show it to them,—I say, look, he is your cousin, see he has hands just like your own. . . . Do you know they all come and hold their hands down to the hand of the bear and they say, 'Mistuh Chauvin, we won't eat often that bear. No suh, Captain. We don't want to eat our cousin, we don't. . . ."

"But listen. You ask about bear in Bayou Salè. Tell you what they do so you get an idea how not much afraid they are. My friend Jules he have a cornfield down by Bayou Salè and the bears down there they like corn; they steal it from the fields; they go up and down the rows and jerk the cobs off the stalks like a man would and carry it out on their arms like stove-wood. Pretty soon they come to the fence and they can't go through so they throw the corn over the

fence to the other side and then climb through the fence and pick it up again like stove wood and walk away into the woods. . . . O yes, bear, lots of them in Bayou Salè. Six, seven, eight foot high. O yes!"

I went to Charlie King of Morgan City, the best duck shooter that ever swung on them straight-on or at an angle. I said:

"What's all this about bear over around Bayou Salè? I am either being filled full of some choice Cajon imagination or I am getting a smattering of the truth. Are there bear in the Bayou Salè country, are they numerous, are they ferocious and do they carry corn out on their arms like so much stove wood? I thought the only place in Louisiana where there were any black bear was where Roosevelt hunted them, up in Tensas parish and along the Mississippi south of there. Come on, I'm banking on you for the truth."

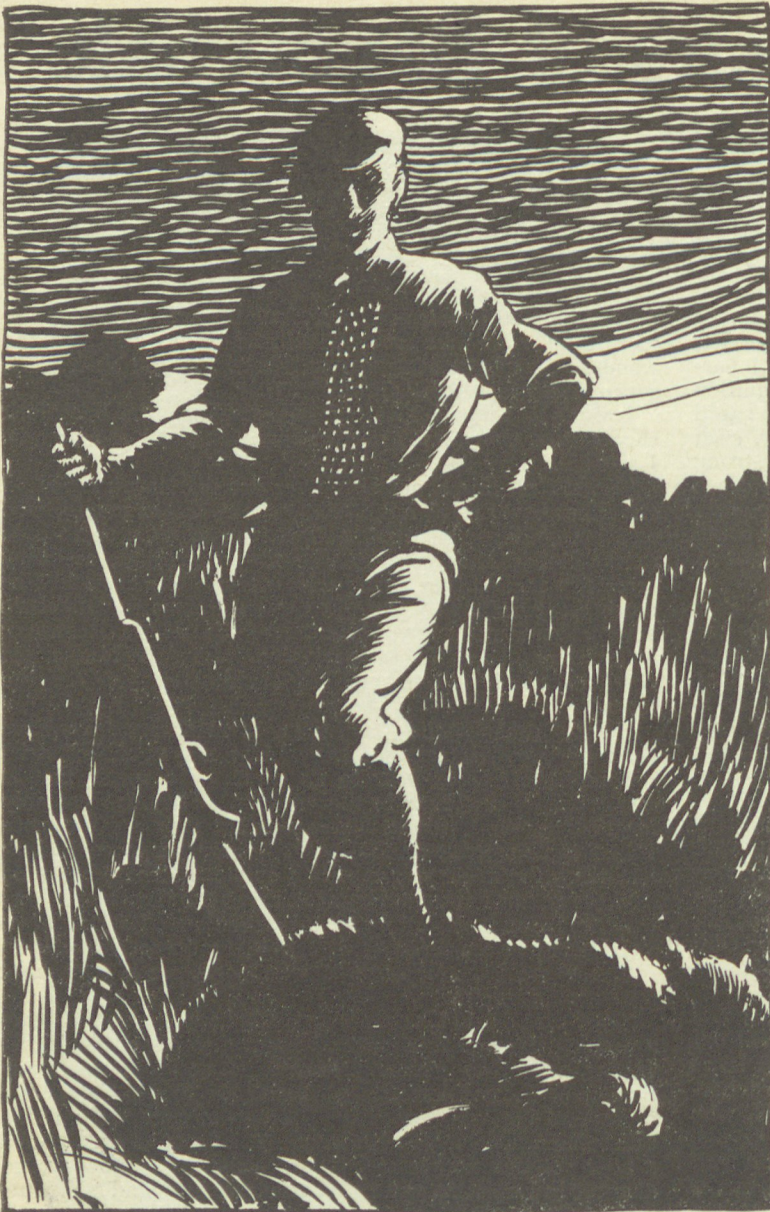
"Well," said Charlie King, his eyes twinkling, "you have been getting some straight facts. The Bayou Salè district has numerous black bear to its credit of a specie that is distinct from any bear in the country. They are not only larger than the northern black bear but they are far more wily and dangerous to fool with. Their fur is coal black and silky, the finest you ever laid eyes on. These bears do raid the corn patches and right at this very time by the way they are being hunted. You are just in time. Parker James and Patterson are figuring on a hunt for tomorrow night."

"At night," I exclaimed. "You don't mean they hunt bear here at night?"

"Just that," said Charlie King. "It happens that if bears are doing damage to a man's property, to his cornfield, let us say, why then you may hunt them at night or at any time it is deemed necessary. Patterson knows the owner of several big tracts down in the Bayou Salè section that are being raided quite regularly. The boys haven't gotten a bear yet this winter and if you want to see how we go about it in Louisiana you better meet the boys and add yourself to the party."

It is quite needless to say that I was interested. Fortified as I was with some of the tallest bear yarns extant I was willing to believe the grizzly merely a passing fair understudy of the Bayou Salè product and equally as ferocious as the Kodiak bear—taking it for granted that a shy animal like the latter can be ferocious. I was told later on that one reason why more hunters did not penetrate into the depths of this Bayou Salè swamp and cypress region was because the bears have an unpleasant habit of circling and of stalking the hunter with manslaughter in the first degree as its object. Pleasant thought, that!

Now Parker James hails from Indianapolis and for three seasons Parker James had appeared in Morgan City and each season backed up and inspired by bear stories had hunted in and about Bayou Salè. He had not killed a bear. At a Chamber of Commerce meeting at which Charlie King presided Parker James as usual was introduced as a visitor from the outside, a hunter of renown and the only man who had ever shot a bear with horns. In behalf of those present who were not in possession of the facts of the case Charlie King went on to explain, it had happened two years before. While on a stand at the edge of a cornfield Parker James had spotted the eyes of what he took to be a bear and had filled the animal full of bullets. It later turned out to be a black cow which Mr. James paid for in full besides turning the corpse over to the owner who later stated that he was going to kill the cow anyhow. It was this same Parker James and Mistuh Patterson who were leading a party of four into the wilds of the Bayou Salè district. The other two were Mistuh Dave Walsh and myself.



"There stood Parker James with his foot on a bear."

It was mid-afternoon when we got started toward the scene of our night's hunting as Mistuh Patterson deemed it of paramount importance that I inspect the field of operations and that I might see with my own naked eyes the paths and runways these black bear made. That, he felt, would settle the question once and for all. And I may say it did. For after a very extensive auto ride down the historic Teche in the Land of Evangeline and after some little maneuvering for position we finally came to our destination.

We looked over the situation and I inspected the bear paths which I had to agree were really handsome and sure-enough O. K. In fact deep down in my heart I felt that this was really an honest-to-goodness bear district, one that fame had not designated and made known to the world. Here we were at the edges of that great dismal swamp from which the bears made their forays into the outskirts for food. It evidently was a choice hunting ground because certain places here and there were pointed out by Mistuh Patterson as being spots where several bear in the past had come to their end. One of these bears, he remarked meditatively, he had approached with his knife whereat the bear, being far from dead, had walloped Patterson across the chest knocking him—"twenty feet, wasn't it, Dave?"

Having surveyed the grounds our next move was to locate two darkies who, it appears, keep tab on Bayou Sale and its bear population with an eagle eye. The movements of the bear, where last seen or where most apt to be seen on a certain night, weather conditions as affecting hunting

and if the wind is in the right direction, these are things that Jim and Henry are well up in. Jim drinks a tumbler full of iron brew that has been produced and remarks—"You-all mought have some luck on the lower patch an' then agin on the upper. The wind is from the no'theas' an' ah ain't so sho' they will be comin' out. The' ain't much been stirrin' fer a week, goin' on. But we-all can try, come night. We-all can try, yes suh!"

So plans were laid, deep, dark plans of bear destruction. It was almost appalling how coolly, yet scientifically everything was engineered, Patterson drawing sketches in the dust designating bear paths and the location of each hunter looking forward to the proposed night's skirmish. Jim views the whole in deep thought and alters this suggestion and improves on that. Till finally conclusions have been reached and our movements for the night are the common knowledge of all concerned. All that now is necessary is the coming of night and the shadows over all to tell the tale.

It turned out to be a gloomy night, somewhat unsettled, although it was possible to see objects moving at a fair range. No night brooding of the illimitable stretches of a South American wilderness or an African jungle could be more suggestive of the forsaken aspect than this night we had chosen to hunt bear in the Bayou Sale country. It was such a night and in such a place where one would pause instinctively now and then to listen, for I had been told that the advent of one of the bears through the brush and corn with its mind made up on corn (corn-minded, to speak) resembled that of a herd of cattle coming to drink. We proceeded to our posts and were invited to use every caution and to speak only in whispers. I mention this because Dave Walsh and myself were to be together, watching a particularly well worn arterial highway out of the brush that spoke of bear in capital letters. We only had one headlight between us and that rested on the head of Dave Walsh—"and believe me, boy, when that bear comes out of that swamp, ask me, I know how to use it." Naturally the light was to be switched on only when a marauder was within close proximity that it might be distinguished and made forthwith into a bear robe.

I do not know if my gentle readers have ever lain at the edge of a cornfield at the outer fringes of a Louisiana swamp in the middle of the winter waiting for a black bear to come out in quest of corn on the cob. It caused me some amusement as I lay there backing up Dave Walsh in his fearful mission to think that in the north the snowflakes were probably coming down out of a surly sky while here was I busily shoeing away mosquitoes and scratching the places where they had but recently drilled through my habiliments. Dave Walsh was also scratching, persistently, deliberately, with a pause now and then to listen with bated breath for that tell-tale crashing through the canebrake. But silence, deep, profound silence hovered over the swamp wilderness. If bears were approaching within a mile they were indeed on sofa-pillows. Parker James was seated on a wooden stand about a hundred feet to our left and he occasionally tried out his light by pointing it down toward the ground to see that it worked all right. Once he pointed it in our direction and as one man we twain, Walsh and I, lay flat on the ground and refused to move. It appears that he aimed it our way to see if he could locate a bear should it come from our direction.

But after an hour and a half of wasting time like spending thrifts and listening with might and main we finally came to the conclusion that this was not the bear's corn night. This same belief must have been current, for presently in back of us came a whistle, then another, and we rose from our business of scratching to leave for other parts. Jim had arrived from somewhere off to the left and a headlight to the right showed us Patterson coming up. He was accompanied by Henry. The report all around was no bear.



"No, suh, boss," said Jim with a shake of his head and a glance upward at the sky, "the' don' appear no bar out tonight. The win' don' seem in the right direction. But we-all maybe git some down on the lower patch." Henry when questioned thought the same and so as one man we piled into the car and were away into the night for that lower patch, the two darkies standing on the running board. It was another wild, tempestuous ride when eventually we came to a dead halt and the order to pile out was given. Then strung out and with ears tuned to get the deductions of Patterson and the two colored bear-sharks, we bent our steps toward patch number two. Patterson considered it by far the better patch, for the field was not only larger but the number of cobs in the field were proportionately greater than in the other patch. Louisiana corn, by the way, is surprising by the height of its stalks and the size of its cobs. At least this was particularly true of the Bayou Salè product.

Patch number two we reached in due course of events, approaching the same with what silence we could best manage, and the wind coming toward us we were safe from detection. Now the party halted and straining our ears (which, by the way, is no more difficult than keeping your eyes peeled) we listened. In the lull when the light breezes now and then we heard— Well anyhow there was sound enough out there in that corn patch. Dave Walsh stage whisper remarked that they were just simply bringing off cobs right and left. I remarked in another stage whisper that I thought they were shocking corn. Patterson closing his mouth over to the side of his face said—"Shut

a circuitous route and with caution and stillness perching our feet we wound around that corn patch, obviously to get in between the cornfield raiders and the woods. I admit it was done with neatness and dispatch, our consultation and plan of arrangement being that should space ourselves a matter of fifty or seventy-five feet apart. This we did and were successful in beating the corn inhabitants to it.

Several sticks or stones as I understand it were thrown into the patch with rather alarming results. If there had been sounds of corn festivities in the patch before, this added in a sound like a tornado in the patch. What hap-

pened happened so swiftly. The corn raiders came out of the patch as though with wings on their feet. Let anyone tell you that Charlie Paddock could run in the heyday of his sprinting! Tell me that Nurmi did wonders! Then tell me that Bayou Salè bears do not fly!

Later on we took a census of the supposed number of bear that were in the patch that evening and it ranged from six to ten. I don't pretend to know, but I do know that in the dark a huge shape passed me by with a grunt, snarl or sniff (call it whatever you like) and was no more. It sounded for five minutes as though there had been a surprise attack, but eventually all was comparatively quiet along the western front and along the Potomac and Bayou Salè. Hurried footsteps, flash of headlights, voices. . . .

There stood Parker James with his foot on a bear. "As he came toward me I up and drilled him through and through and he fell like a ton of brick. O boy! He'll go four hundred, maybe eight hundred!"

Other interesting developments. A surge down field. A light directed on another fuzzy body: Patterson had also killed a bear but he had little to say. It proved to be an emaciated animal, a sickly no-account that would not produce a hide worth even five dollars. It was a painful situation for the foremost bear hunter of Southern Louisiana. But, as he stated, had this animal been in good condition it should have weighed no less than six hundred.

We had not noticed in the hurry of things that Jim, the darky, was not present. Eventually combing our surroundings with the headlights we spotted a bedraggled black man limping toward us using his decrepit single barrel gun as a crutch. Visions of combat with bears naturally came to mind; Jim had probably been bitten in the leg; probably walloped with a right hand swat! Patterson asked:

"Jim, where have you-all been?"

Jim's eyes were rolling. "Jist runnin', dat's all. Fo'ty bars must a' bin after me, Mistuh Pattison, boss."

Later on Parker James told of his exploit. "Of course," he said dramatically, "I was just a little bit nervous. But when the crisis came, the climax so to speak, it did not find me wanting. I just drew a deep breath and held it. The bear appeared before me and I fired."

"And then," said Dave Walsh, rudely interrupting, "he let his breath out!"



Horse in Sense

IF you are contemplating a trip West this fall you probably have toyed more or less with the idea of taking horses and a camping outfit and losing yourself in the wilderness for a time. In other words, a pack trip. As one who has done many pack trips I can only say, obey that impulse—if you are the camping sort. If you are not, better stick to the hotels or the box-springs of the dude ranches. If you like horses, fishing, mountain climbing, getting far into the wilderness, seeing game in its natural habitat, and a complete change from all that the average man does the year round—then take a pack trip. I mustn't labor the point.

My purpose is to inquire briefly into the nature of that extraordinary, but unsung beast the pack horse. Just as a miner or lawyer is a man and bears the nature of the all too human race, still he has certain vocational habits and points of view which differentiate him from, say, cowboys or preachers. So the pack horse. He's all horse (unless he's a mule) but he certainly has traits and traditions which set him apart from wagon horses, plow horses or race horses. To me the observation of horse sense in the pack string and the way the good horseman can make capital of it on his trip, is one of the major joys in a vacation of this sort.

The horses in the string, that is your remuda, your cavvy, become individuals as much as any of the human members of the party and the good guide and horsewrangler knows exactly how to handle the idiosyncrasies of each one, where to humor and coax, and where to use sterner methods—in extreme cases where and when to “work over” a beast. But most horsewranglers are cowboys, or have been, and cowboys who know their business are kind to animals. Horses and cows are capital and a broken spirited horse means a unit of capital ruined. You'd never get a horsewrangler to admit sentimental reasons for his kindness, but mostly it's there, for I'm convinced that a lifelong association with nature puts its stamp on these naive and stalwart men of the plains and mountains.

Around the campfire at night the talk among the guides is apt to run on the nature of the horses and they will tell long and circumstantial anecdotes about a horse that illustrates a trait or a habit. “That Highpockets,” casually remarks the wrangler, “he's a bunch quitter, better put a bell on him.” Or, “that roan Bess, she's got it in for Peaches. Just before we got out of that big burn this morning she—” and he's off on a tale of the feud between two mares that has been observed by guides and cowboys on trails and on the range for years.

Bear in mind that your party, your guides and your



The author on his cranky mare “Peaches.”

By
HARRY E. MAULE

horses constitute for the space of your trip your world. You are lost to civilization. You are, thank heaven, beyond telephone, telegraph and mail. You outfit at some good jumping-off point and by the first night out you are as far from cities, apparently, as were Lewis and Clark. If you go into the Rockies, or the Sierras, which is the thing to do, of course, you are traveling single file along a trail say eighteen inches wide and usually along the mountain-side, following up the course of a stream.

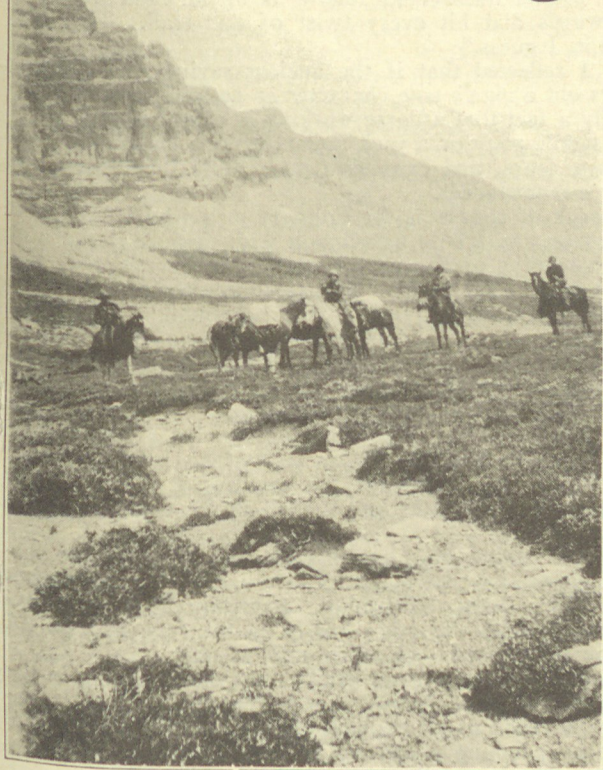
The forest services in the United States and Canada have cut hundreds of miles of these trails through the national forests and parks, for the use of rangers and of the public. There are no wagon roads in these parts and no automobiles. The one way to go is on horseback with pack horses for your outfit! The trails are good, usually and in laying out a trip a good guide can pick a route to suit the taste of any camper, presuming of course that anyone who goes on such an expedition likes that sort of thing.

He can pick easy trails or he can take you over passes and into country where the element of danger adds a spice to the game and repays you a hundred fold in the scenery you see. A trip can last from a few days to all summer. Myself, I've never jogged back into civilization without a pang at leaving the trail, the nights in the open, the gusty snow swept summits. And I've always left the meanest and the dumbest of the horses with regret.



“Goat” was considered an A. I. trail pony for a lady.

the Pack String



The outfit strung out on the trail.

But what a difference if a pack horse knows his business! Last summer a pack string of nine or ten head of rangy Western horses ambled its way along a fair trail cut through the heavy timber. The creek rumbled among the rocks some five hundred feet below. Above towered the cliffs. Such a trail is typical of the Western mountains anywhere from New Mexico to the Northern reaches of British Columbia. It is a trail cut along a range of hills to follow up and up a watercourse until it reaches a pass through the range, usually pretty well above timber line, over and down into the next valley. There are no automobile roads here, thank God. There are no sounds but the wind and the occasional cracklings of game in the brush.

On the trail mentioned, four riders, dudes, rode ahead of the pack string in single file, of course, behind their guide. The horsewrangler had dropped back from his regular position midway of the beasts of burden for a smoke and a chat with the cook, who brings up the rear, or, in the terms of the old cattle drives, rides the drag. A blowdown blocked the trail. It was a big spruce and its jagged branches made a difficult bit of maneuvering for the saddle horses. It had to be gone over for the drop on the down side was too steep for riders to leave the trail safely, and the timber on the up side, a forest of spruce with small lodgepole growing between, was too thick to allow the packs to pass.

The riders and the leading pack horses picked their careful way over the blowdown. The smaller saddle horses jumped their forelegs over it, if urged, and then carefully brought hind legs over one by one. The larger ones stepped over one foot at a time. Finally the barrier was reached by a prairie bred horse who had not learned his mountain job. The horsewrangler was behind, out of sight around a bend. Mr. Plains-bred surveyed the blowdown with a sigh,

cocked an eye at the drop-off and started to go around the barrier on the up side. His side partner followed suit. In two minutes their packs were lodged tight between the trees and the horses could neither go forward nor back. The rest of the string coming up began to mill. Soon five or six pack horses were in confusion on a trail where there was no room to maneuver.

Packs were loosened, cover-tarps torn in the timber and the horses scarred up some, before the horsewrangler arrived. It took him and the cook half an hour and much profanity to get the horses who were not onto their jobs out of the timber and the diamond hitch retied on their packs. So much for pack horses who don't know their jobs. Fortunately there are not many such.

Another day, another trail. We had just crossed a summit or pass and as the steep cliffs of the two ranges came close together the only place for the trail down was in, or along, a steep wash or as they would say in the Southwest an arroyo. It carried the water from the melting snow above and later became a creek. A bad place for a trail but the only place. But I wouldn't have missed riding it for anything. The creek is a small one which tumbles down from the Divide Creek summit to join the Clearwater River, which, for the geographically minded marks the northwestern boundary of the Banff Rocky Mountain Park in the Canadian Rockies.

The trail was one blazed by Wes. Latam, our guide, some ten years ago when he was a Park warden, but there was little left of his work. The creek bed was the scene of the seasonal tumult of the elements. It was choked with boulders the size of a house, and below timberline, trees fifty feet tall that had been washed from their moorings by the floods higher up and sent hurtling down the gorge. Where the stream bed broadened there were islands choked with willow scrub. In two or three miles we forded back and forth perhaps twenty-five or thirty times, and each ford was a rough one if not deep. All the originally marked fords had been obliterated as the creekbed probably changes its course three or four times a season, and not many tourist parties go this way to keep the trail fresh. Sometimes the trail followed a rocky ledge along the cliff base, then where this became impossible it dropped into the creek itself or sought a way through the logs jammed on an island. A rough tortuous trail indeed, but for the rider who will place his trust in his saddle pony and spend his time observing the beast (and the scenery) a revelation of animal ingenuity and sagacity.

The outfit strung out according to the temperament of horses and riders. Wes. Latam who made the trail was in the lead as usual, with most of the riders. Letting my own little roan mare, Peaches, follow her cautious and rather finicky way I fell back into the pack string until I was



The mare "Brownie"—she was queen or there was fighting.



"Paint" was trail wise but an untiring scrapper.

close on Peaches' trail—but not too close, for Peaches was a cranky lady who laid back her ears at any animal that crowded her. And when Peaches laid back her ears she didn't mean maybe. Timid as she was, she would pause on a sheer drop to turn half way around and bite at a horse which she considered to be overstepping the bounds of trail courtesy. Had she been human, Peaches would have been a stickler for the courtesy of a golf course!

Enjoying the little game I lagged, but not enough to let the drag come within sight or hearing. In that little space between the groups ahead and behind, I might have been the first man with his only pack horse. More than half the time there was no discernible trail, nor markings left by the outfit ahead to guide an ordinary intelligence. Yet Peaches and her follower never faltered, except when I, with the human assumption of superiority tried to ride her through an impracticable ford, or through an impassible maze of logs, thrown up like jackstraws. She was tired and cranky and resented wasted footsteps in those treacherous rocks. When she would exhaust the practicable going on one side of the bank she would pause, look up and down the creek, survey the rapids and look long at the bottom beneath. Then choosing her ford she would make for her landfall on the other side, carefully choosing a bank where there was fair footing—and, though there was no

sign of a trail, invariably hitting the path when we got to where a trail could stand. Nor did our companion pack horse once leave us.

That night at Clearwater camp when cigarettes were built I remarked to Wes. on the unhesitating progress of the horses through that creek bed chaos which would challenge the nimbleness of a mountain goat. "No," he said, "any of those pack horses could follow us up an hour or a day afterwards and hit every twist of our trail. They just sense it, I guess."

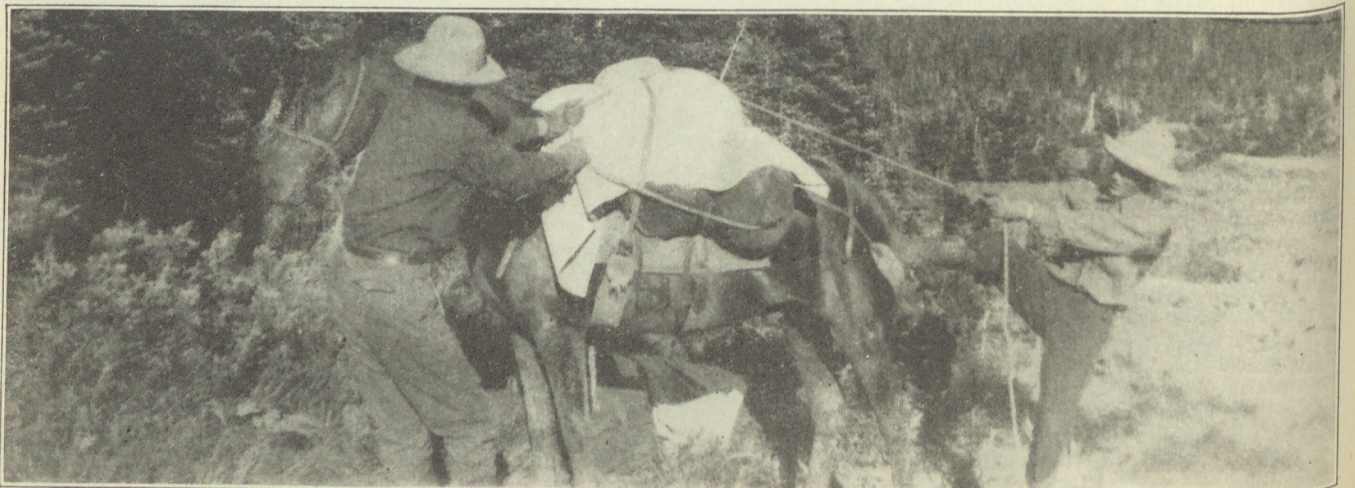
So I reflected that if the ancient saying that camping brings out a man's true character as nothing else will, it is equally a fact that a horse working in a pack string, either as a saddle pony or a pack animal reveals his equine likes, dislikes, fears, and capacities more fully than under any other circumstances.

I speak of course as the ordinary man who is no expert on horses, and whose association with them during ten or eleven months of the year is confined to occasional rides in the park. Yet I claim that my untrained eye gives me a fresher view than that of the horseman to whom the doings of his beasts of burden are a matter of daily routine. Moreover I have it from guides and horsewranglers in various parts of the West where I have travelled with a pack string, that the true pack horse is a beast as different from other horses, as say a polo pony. Yet he is certainly no mere beast of burden, for his trail sense, his intelligence and the knowledge of his job requires a vastly greater amount of independent action than in the case of a man-guided horse.

To our guides these horses were individuals whose personal histories were known for ten, fifteen or twenty years back. Their likes and dislikes, their training and their relationships with the other horses in the remuda were all clearly understood and taken into account.

Naturally when a party starts on a camping trip in the mountains with saddle and pack horses expecting to go beyond the reach of all civilization—and that's the only way to do it—camping places are determined primarily by the horses. These animals are range bred and expect to forage for themselves. Otherwise the pack outfit would work on a different basis. No horse feed—neither grain nor hay—is carried, for every ounce of weight counts, and at night the horses are turned loose to graze.

The average requirement for a trip of two weeks without restocking any item of food is a pack horse for each rider, with perhaps two or three extra horses, according to the amount of personal duffel carried by the dudes. In the Canadian Rockies trip referred to, with four riders and three guides (guide, horsewrangler, and cook) we had nine pack horses, which with the seven saddle ponies made sixteen horses. (In a previous and longer trip in Montana we had a cavvy of twenty-six horses.) Such an equine population requires good nourishing grass and lots of it. Moreover they will go where it grows. Therefore camp is made as near as possible to a mountain park or slope where the grass is good enough to keep the horses contented during the night or a day of layover. Nor would horses be the animals they are if they were not fastidious.





A good guide knows where to camp so that he can strip off the packs, slap the leaders on the rumps with a bridle and raise the glad cry, "get out o' camp." The first time the city man sees his one link with civilization thus at dusk driven off into the wilderness while the horsewrangler calmly coils a pack rope he wonders whether he is "set afoot on the country." But the guide knows just where the wrangler will find 'em in the morning—usually.

But what if your horses *do* get away? Oh, well. You are a city man and probably a golfer. Walking isn't poisonous to you. To your guides, cowboys in tight fitting riding boots, who forgot how to walk as soon as they were old enough to shin up the foreleg of the old bay mare, walking is the one impossible fate. If your guide determined to murder you he would probably set you afoot on the theory that it was a worse fate. So leave it to the guides.

There was the time way up above the Sun River country—that incomparable horse heaven in the Lewis and Clark National Forest in Montana. We had left Sun River valley twenty miles behind and had camped on a flat where there was only fair grass. It was the least attractive camping spot of a month's trip. Next morning there was no early call, and for a good reason, the horsewrangler didn't come in with the string. All day the guides hunted the surrounding hills. Out of twenty-six horses sixteen were missing. We were anchored.

At nine that night with the remaining horses fagged from hunting and after repeated trips back to camp, Coke, the wrangler came in and reported horse tracks below a falls back in the direction of Sun River. Picking the least tired of our remaining mounts Coke and I started out. We rode until two or three a. m. when we came to a cabin inhabited by a 'breed cowboy whose job was to salt the stock the ranchers below ran in the forest reserve. We routed him out and went to bed in his extra bunk. At six the breed cooked us breakfast and at eight or so the beautiful Sun River valley was stretched out below us, its rich bunch grass dotted with clumps of timber. There must be fifty square miles of that valley. Somewhere in it we knew our horses were munching the grass that a benign government reserves as a winter feeding ground for elk and mountain sheep. At noon we found them—or Coke did, and there was mighty little loafing on the trail going back.

Then there was the time at Brown's Pass in Glacier Park when a snow storm was brewing. The horses knew it and at dawn started for the lower altitude. And the wrangler had no "ketch" horse with which to head 'em off. Frank Higgins, after chasing one roan for several miles, never quite catching up said, "Good thing I didn't have a gun. I'd a shot him." They rounded them up by eleven and at noon with the rain turning to snow (it was in August) we mounted without any lunch. We camped at Waterton Lake that night. In the morning there was snow on the ground. Later, from some trail makers we learned that there had been six or eight inches of snow up at the pass. The horses knew.

"And you call that fun," say my golfing friends. I reply "yes, the best—for me, or for anyone who really likes the primitive life."



Fording the Red Deer (Canadian Rockies) in high water.

With some horsewranglers picketing is the last resort. Certainly a picketed horse gets a short feed. Some even frown on hobbling, claiming that such a course is useless. But all of them use the bell. In every pack string there are leaders. These horses are apt to be the ones who stray the farthest. As all horses are gregarious and follow their leaders, these are the ones that are belled, so that horsewrangler or pony jingler in the cold dew of a mountain dawn following the tracks of his string can listen for the deep-toned "dong-dong" of the leader's bell.

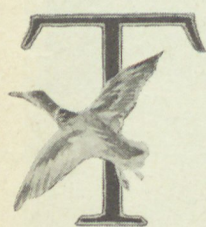
A true bunch-quitter is that rare horse who likes solitude. Perhaps, in the modern argot of civilization he is psychologically unadjusted to society. Anyhow he's a trial in a cavvy. Some guides carry a small sack of oats as bait against the chilly morning when, "them hosses are a leetle spooky this morning and you'd best have some bait so's to get you a wranglin' pony." Once he gets a good hold of any horse's mane it is but a moment to put on a bridle, halter or mere hackamore (wrangling technique differs, of course), and mount bare-back. It is, then twenty mornings out of twenty-one but a few minutes until the whole string is rounded up and will be breasting the rope corral about the time the guide is shouting to his pilgrims (in the Canadian Rockies we are pilgrims, whereas in the States we are dudes), "roll out and roll up, it's (Continued on page 36)



A Saga of the Sandhills

By
KENNETH F. REED

Drawings by Mazie Border



THE mallards and canvasbacks were falling dead by the hundreds at the crack of the powder. The air was filled with feathers and the squawks of dying birds. All sizes of shot and guns were being used—12, 16 and 20 gauges, pumps, automatics, double guns, soft coal burners and every other known kind of ordnance, chilled shot, drop shot, felt wads and paper wads. Mingled with the ducks were pheasants, prairie chickens, quail and jack snipe, all being dropped with surprising regularity by the shooters. Truly it was a slaughter of gigantic proportions.

Just then the door opened, letting in a large draft of cold air which, mixing with the hot air that was being dispensed around the stove, caused a miniature tornado in the building that momentarily stopped the killing. For you see, it was only the regular Sunday morning meeting of the Izaak Walton Skeet Club of Omaha, Nebraska.

There may be gun clubs in the United States whose members can drop more ducks and blue rocks in actual practice than the Omaha crowd, but no one, absolutely no one, can equal their shooting records after the guns are put away and feet comfortably placed on the bottom of the stove.

I have seen through my own personal observation at least two million wild fowl bite the dust, ice, or water as the case may be, and never yet have I heard of a single, solitary shot being missed regardless of the circumstances. The marksmanship of these amateur Munchausens is a wonderful thing to behold, and on this particular Sabbath morn how good the boys were going. John Crowe had five mallards come into his decoys and had splashed the bunch of them all over the place. Hugh McCaffrey jumped five prairie chickens, and presto! there was his legal limit of five birds lying very dead in a little circle around him. But the grand prize of the day went to Charley Keller, who kicked up five writhing, twisting jack snipe and stopped them all inside of forty yards.

Possibly there should be an author's note here to the effect that five is the smallest common denominator known to Omaha shooters. In twenty years I have never heard of a hunter who spoke in terms of less. And even Ed Dygert, that prince of good fellows, who is really one of the greatest duck hunters in North America, now is claiming that he only takes out forty-two shells to get his legal limit of forty birds. The reason for the two extra shells being that he always likes to have reserve ammunition in case he should be attacked on his way home by a ferocious field mouse or a blood-thirsty English sparrow.

Upon leaving the club after assisting in exterminating great flocks of game birds, I found that I had contracted a virulent case of duck fever. I was positive that the only cure would be a week's hunt in the Sandhills which are located in the northwest part of Nebraska.

I called up four friends, one of whom lived in St. Paul, Nebraska, and told them of my condition. Like true pals they agreed to go with me within a week.

But alas, as our old friend Robert Burns once wisely cracked, "The best laid plans of men and muskrats sometimes go haywire." One of the prospective members of the party, who by his own confession is a brilliant attorney, had an important case unexpectedly come to trial, so he couldn't get away. Another member who runs a laundry became so entangled in sheets and pillow cases that he couldn't possibly leave the city. The third shooter meantime had contracted sinus trouble so badly that every time he sneezed it hurt back for three generations.

This left only Ralph and myself to make the trip. Ralph, as aforesaid, lives in St. Paul, Nebraska, the home of Grover Cleveland Alexander, the great Cardinal pitcher who, by the way, is a hunter of no small importance himself.

It was with a rather lonesome feeling that I left home at three-thirty in the morning and drove the 140 miles to St. Paul in time to have breakfast with Ralph. Then another long nine-hour ride and we were at our destination in the Sandhills, thirty miles from the railroad and civilization.

We had not seen over a dozen ducks while riding through the hills, and, to make us more cheerful, our genial ranchman host, Marshall Thurmond, told us that four hunters had only killed thirty ducks in the whole week preceding us. He also intimated that anyone who would drive four hundred miles in the hopes of shooting a few misguided birds was not only *non compos mentis*, but also very *de trop*. Try to picture our feelings, gentle reader, after thirteen hours of hard riding, filled with the highest expectations and anticipations, to be told that the country was full of everything but ducks.

But hope springs eternal, so next morning we started up the valley towards a chain of lakes about seven miles away. No two hunters ever enjoyed a luckier day than we did. Considering the total number of ducks seen, our kill was little short of marvelous. There were no ducks in the air, but it seemed that we were fortunate enough to bag everything we came close to. We bushwhacked the sloughs, waded the lakes, kicked them out of the grass along drainage ditches, sneaked up on them on our bellies, waylaid them on the passes—in fact, did everything except hire an airplane and use poison gas.

Three times Ralph and I walked into bunches of four and totally exterminated them. On another occasion Ralph dropped eight straight singles on a flyaway without a miss. It was truly our day, and what a glorious day—thirty-nine beautiful ducks, and every one a mallard.

That night at the ranch we would not have exchanged places with Herbert Hoover, the Prince of Wales and Bobby Jones all rolled into one. And how we rubbed it into Thurmond for his pessimistic attitude of the day before.

But pride goeth before a fall—and how. The next day the same amount of hard work netted exactly nothing. Same place—same weather—same hunters—same profanity—but no bag. We saw no ducks and killed no ducks. I guess that's what makes hunting really worth while. It's the uncertainty always that fascinates. A hunter can appreciate a good shoot only after a long series of disappointments.





On the third morning we awoke to see a storm such as duck hunters always like to imagine is real duck weather, but which in reality is usually poor hunting, as it drives all the birds out of the country. A sharp sleet, turning first to snow and then to rain and back to sleet again, driven by a howling gale, with the temperature getting colder every minute. Truly a day which would appall anyone except a mentally deranged duck shooter.

Highly elated, we sallied forth to wreak death and destruction upon the feathered hordes. And hordes was right, because thousands of birds had come in the night ahead of the storm. The lakes and sloughs were full of them, blindly flying about trying to find shelter from the elements.

We got located nicely at the end of a small swamp and started to go to work on the mallards and gadwalls. The sleet went through waterproof coats and vests and tissue paper. In just a few minutes we were wet to the skin, and, to make matters worse, I stepped in a muskrat hole and clear over my breastwaders. We stuck it out long enough to kill about a dozen nice birds, and then we took them for the ranch and dry clothes. How we hated to leave the flocks sailing into the swamp on set wings, presenting the finest shots imaginable.

Drying out was very damply and inefficiently done. I imagine staying indoors on the day of days in duck hunting when the northern flight was on. The way we threw on our clothes and drove up that valley in the ever thickening snow almost established a western speed record. But in spite of all hurrying it takes time to get over sandhill roads, so it was nearly dusk when we parked on the south side of a haystack near a tule covered marsh which was a favorite spot for mallards.

When we got out into the marsh the roar of the storm was terrible. I have hunted under all possible weather conditions, at 10 below zero and 101 above, and received my share of rain, snow and hail, but I never hope to absorb such punishment again from the elements as Ralph and I took that evening.

The snow, which was almost sleet, didn't seem to be coming down from above, but from the side. Borne by a fifty-mile wind, great white masses of it swept along seemingly parallel to the ground. It was impossible to look into the storm, as the icy little pellets would almost cut the eyeballs out of your head. How those poor ducks ever flew into the teeth of that inferno of flying cracked ice is beyond my comprehension.

We needed twenty-four birds to fill out our legal limit, and it took us about twenty minutes to get them. It wasn't sport, just plain murder. Standing bolt upright in open shallow water, absolutely devoid of cover, we watched those bewildered ducks fly slowly upwind towards us until we



"We watched those bewildered ducks fly slowly upwind towards us until we could have reached out and hit them with a gun barrel."

could have reached out and hit them with a gun barrel. When a smart old green head does that you may know that there is something radically wrong. Hereafter I will take my game a little more difficult.

Back to the car with that heavy load facing the wind was a journey I don't want to take again for many months. Gee, it was great to dump our load in the back seat of the old sedan, shed our wet coats and relax for a minute. Under the lee of the haystack it seemed quite peaceful and calm, so I confidently stepped on the starter, anticipating a quick start and a comfortable ride back to the ranch.

The engine turned over merrily for a few minutes, but didn't start. Giving a little more choke, I ground it again. Still dead. Opening the hood, I saw the answer. That cursed snow had drifted around

the stack and whirled in under the radiator till the engine was one solid mass of ice.

Believe me, I was scared and badly scared. Here we were, a long way from home in a raging blizzard with a dead car. Our predicament was serious and no mistake. The trail back to camp, even though drifting badly, could be distinguished under the headlights of the car, but on foot in that awful smother, the good Lord only knew what might happen. Tales of sandhill storms, and men lost in snowdrifts until spring thaws uncovered them, passed before my eyes, and I easily visioned headlines in the home paper telling of how searching parties had looked for us in vain for several days.

It sometimes puzzles the smartest mechanics to start a dead car, and in pitch darkness, with cold fingers, you can imagine what luck we were having. We were just about to give it up as a bad job when I happened to remember the advice of a garage man that on cold days, after all else had failed, try tapping the carburetor real hard.

Taking a heavy pair of pliers, I beat on that defenseless carburetor until I almost knocked it loose from its frame, and then jumping back in the car gave the starter button one last despairing push. Praise the Lord, the old motor popped off, and take it from me we didn't let it die again until we were safely back at the ranch.

I may hear some pleasant sounds before I leave this mortal coil, such as the speech of presentation by the President of the U. S. Golf Association on the day I win the National Open Championship. Or again it will be very soothing to the ear when my auditor informs me that the bank balance is just a little over three million dollars. Possibly I may be mildly elated after I am told of my election to the United States Senate. But nothing, absolutely nothing, will ever sound as sweet to me as the motor of that good old car when it purred into life and brought us back to safety that wild night in the Nebraska Sandhills.

Confined—By H. AMELY BASSETT

OH to see the wild geese
Wedging over the sky—
Southing before winter comes
With the same sharp cry!

OH, to breast the north wind
As it tugs and blows—
Rushing over marsh and road
Heralding the snows.

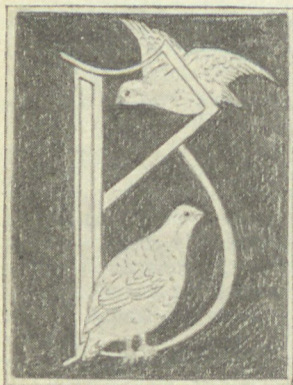
IT is hard to sit so still
Measuring time by clocks!
When all outdoors is calling me
And the wild moor mocks!

Strictly Prickly Sport

By

DR. HALFORD J. MORLAN

Drawings by Perwyn Morlan



BOYS! Doc says he's all caught up with his blue-quail huntin'. Wonder if it's another of those conscientious moments when he goes wild about the conservation of our vanishing game?"

Thus announced Bob, who, being the pride and joy of his own happy family, was acting as self-appointed jester to their majesties, the many hunters—and domino players—foregathering for the evening meal at the bounteous table of the "late" Bill Pearson at his colossal shooting preserve and

wild burro ranch in the "valley" of Texas.

"All caught up!" I'll tell the wild-eyed world I am, and when I precipitated that announcement, it was from a mouth full of truth and calculated as an intelligent decision. Born of a number of reasons and observations and based in no small part on the law—well founded in Texas—of self preservation.

Yes, Sir! I'm "all caught up with my blue-quail shooting" for the rest of my natural and well-meaning life. I could live happily if I never again saw another of the beautiful creatures, for today, seven weeks after I chased the last one from view behind the ever-present branches of cactus, I am still surgically attacking the remaining few needle-like spines, which sought lodging in my anatomy. Great sport! hunting blue quail, if you are out of your mind and just want to be playful with the quail and give them a good time playing "hide and seek." They hide and you seek!

What a laugh they must get, sitting behind a bit of cactus and watching their pursuers "take the needles"—of the jumping cacti. Great acrobats, the latter. Never fail to harpoon their prey. As I climbed laboriously over the rocks and wound deviously and alertly through the maze of cactus in pursuit of those lightning-like blue streaks known as Mexican quail, the heat of my sweat-drenched body seemed actually to attract every cactus spine within inches of me, and they buried themselves beyond the last barb. I get rid of them eventually of course, just like any bad habit, and it requires about as long.

I'm no tenderfoot. I know my way about anywhere on the plains, in the desert, the woods or the streams. I've tackled this "sport" (?) perennially for some time now—and each time, I have threatened to quit. Now, I'm positive! My mind is made up. For the rest of my eccentric and enigmatic life I am all caught up with my blue-quail hunting. Bob et al. may be advised herewith.

"All caught up?" Say, I'm away ahead! I've done enough blue-quail hunting and taken enough punishment in the erroneous belief that it was sport, to satisfy any set of the most bloodthirsty bunch of hard boiled sophomores who ever sprung a trap and chuckled at the agony and ignominy of a penitent neophyte. "Caught up!" Say, you don't know the half of it. I've invented an entirely new sport for use in preference to going afield for blue quail. I tell the truth about such former experiences and do my friends a sacred service by warning them not to be deceived.

Blue-quail hunting is a snare and a delusion. I'm just as happy hunting blue quail as a dog is with his feet full of sand burrs and his hide full of fleas. No use going afield for that sort of thing. Why tire yourself out hunting for the blue quail? Just get a picture of one and look at it. You

will get a much better notion of what they look like; and to make it realistic, if you will sit suddenly down on a full paper of needles, using a deal of force, and also simultaneously have a few youngsters shoot you with air guns to add the proper amount of sting, you will have a great day, just the same as though you had gone afield for blue quail, and the time you save by remaining at home might be used in cleaning the old guns you have neglected for months. Then if you still have time on your hands, you might re-wrap the old flyrods, varnish them; oil up the old reels, fix up the lines and sort and arrange the trout flies. That, at least, is my idea of a successful blue-quail hunt.

I think Marshall, and his dog Frank, would both agree with me. But when I try to get the truth out of Marshall on a matter where Bob disagrees with me, he is as tight as a Pullman window, and permits Frank to do the talking. Books being neutral, I have to rely upon my own resourcefulness at gathering evidence, or resort to our professional witness; so that when Lon's sick, I'm hard pressed.

You see, Lon has to help out all of the boys—alibi proof being the one utility in constant demand at the camp, and the result is, I'm very often on the lookout for witnesses. But you may well take my tip: Let the blue quail do their own hunting! Personally, I would just soon slice a golf ball into the deep rough and spend an hour hunting it while foursomes of octogenarians in knickers shuffle past and offer sardonic advice. I would have quite as much fun, perhaps more profit, and certainly less discomfort, searching for the golf ball. So why excise the blue quail?

Now I don't want to create any false impression. I want you to get my slant on this so-called sport, and if, after reading thus far, you opine that I am enthusiastic about the advantages of blue-quail hunting, and love the sport—why, you're wrong. I don't mean any such thing. Decidedly and diametrically the opposite! I do not care for the sport, either in its natural state or in the state of Texas. I don't like it, and I do not want you to assume that I do. Sometime when the editor is out, I will tell you why. Going after blue quail is not hunting. It is more like playing a difficult game. It should be called, "Stop! Strip and Pluck!"

Bob heard that we were coming to camp for the annual hunt, so he managed to miss the train. He can miss a train as easily as Lon can miss a road, maybe easier, I'm not sure, for both are very successful. But this time the "late" Bill and I fooled him. We got another fellow's car, ran Bob down and caught him. Of course he didn't like it very much, but tried not to display his disappointment. But I later learned his method of revenge.

First he gave me a card to his club. I think it is known as the "I Love Me Club." Bob seemed to be running strong for the club presidency, and as I suspected he would want me to vote for him, I urged Bill to decline the invitation, for that was no place for Bill. It would have made him feel very much not at home. However, it was when we refused this first offer of hospitality that I learned the worst. Bob said he had a very pleasant surprise for us: "He had arranged to take us out about fifty miles across the cactus and mesquite country in a jitney to see a new oil well 'bailed out,' and during the intervals of excitement, we could hunt blue quail." Can you imagine anyone's being that sweet to you on your first day in camp? Remarkable for one so young, such foresight is unusual; there was no low fog over Bob's mental horizon that disappointing morning. And we refused him no chance to betray us.

The oil well proved a dud and cost my friends about fifty thousand that they had already spent in anticipation. Bob



it furnished a few curious natives and isolated army officers a place to go for an afternoon. Though all of that is as nothing comparable to what it furnished me! The "late" Bill can't be made to walk even on the pavements of urban districts—not so long as there are taxis to be had. So it was useless to attempt to get him into the cactus fields so "alive with blue quail and some bob whites if you prefer them." But I was boob enough to fall for the latter part of Bob's innocent sounding remark. The bob white bait was sure to get me, he thought, and he was right.

We went forth like two friends. Until an hour afterward, I thought perhaps we were. The country was alive with blue quail—and still must be, for we didn't make any great inroad, it was no slaughter—but there were no bob whites, none that I saw or heard. But there were enough cactus spines out there to fill any other state in the union save Texas. That, I believe, is why they are in Texas. It is the only state large enough to hold them. If cactus and blue quail are ever found to be of any real worth, Texas can pay the debts of the world without missing the expenditure and have enough cash left to make France another loan and America a few more enemies!

Many, many times I had negotiated a cactus field without filling myself with needles. But not so on this trip. Before I had traversed the distance of a niblick shot I was all "in rough." I was hanging so full of cactus spines I looked like a needle counter in a "five and ten." I might have seen a cactus spine if I had not been too busy looking for cactus. There were cacti in front of me, cacti behind me, and the cacti tore me asunder—and they also tore my pants. If I stepped forward, it seemed to jump at me from behind. I didn't seem to step within a foot of cactus, but I gathered a foot of it. My elbows, my hips, the knees of my legs; I was a pin cushion, driving the cacti as best I could.

Occasionally I heard the bang! bang! of a gun, and knew it was not a signal from Bob that he was lost. He was celebrating victory. Eventually we met Bob and he had a few blue quail.

"Isn't it great fun?" he inquired.

"Great?" I said.

"Never mind the cactus, Doc," he said, "you will soon get used to it again."

I knew that I would HAVE to get very much accustomed to cactus before I ever emerged from that field of destruction and plain of torture. Bob had obligingly missed the train, why hadn't I let well enough alone! Now that I had found him, I was STICKING by him. Bob seemed to appreciate my CONTACT. It was all very touching.

About us, where the openings through the cactus were large enough to permit their presence, were jack rabbits, cotton tails, chaparral cocks and blue quail, but they were as evasive as the pea under the shell. One instant I could see them, and the next they were gone. The only fascinating thing about the pursuit (pursuit is the right word) of blue quail, is the marvelous way they have of hiding from you while running away. They have no eyes in the back of their heads. Yet, as they run away from you, if there is but one stick of standing timber; one blade of grass; one bit of cactus—and there always is—near you or the quail, the quail sees to it (how I do not know) that as he runs, that opaque object is directly between you and himself.

If you think that is easy, just drop your golf ball somewhere in a deep ravine and ask any man or caddie in the foursome to stand on the brow of the

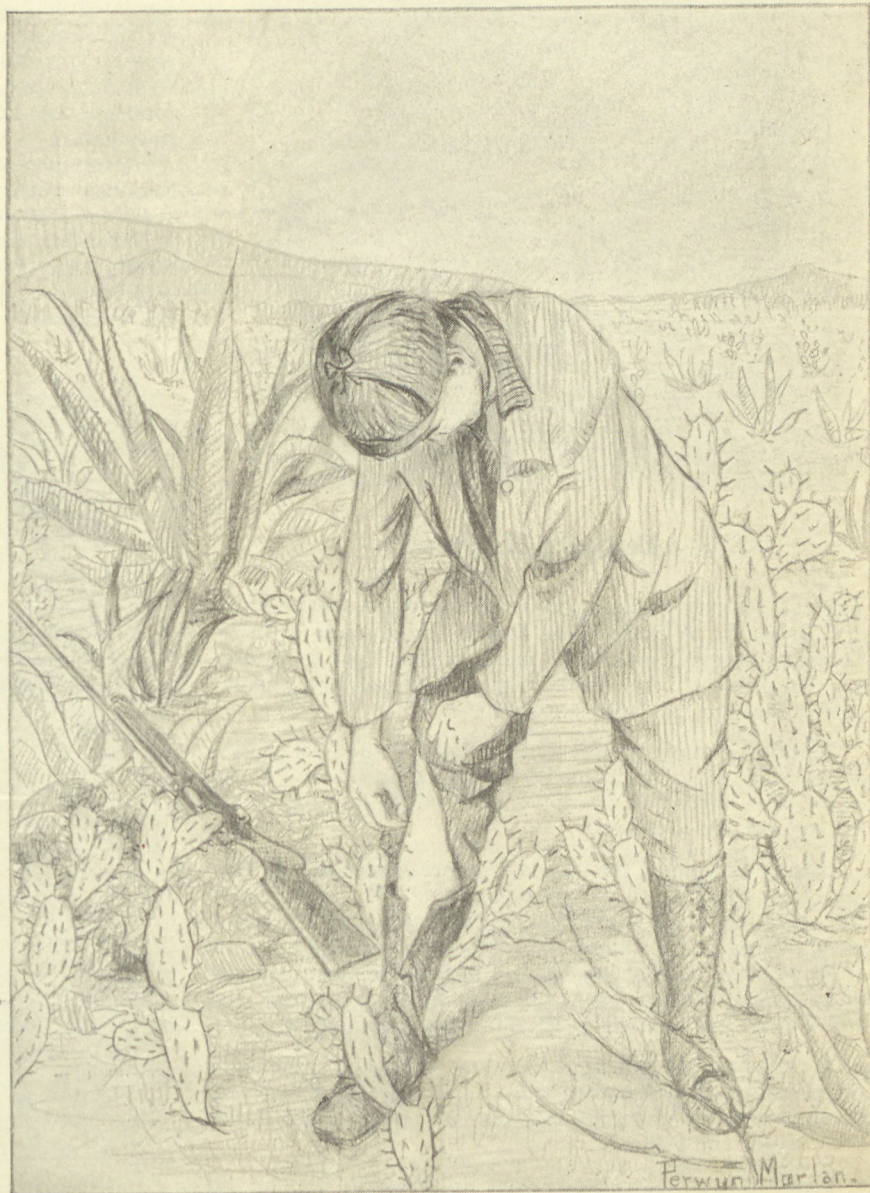
intervening hill and give you a line on the direction to the pin. Four times out of five he will be ten feet or more out of line, and he thinks he looks well in both directions.

Not so with the blue quail or the ever present road runner. They will invariably have their bodies hidden behind any object that is there and there will be something there, or those wise birds would not trust themselves in that territory. Aggravating! Well, I'm all caught up with MY blue-quail chasing! Anyway, it is not sport to shoot a bird on the ground and I refuse to do it even when it is possible. Of course they are killed that way, many of them, but not in proportion to the number which are shot at.

One day, one of the boys at the camp left his domino game just for a few minutes (a domino game being his idea of proper continuous daily routine for a hunting camp) and walked out into the field with a gun. He fired twice and brought in twenty-three quail. Rankin had seen them stringing along in the open as they departed from a water hole and not having been disturbed recently, they were not on their guard. Often several are killed at a single shot by the inveterate blue-quail hunters, and sometimes a lucky shot through the rank growth that hides them in their exit, brings home the meat—for the pot hunter. But I want my quail, like all game birds, killed on the wing or not at all.

Furthermore, when I hunt quail, I want to use a good dog.

Watching the dog work is a great part of the quail hunt
(Continued on page 51)



—“every cactus spine within inches of me literally buried itself beyond the last barb”—



Outdoor Americans



Will H. Dilg

SOMEHOW, reading Rudyard Kipling's immortal poem "If We Only Understood," seems to give a spiritual understanding of Will Dilg. Let us consider the first verse:

Could we but draw back the curtains
That surround each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
Know what spur the action gives;
Often we should find it better,
Purer than we judge it should;
We should love each other better,
If we only understood.

For fifty-six years, Will Dilg lived in the outdoors, appreciated and conserved it. He loved the forests, streams and flowers as one would a mother, a child or mate. His truest expression of this ripened in January, 1922, when with fifty-three other conservationists and sportsmen, he founded the Izaak Walton League and became its first president.

Nature inspired Will Dilg. He generated and transmitted this inspiration to others, where it carried on and on. We feel it will do so for the future generations of America.

These few words tell the life and purpose of Will Dilg. Surely this noble work, the start and the fulfillment, is sufficient in itself, and as we seek to understand, who would add or detract?

Herbert Hoover

DOES fishing make presidents or do presidents make fishing? With Herbert Hoover in the role of "The Compleat Angler" instead of Izaak Walton, and as Honorary President of the Izaak Walton League, this popular public question has been answered.

"I find that many presidents have joined the ranks of fishermen only after their inauguration as president. I can claim over forty-five years of apprenticeship—that is, in fishing, not the presidency.

"I have discovered the reason why presidents take to fishing—the silent sport. Apparently the only opportunity for refreshment of the soul and clarification of the president's thoughts by solitude lies through fishing. It is generally realized and accepted that prayer is the most personal of all human relationships. On such occasions as that men and women are entitled to be alone and undisturbed.

"Next to prayer, fishing is the most personal of all human relationships of man and of more importance than that fact itself, everybody concedes that the fish will not bite in the presence of the public."

All of us know Herbert Hoover's distinguished career as engineer, administrator and statesman. Quite aside from this, we strongly suspect his accomplishments as—fisherman.





Biographies

By ARTHUR B. WILSON

Haskell Noyes

SECTION Number Ten of the Izaak Walton Platform—true sportsmanship and opposition to unfair and illegal methods—has a counterpart in the person of Haskell Noyes. Not in a silent, passive sort of way, but in an active record of accomplishment.

During his college days, Haskell Noyes captained the 1906-1907 Yale University basketball team, and played an important part as leader and player in realizing the 1907 inter-collegiate championship. He coached basketball at the University of Wisconsin during 1908-1909-1910, developing the "short passing" game in the West and standing as its steadfast exponent. This style of basketball made for close teamwork as contrasted with individual, self-centered play.

In 1913-1914-1915 he coached the Yale basketball team. The 1915 squad attained the inter-collegiate championship, and the 1914 team finished second. And in these victories clean sportsmanship was the big accomplishment. The 1914-15 teams broke all previous inter-collegiate records for the fewest number of fouls committed during a season.

Active interest in sports has become part of Haskell Noyes' life, as well as an active interest in the outdoors. In 1928 he was Chairman of the Executive Board of the Izaak Walton League; he was the first president of the Milwaukee Chapter and second president of the Wisconsin Division and is now a National Director of the League and a member of the Wisconsin Conservation Commission.



Drawings

By JULIUS L. OLSON



Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward

UNDOUBTEDLY, no single individual has been so intimately identified with the many aims and purposes of the Izaak Walton League as its present president, Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward.

As a distinguished scholar, scientist, author and as an able leader and devoted worker in the Izaak Walton League, Dr. Ward has become well known to outdoor Americans everywhere.

The increasing of fish hatcheries, the scientific regulation of all phases of fishing and other aquatic life has always been one of Dr. Ward's prime interests. He served as president of the American Fisheries Society during 1913 and directed the Michigan Fish Commission on Lake Michigan. He has contributed many monographs and papers on biological subjects, especially animal parasites and the relations of animals to disease.

Dr. Ward's leadership in the Clean Streams Crusade, his denunciation of pollution, will always remain in the Izaak Walton annals of accomplishment.

Honors and degrees almost without number surround Dr. Ward's name. One of the greatest of these is the Presidency of the Izaak Walton League, with all the recognition of a true, worthy Outdoor American.



"Do you expect me to believe all that you've told me?" I asked.

"Whangdoodles"

By

JOSEPH ARCHIBALD

Drawings by Ferd Himme

HAVE you noticed that when some fellow returns from a fishing trip and starts out to relate the success he would have had if certain things had not transpired, there is a reluctance on the part of his friends to believe him? It has reached the point where the fisherman's report of near-success is accepted as a tale, a yarn—and by some, a fisherman's lie.

From all that can be learned about the matter, the sport of fishing has been singled out as the one to supply the season's crop of liars. And since this opinion is common, it is a question whether the fisherman should be elevated to a place of distinction, as one possessing a fruitful imagination, or be cast out and compelled to associate with those who have no regard for the truth.

We had been thinking along these lines; and one day we made the acquaintance of an old fisherman, from whom we thought we could derive some information. He told us that he knew all about fish and fishermen. He had fished for pleasure; for a livelihood; and he had fished because he "jes' had er hankerin' to fish." In one of my rambles I ran across the old fellow sitting on the river bank, pole in hand, his eyes fixed upon the cork, which was moving about in the water. As I approached he looked up.

"Any luck?"

"Nope!"

"Do you expect to catch anything?"

"Mister, er fisherman al'ays spects to ketch somethin'."

"But suppose he doesn't?" I asked.

"Then hit's up to that fisherman to figger er good lie to tell th' folks when he gets home," was the reply to my question.

"A good lie!" I thought I was on the trail of something. I opened the conversation with this question: "I want you to tell me why fishermen, as a rule, are such great liars?" There was no reply to my question. Silence! . . . Then the stillness was broken by a grunt which I was inclined to interpret as contempt for my question. Then the old fellow spoke.

"Mister, there's er heap of differ'nce 'tween er feller what tells er lie 'bout th' fish he didn't ketch an' th' feller what is jes' er plain, common, every-day liar."

I asked for the distinction.

"Er fisherman tells fishin' lies to keep from losin' his fishin' rep. Er feller what'll lie—th' plain, common kind—is er feller what'll tell er whangdoodle."

"A whangdoodle! What do you mean by that?"

"Er whangdoodle is somethin' er low-down cuss tells when he wants to do you dirt. A whangdoodle is when er feller wants to make out like he's what he is when all th' time he ain't. Er fisherman wouldn't tell er whangdoodle;

but er low-down, pizen-mean feller would. Does you get th' differ'nce?"

I assured him that I did. "But why will fishermen lie about their fishing experiences? Why not admit that they caught nothing?"

"Mister, er fisherman's got one thing to keep 'fore his mind all th' time. That is his fishin' rep. Fish comes and fish goes; but th' rep's got to stay—that's if he wants to be er fisherman. If there ain't no fish to tote back to town, then he's got to think up somethin' to take their place."

"Suppose the fisherman can't think up something to account for his lack of success? What then?"

"Er fisherman's got th' right to say he can't ketch er fish—to hisself, mind you. Now when I says er fisherman I means er sure 'nuf fisherman, one what knows fish from mouth to tail, hind side and 'fore. If that fisherman can't ketch er fish hit's up to him to think up er tale as to why he didn't ketch any. That's all there's to hit. Th' lie's got to come. An' there's 'nother thing. Er fisherman's got th' book on his side."

"What book?"

"Th' Scriptures, of course."

I spent some time in an effort to show my friend that too many liberties had been taken with the Bible in an attempt to bolster up religious theories; that the habit had been the cause of much controversy; and that it would be going too far to turn to the Scriptures to prove a theory about fishing.

"Mister, you've added up er lot er words, but you ain't told me er thing! That's th' trouble with you book folks. Now you take er feller like me. I gets er few words an' uses 'em free-like; an' when I comes to er place where I can't find er word what'll do—why, I cusses er bit. You've got th' book sense; but I holds to th' p'int that th' Scriptures helps th' fisherman er dang sight more'n you thinks hit does."

"Give me the chapter and the verse," was my challenge. "I can do hit! Th' book says that 'Nimrod he began to be er mighty one in th' earth. He was er mighty hunter. Now if that ain't proof, what more do you want?"

I replied that I had learned nothing from his quotation. "Why not?"



"Didn't you say that 'Nimrod was a mighty hunter'? We've been discussing fishermen, not hunters." I thought this would silence him.

"Mister, there's some things hard to find—like er needle in th' old woman's sewin' basket. Then there's things what's as plain as er boil on th' tip of your nose. When th' book was printed, th' printer—being er huntin' man an' not er fishin' feller—made th' mistake of putting th' word hunter 'stead of fisherman."

"Are you positive about this?"

"Positive. I knows what I knows."

I wanted to speak; so made the effort.

"Now don't stick your bill into this thing till I gets through with hit. Then if there's er mistake you can set me goin' right. This feller Nimrod must have been named Bill or Tom or Jack; but let's call him Bill. 'Tany rate he was er fisherman. Yes, siree! Er sure 'nough, solid gold fisherman what knowed fish fore an' aft an' th' four p'int of th' compass. Any time Bill would come home from er fishin' trip, th' folks'd know that he had er string of fish. Well, they got to sayin' that Bill was er nimble feller with er fishin' rod. Then hit got so when they see er stranger in town, they'd p'int out Bill an' say: 'That's Bill! See th' string er fish he's got? Bill's er nimble feller with er rod.' All that took time to say; so th' neighbor folks cut it down to 'Bill, with th' nim' rod.' Now Bill wasn't no man's fool. He saw th' rep he was makin'; so he ups and tells his home folks he's goin' to change his family name to Nimrod."

"This is interesting—if it's true." My reply was ignored.

"I ain't through with this feller Nimrod. When I gets through you can state your 'pinions. Time came when Mr. Nimrod lost his luck. What's he goin' to do 'bout hit? Go back to town an' have th' folks give him th' hoss laff? No, siree! Bill sits there on th' bank an' uses his head. After he'd fixed hit all up he saunters back to town. 'Where's your fish, Bill?' folks would ask. 'Had er fine fish,' says Bill, 'but my line ketched in th' bushes an' th' fool fish got off.' There now! That was th' very thing Bill Nimrod needed—er fishin' lie to take th' place of th' fish he didn't ketch. But Bill was new at this game of tellin' lies. He didn't have sense 'nough to know that every time he didn't ketch er fish he's 'bliged to make up er new lie. Bill would jes' say the same thing every time. Now these neighbors of Bill's wasn't no man's fool; so they sees right plum through th' foolin' Bill was givin' 'em 'bout his luck. Well, th' end of th' whole thing was that th' folks got to sayin' that Bill was er mighty big liar. So that's how hit comes 'bout that th' good book says that 'Nimrod began to be er mighty one in th' earth.'"

"And you expect me to believe all that twaddle?"

"Mister, you've handed me er new word when you said 'twaddle.' Already I've got more words than I can tote 'long. If you means by that word that I've told you lies what ain't fisherman's lies, you does me mean. I ain't told you th' gospel truth; but I've told you how I reads th' Scriptures. If I'm wrong, I'm wrong; an' till er feller comes 'long an' proves that I ain't right, I holds to what I says."

"I knows all this is new to you; but 'fore you throws 'way what I've told you, I wants to say somethin' else. Fishin' has got to th' p'int where hit's 'most er religious duty with some folks. Does you disbelieve me?"

"If you think you can prove one theory by the book, I suppose you can prove any other in the same way."

Nimrod tells his first fish story.



"Mister, you can't prove me wrong! Lis'en. Take er feller what likes to fish. What does he begin to do 'bout th' middle of th' week? He's restless, he wants to get to th' water. Water! That's what's wrong with that fisherman—he wants to get to th' water. 'Long 'bout Friday how does this fishin' feller feel? Jes' like er kid with er ticket to th' circus. Sunday mornin' comes—how does he think he's gettin' 'long? Mister, that feller knows he's got to go fishin' 'fore he can get that feelin' out of his bones. So he ups an' goes er fishin'. Th' way I've figgered things out, hit was that man's duty to put hisself in shape for work Monday mornin'; an' that duty comes to him on Sunday; an' hit's Sunday when he does his duty. If that ain't makin' fishin' er religion—goin' fishin' on Sunday, mind you—what does you call hit?"

"Who taught you such a theory?" I asked.

"No man learned me. I jes' figgered th' thing out for myself; an' when you figgers er thing out that way, hit's plum hard to knock hit out th' head. While we're on th' p'int of fishin' lies, I ought to say that er lie don't fall off er fisherman's tongue every time he says some'in' 'bout fish. For instance, did anybody tell you 'bout th' new-fangled music box I figgered out?"

I replied that I was ignorant of the plan; but that I would be delighted to have him tell me.

"Ever been to Florida? Well, if you ever goes there don't forget to fish for Jackfish—Amber Jack. That fish is what you'd call er game fish. Down th' sides of his tail there's teeth jes' like teeth on er saw. If you're fishin' for Jacks—an' wants to ketch 'em—you've got to use pianner wire for th' last ten feet of your line. Then when your fish gets hooked—you can sit back pleasant-like and let him wiggle his tail till he's played hisself out. But while he's playin' 'bout in th' water you hears er sound just like er 'gal playin' th' pianner. Whing! Whang! Ting! That's th' sound th' Jack's makin' as he strikes his tail 'gainst th' pianner wire."

"Mister, that sound give me er idea. I'm great on ideas. My idea's to rig up some kind of thing so's er fisherman'll have music when he fishes."

I did not interrupt the old fellow.

"So I goes to work huntin' for th' right kind of wire. I rigs up th' lines, baits 'em an' drops 'em in th' water. Hit wasn't long 'fore I had er bite an' know'd I had music. Whang! Whing! Ting! Tang! Every last one of them lines had er fish on hit. Every last one of them Jacks was er whangin' 'way with his tail just like he was bein' paid to play er tune. 'There!' says I, 'I got er way to make me some money. An' when I gets th' thing worked out I'm er goin' to be er rich man.'"

I asked what was required to make the thing a success.

"Nothin' much! I've got to figger out how to rig up th' lines with the right kind of wire—size and length, I mean. Then I got to work out er plan so's to ketch th' right size of fish on th' line where they belong to be."

"Is that all you have to do?"

"I come near forgettin' one thing! After I gets all them little details planned out, I got to coax them fish to whang th' strings in th' right time so's to play th' right tune."

I asked if the scheme was worked out to a success whether it would be a paying success.

"Mister, would you pay to hear er Jackfish playin' er tune on er fishin' line?"

I assured him that I would—that I would be willing to travel miles to hear the unusual musical instrument.

"There's up'ard er million of folks in these parts. If you'll pay money to hear, what's to



keep them million of folks paying their money to hear? Answer me that!"

"Have you figured—"

"Course I've figgered! Er million folks at—say ten cents er head—is how much? If th' crowd comes strong, I can make the price higher. There ain't no tellin' how much money I can take in! Th' things such a go-getter that I've found er name for hit. I'm goin' to call hit er Fisher-chord."

"What suggested the name for your unique musical instrument?" I asked.

"I read in er book where th' old-timey pi-anners was called harp-sichords. So I calls my invention er Fisher-chord. An' that ain't all. Some day I'm goin' to figger out er way to ketch 'gators. This'll give me th' low notes."

I was silent, and evidently my silence was interpreted to indicate doubt as to the truthfulness of what I had been told.

"Mister, I sees by the look in your eyes that you disbelieves what I've told you. Any time you says so I can take you to th' place where I had them wires strung in th' water."

He fished on in silence. I didn't disturb him. Finally he roused up and spoke:

"I've figgered out a new-fangled way to make er sail boat go when there ain't no wind to make her go."

"Is that another money-making scheme of yours?"

"Hit sure is! An' I figgered it'll be worth more than my music box. I'd like to tell you 'bout hit."

I told the old fellow that I was glad to listen.

"Did you ever sail into er school of mullet? I did—an' th' way them fool fish would jump an' hit their heads on th' bottom of th' boat was er sight. That bumpin' gives me er idea. If them mullets will bump their heads 'gainst th' bottom of th' boat, why not figger out er plan to make 'em ketch themselves? Mister, when I thinks I acts! I got me er plank, fixes some hooks on hit, then nails th' plank to th' bottom of th' boat. Then I starts out to find me er school of fish. 'Twa'n't long 'fore I ran into one. Then th' bumpin' commenced. Of course I was wonderin' whether any of them fool fish was gettin' ketched; and if they's gettin' ketched if they's stayin' ketched."

"I didn't have long to wait to find out. Er good stiff wind was blowin'; but I noticed that th' wind wasn't havin' no effect on th' boat. Wind was blowing me one way an' th' fool boat was travelin' in 'nother. Now hit wasn't 'cause there's anythin' wrong with th' boat. Th' rudder was all right an' proper. Th' tiller was in th' hands of er man what could steer er boat, no matter how many fool doings it was er showing off. But what was making that sail boat act like er colt just turned out after being shut up in er stable for er month? You'll be s'prized when I tells you what was wrong."

Of course I wanted to know; but I kept my mouth shut.

"Mister, them fool fish was er wigglin' their tails—to get off th' hooks they was ketched on, of course—they were wigglin' their tails so fast that it was sendin' my boat through th' water jes' like it was er steamship."

"Well, that gives me an idea. Why not rig up er contraption so's to use er wigglin' fish 'stead of er sail to send my boat through th' water?"

"What's the use of going to all that trouble and expense? You have a sail boat. The good Lord gives you the wind. What more could you ask for?"

"I sees by what you asks me that you ain't been 'bout salt water much. Wind's er funny thing—can't count on hit. Liable to do one thing; then hit's liable to 'nother. Most likely hit's liable to do th' 'very thing you don't want hit to do—die down to er ca'm what'll make you think

you're in er graveyard. When hit's dead hit's dead; so what're you goin' to do 'bout hit? Nothin' to do but sit there an' cuss."

"Mister, hit may be wrong for er land man to cuss. You see he's got so many words he can use that hit's no use for him to take up cussing to piece out his talkin'. But er sailor

man is diffent. Nothin' but cussin' will raise er wind — unless hit's whistlin'. If th' good Lord put er sailor man in er ca'm, I don't think He'll hold hit 'gainst him if he tries to cuss his way out. If th' cussin' don't seem to raise the wind, you can whistle; but it ain't every sailor man what can whistle er tune. Now what's er feller goin' to do when he's tried to whistle

"So I calls my invention er Fisher-chord."



or cuss up er breeze an' notwithstanding no breeze comes?

"Now this is where I figgers out er plan to rig up er plank on th' bottom of my boat with some mullet hooked on the hooks. Then wind or no wind I can go wigglin' through th' water. Ca'm or no ca'm I'll be hell bent for port. When I finishes th' plan my money's made for certain."

"If your plan is such a success, why not perfect it?" I asked.

"Mister, I can't figger out 'head of time when I'll take er trip. I can't know 'head of time where I'll find er school of fish to ketch on my hooks. An' 'sides all that, if I ketches th' fish, how am I going to keep them alive? You can't ketch er fish and keep him on th' hook an' have him live. If I could work th' fish like er feller works er horse it would be diffent. He ketches him an' hitches him up or he lets him stay in th' stable. So I've 'bout made up my mind to let this drop an' turn my 'tention to skeeters."

"To mosquitoes?"

"Yes, siree! Down the coast th' skeeters is that bad they'll land on your hide, h'ist their hind legs, go to work with their bills an' make hell fire for er feller. I've sat an' listened to them things buzzin' their wings an' asked myself who no man ever figgered out er plan to use the wind they made. As I told you when I thinks I acts."

I asked for information on the new project.

"Well, hit's this way. I had to fix up er plan to ketch th' skeeters; so I rigs up er piece of cloth on er stick, smeared the while thing with er chunk of raw beef and sets hit where th' skeeters would smell it. 'Twa'n't long 'fore them fool skeeters came er buzzing 'round—thought they smelt me, you see. After buzzing 'round er while, er skeeter would light an' stick his bill through th' cloth. With er hammer I raps his bill er whack and bends hit so's he can't pull hit out."

"Didn't you kill the mosquito?"

"I sure did! So now I got to figger out er plan so's I can clinch th' bills without hurting th' skeeters. When hit's all worked out to my likin', all I'll have to do when I wants to go sailing will be to rig up my Skeeter Ketcher, ketch me some skeeters and set th' machine in my boat."

I arose from the bank where I had been sitting.

"Ain't goin', are you. There's er lot more I'd like to tell you."

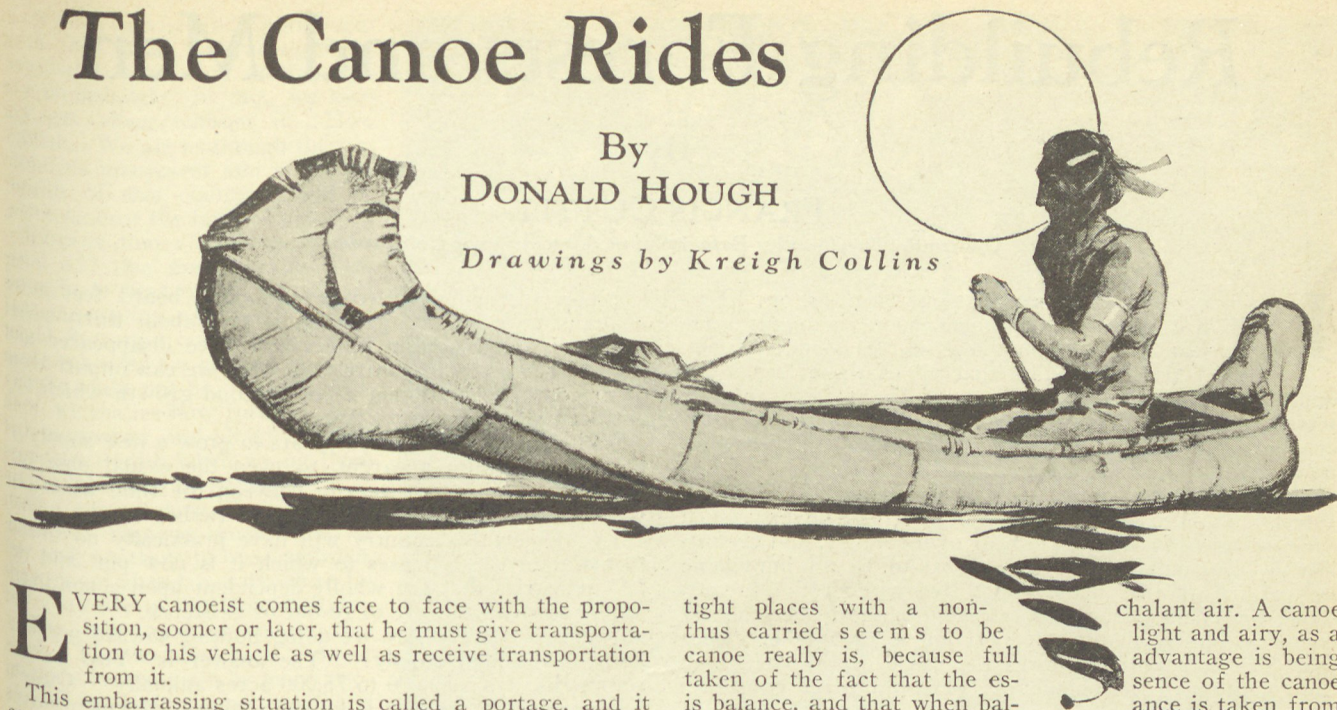
"Do you expect me to believe all you've already told me?" I asked.

"I s'pose I did tell you er fishin' man's lie; but I ain't told you er whangdoodle. However your mind takes up what I tell you—and I don't know how much your mind'll hold—I'm goin' to make me some money. When I does—you just lis'en to th' noise I'm goin' to make!"

The Canoe Rides

By
DONALD HOUGH

Drawings by Kreigh Collins



EVERY canoeist comes face to face with the proposition, sooner or later, that he must give transportation to his vehicle as well as receive transportation from it.

This embarrassing situation is called a portage, and it comes under the category of an incident of the day or of a major catastrophe according to whether or not the canoeist has made the necessary arrangements in advance. These arrangements consist of providing a yoke for carrying the canoe on the shoulders, and of an appreciation of the fact that the whole essence of canoeing, either over dry land or on water, is balance.

A canoe is a large affair, but it is not heavy unless you make it heavy, and this is an easy enough thing to do. Let two men grasp a canoe by either end and begin to lug it through the woods and it becomes one of the heaviest, clumsiest, and most disgusting things imaginable. Let one man swing it over his head with the yoke resting on both shoulders, and it glides through the woods with the same ease and grace that distinguishes it when afloat.

Two men and a canoe, on dry land, make a ludicrous triangle. Both men fight the canoe, each man fights the other, and the canoe fights everybody, including itself. Canoes simply will not bend in the middle, and when one man is trying to make a sharp turn and the other is hesitating a moment preparatory to stepping over a log, they move neither at the same speed nor in the same direction, and the canoe hits trees, logs, knees, shins, and hips with utter abandon.

Take, on the other hand, the canoe suspended as it should be, upside down over the head of the portager. It is in perfect balance, it rides with slight undulations, as though reminiscent of its natural element, and it can be swung right or left, the bow tilted or lowered, by the pressure of a single finger. It operates on a pivot, hence it truly gives the impression of being hinged, and it gets through all manner of

tight places with a nonchalance that seems to be a canoe really is, because full taken of the fact that the essence is balance, and that when balanced it becomes a white elephant.

More than once I have come upon the spectacle of two young canoeists sitting beside their canoe in the depths of the forest, and you could easily see from the perspiration on their brows, the air of mingled anger and discouragement that distinguished them, and also from the stubborn attitude of the canoe, that they were engaged in a mighty battle. It had occurred to them, as it occurs to all beginning canoeists, that if a canoe weighs eighty pounds for one man, it must weigh forty pounds for two men, hence it would be twice as easy for two men to portage it.

As a matter of fact, if not of mathematics, a canoe carried by two men weighs in the neighborhood of one hundred and sixty pounds for each man. Furthermore, such a portage is likely to end in the dissolving of a beautiful friendship between the men. When you are carrying the bow of a canoe, and just as you are about to step over a boulder or a log the canoe is suddenly given a shove in your direction, and subsequently falls on top of you, it is difficult to convince yourself that the move was accidental on the part of the stern carrier.

Each man is concerned primarily with the trees to be avoided at his own end of the canoe, and both forget about the middle of the canoe, which is the largest part of it. It is a sort of no-man's-land, forced to shift for itself, and when it bumps into trees or gets entangled in the underbrush each carrier, under his breath, blames it on the other.

It is said that the Indians carry the canoe by thrusting the paddles parallel between the braces so that one falls on each shoulder and the head goes between, and many vaca-

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Rebuilding Forests and Men

By

FRANCIS CUTTLE

Chairman Tri-Counties Reforestation Association of California

IT is not too much to say that our luxuries, our livelihood, life itself, is dependent upon the natural resources and come from those sources alone; in fact, we may truthfully state that all of these things are dependent upon the perpetuation of the forests and the water supplies of the country, for without these there can be no such state of prosperity in any country as that now existing in our own United States of America.

History records many instances where the loss of forests has been followed first by distress, poverty, such as is unknown in any part of our own country, and eventually by depopulation. There seems to be an immutable law of nature that man cannot live without the forests. True, the change from a forested to a deforested country comes so slowly that one generation after another comes and goes and hardly realizes the cause of the change in the condition of the population. The old adage is as true now as ever that "The mills of the Gods grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding fine."

When this country was first settled by the white race it had probably the most magnificent stand of virgin timber that existed in any part of the world. There was an abundance of fish, the forests were the habitat of much game. The same conditions existed until about 70 years ago. Alas, what a sad change in 70 years. Of the 832,000,000 acres of virgin timber that once clothed the hills and valleys there now remains only 135,000,000 acres. Five-sixths have been used or destroyed, and the remaining one-sixth is disappearing four and one-half times as fast as it is being reproduced. Fires destroy annually as much as the natural growth.

According to David T. Mason of Portland, Oregon, we

are now consuming thirty-seven billion board feet more annually than we are growing, and in about thirty-seven years all of our virgin timber will have disappeared and we will be dependent entirely on what we can import from other countries and upon a poor second growth which has not been allowed time to mature.

As it takes from 70 to 100 years to grow a new supply of timber it is quite apparent, to even the casual observer, that there will be an interim between the time when our virgin timber is gone and when new timber can be grown during which this country will have practically no timber to maintain the 570 uses to which it is now put, and the 197 industries that are wholly dependent upon a continued timber supply will have to go out of existence.

Some may ask: "Are we doing nothing toward perpetuating our timber supply?" The answer is "Yes, we are reforesting from 50,000 to 75,000 acres annually." Quite a respectable area until it is known that we are cutting over ten million acres annually. We are reforesting approximately one-half of one per cent of what we are using. Certainly not a very wise policy if we value our timber supplies and our present state of prosperity.

The little island empire of Japan is reforesting 350,000 acres annually, about seven times what the wealthy United States is doing. But some say labor is cheap in Japan and they can afford to do this hand work in order to maintain their timber supply. Have we reached such a state of arrogance that we think or act as though the laws of nature would be suspended in our behalf? We act as though we could go to a kindly providence after we have destroyed and used all of our timber supplies and admitting that we



"Why not try the experiment of giving employment to the unemployed in the conservation of our natural resources?"



"There seems to be an immutable law of nature that man cannot live without the forests."

have been unwise and improvident with this great natural resource, say that we now want another supply immediately; in fact, we cannot get along without it. How foolish. We act as though the tremendous manpower and matchless wealth of this country could be pitted against the laws of nature.

Suppose that all this manpower and all this great wealth were brought to bear on the growth of just one sapling, and we should demand that this one tree grow to saw-timber size in one year—it simply could not be done. Therefore, we realize how futile is all of our manpower and all of our tremendous wealth when we pit them against the laws of nature.

The conservation of the natural resources requires much hand labor and, contrary to usual opinion, there is an abundance of white labor available in the United States, willing and anxious to do this work. The so-called hobo, bum or tramp is looked upon by many people as a useless and worthless product of our civilization; they claim that he will not work; that he steals for a living and is a charge upon the community. An article appeared in the Outlook Independent of April 17, 1929, entitled "The Sturdy Hobo," in which it is stated:

"The hobo is neither a tramp nor a bum. He more or less hibernates in some big city to be sure, and emerges in the spring shambling and bleary eyed, but by no means a weakling." Mr. Leinin, agent for a large employing company, told the New York Herald-Tribune writer that last year he hired 133,000 hobos from the Bowery to work on the railway near New York. "What is more," said Mr. Leinin, "they are a fine bunch of men. I have never met a criminal among them. They are honest and faithful friends. Occasionally, when they are hopped up with smoke, one of them smashes a window; but when on the job in any one of our camps they are square, trustworthy and industrious." Maybe not many of us could give better account of ourselves than the reputation given to these men by a large employer of labor.

I have employed hundreds of so-called tramps and hoboos during the winter months on improvement of canals in Southern California. I have had direct charge of these men and can testify that 99% made good. They are competent, industrious, willing workers. The thought naturally comes, what do these men do when the temporary jobs are over, or they cannot find work? Is it any wonder that hungry, cold and desolate they hold up somebody to get money for the necessities of life?

Once having committed a minor offense, and being subject to punishment, it is not a long way from that to committing crime of a more serious nature, burglary, and being thwarted in that, comes the worst of all, murder. Would it not be much more reasonable to give these men an opportunity to work rather than to force them into crime to secure the necessities of life? You think maybe that the statement that men commit crime to get the necessities of life is only an excuse, but many instances could be recited which are well authenticated, of men committing crime for the actual necessities of life.

August Vollmar, Chief of Police of Berkeley, California, and an international authority on crime, says:

"There is a very distinct relationship between unemployment and crime. During winter months there is a large influx from eastern states. These men come to California to escape the rigorous climate of the middle west and eastern states, and there is also a large group who are crowded off from farms and out of canneries during the winter. These men are not all criminals. It is true that a definite percentage of them, from the standpoint of industry, are unemployable. But they have a willingness to work and do very well out in the country. Conservation of natural resources, reforestation, irrigation projects and reclamation projects offer excellent opportunities to utilize to the very best advantage the wasting labor that roams up and down this state every winter during the winter months. Incidentally these roamers force out of jobs many men who have homes and families, with the result that we frequently see men in courts who testify that they were forced to steal because their families were starving. Of course the proposition is fundamentally sound. Every man who wants to work should have an opportunity to do so."

Some noted jurist recently said: "We must screw down the lid on the boiling pot of crime a little tighter"; and the thought comes to me, "Yes, let us screw it down a little tighter and stick around and see what happens." You know what will happen when you screw down the lid on a boiling

(Continued on page 52)

Gold Mines or Trout Streams?

By
ESTELLINE BENNETT

A FLASH of gold in a prospector's pan started the famous gold rush to the Black Hills of South Dakota more than half a century ago. Mountain trout in a stream rushing through tangled pine woods furnished food to little bands of pioneers in a hostile Indian country where they dared not fire a gun.

Gold mining still is the basic industry of the Black Hills. Trout fishing, while it has lost its place of supreme importance as a food supply, has come to be the "sport of presidents" and the chief attraction for summer visitors. An unofficial law giving first rights to mines is written in the gold-stained, fish-empty creeks of Deadwood, Whitewood, Gold Run, and other streams that have been receiving waste from the big gold mines of the northern Hills for more than fifty years.

Fishing has, without thought or conscious intent, been relegated to the place to which pioneers relegate all recreations. Now after fifty-five years, during which the Black Hills have contributed nearly three hundred billion dollars to the gold supply of the world and made South Dakota, with its small mining area, the second gold-producing state in the Union; and the enormous increase in the tourist and

vacation business has stimulated interest in trout fishing, the question has arisen as to their relative rights and importance.

The clash between gold and trout came appropriately enough in Battle Creek last March (1929). The dispute echoed through the mountains, across the plains to Pierre, the capital of the state, and even interested towns east of the river. Should an important gold mine be shut down and a thriving mining camp be deserted? Should the fish in one of the best streams in the Hills be exterminated? Or was it possible to effect some compromise?

The attorney general's office, the state school of mines, the Izaak Walton League, miners, sportsmen, ranchers, and stockmen all were involved in the controversy which still is unsettled.

The trouble started with the breaking up of the ice in Battle Creek in the spring when thousands of dead trout floated down in its wake. The stream rises a few miles above the Keystone and Holy Terror mines that have been re-opened recently after years of idleness.

The old Holy Terror mine, at the height of its glory in the middle nineties, produced what was said to be the richest gold ore ever mined in the world. Broken

pieces of its white quartz looked more like huge white-veined nuggets than specimens of gold ore. The rich vein was narrow and in the course of time it faulted. Whether it has been found again or not—one of the dark underground secrets of mine-owners—the Holy Terror with neighboring mines is being profitably worked and the ore treated in a cyanide plant instead of the old stamp mill with quicksilver plates.

Battle Creek, running between wooded banks, not only is one of the best natural trout streams in the Hills, but its character and temperature make it the best of them all for trout propagation, and it has been stocked abundantly every year from the Federal fish hatchery at Spearfish and the state hatchery at Rapid City with Loch-leven, rainbow, black-spotted, and brook trout. Also it is used for watering large herds of stock and for irrigating farm lands.

A few miles below its source, Battle Creek runs close to the foot of the hill on which the terraced mill buildings of the Keystone Consolidated Mines company stand. The tailings from the mill, impregnated more or less with the deadly cyanide, find their way into the creek. It is a wild stream, touching the people



Cyanide mills of the Keystone Consolidated Mining Company with Battle Creek in the foreground.



places only at Keystone and at the little town of Battle Creek now called Hermosa, which achieved renown when the President of the United States attended its little white church.

In spite of its wild scenery, the history that named it, and the warfare that is now being waged over its waters, on behalf of all the mines and fishes in the Hills, Battle Creek seems a placid sort of stream as it meanders from the mountains down through the foothills to the Cheyenne river. Only the darkening of the water between Keystone and Hermosa indicates any turmoil.

When the dead trout were discovered floating with the broken ice, it was claimed that the wholesale destruction was caused by cyanide poison seeping down from the tailings of the mine into the stream. R. L. Ripple, state superintendent of fisheries, made a tour of inspection up the creek from Hermosa to Keystone, a distance of about eighteen miles, and reported that there were as many as two thousand dead and dying trout to the mile, that they lined the banks where they had been trying to get into the little pools that were partly purified by vegetation, and expressed it as his opinion that not a trout existed between Keystone and a point eleven miles below, that the pollution was lengthening rapidly and in a very few weeks probably would extend the entire course of the stream. Mr. Ripple sent in a request to the attorney general of the state to institute injunction proceedings to restrain the Keystone mines from permit-

ting the waste from their plant to empty into Battle Creek.

Protests were made by local chapters of the Izaak Walton League in various Black Hills towns. They were joined by stockmen and ranchers who claimed that they depended on Battle Creek for watering their stock and for irrigation purposes. There are between twelve and fifteen thousand acres of land under irrigation that would be affected by the tailings, and their value would be cut from one hundred dollars an acre to ten.

The prospects for a verdict seemed to be all against the gold and in favor of the fish, when H. R. Eyrich, vice president of the Keystone-Consolidated Mines, called attention to the fact that Battle Creek is a very small stream and last summer (1928) it was so low that it was necessary during August and September to use water from the underground workings of the mine to operate the mill, and fish died in Battle Creek and Grizzly Creek above the mill. "In the last fifteen years," he said, "Battle Creek has ceased to flow entirely four different times. The town of Keystone has more than one hundred families directly or indirectly dependent upon the operation of the mines, and the mine operates three hundred and sixty-five days in the year."

The Izaak Walton League explained that it was "out to reclaim the streams for the enjoyment of all the people, to make them clean for swimming holes and good for fish, trees, vegetation and domestic stock."

A conference called at Hermosa was adjourned to the state school of mines at Rapid City for consultation with Dr. C. C. O'Harra, president of the school and professor of geology, and with the chemists and engineers on the staff. The Keystone mining men on one hand, and the sportsmen and ranchers on the other, agreed to abide by Dr. O'Harra's decision, and he began a survey at once.

Benjamin D. Mintener, assistant attorney general, and O. H. Johnson, director of the fish and game department, went to Keystone after the conference at the school of mines and made an investigation.

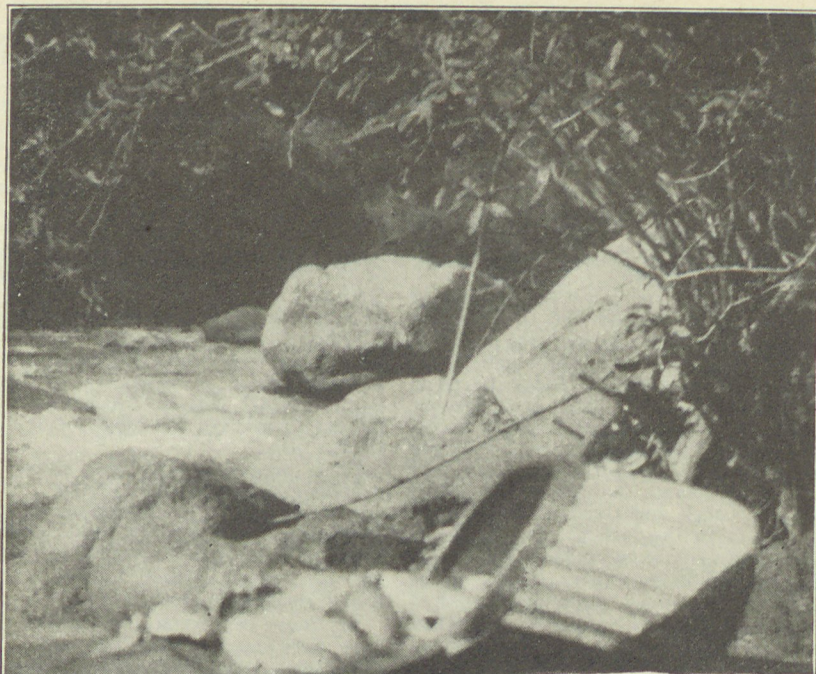
"Just what amount of cyanide goes into Battle Creek with the tailings is immaterial so far as destruction to fish life is concerned," said Mr. Mintener. "The tailings themselves are equally detrimental to fish life."

"The authorities at the mine have promised us that the matter will be remedied as soon as the season is favorable; that they expect to make provisions that the tailings of the mine will not go into the creek. If that is done it will of course restore the creek as a trout stream."

In times past such destruction would have been no occasion for alarm. But there were then no fishing Presidents in the Black Hills, nor Izaak Walton League Chapters all over the country. Comparatively speaking, gold mines are not nearly so valuable as they were a few years ago. Clean streams filled with fish are gold mines, too; and the people want their gold mines kept "24-k pure."



Clean streams filled with fish are gold mines too which should be kept "24-k pure."



Eight pounds of mountain trout from Bobbie's creel, taken with a Red Ant.

Red Ants and Raspberries

By

HENRY C. FULCHER

A LOW-BROW angler from Texas wishes to be heard on that darling of the trout streams, Taylor river of Colorado.

In a recent issue of *OUTDOOR AMERICA* a deservedly popular writer, who confesses to some two decades of trout fishing, passed on the report that there are now no trout to speak of in Taylor river, the stream being overrun with tourists, and cluttered with tin cans, trash heaps and trombone tooters (or words to that effect).

This is no inspired chamber of commerce paean to Colorado fishing. I spend eleven months of the year as a newspaper worker swearing at scribes and scribbling, and now I return from the best fishing vacation of my life and defend a piece of sparkling water a thousand miles or more from the old home town.

I make no pretensions to being an expert with the fly rod. You can't spend the majority of a year heaving plugs and spinners, fishing for big mouth bass and crappie with everything from worms to minnows, and remain accomplished at luring a streak of lightning out of a mountain stream with a bit of feather attached to a No. 12 hook and an enameled line. At least I can't. But even a novice may know good fishing water and fishing, and of these I should say the Taylor river with its tributary creeks has few equals, either for beauty or for sport.

In Colorado and elsewhere both the Taylor and the Gunnison rivers have their adherents, but the Taylor at least is not often sought by the tourist, who, by my definition, is a person who roars along at forty to sixty miles an hour between two given points, with his impressions of the intervening country made up of road conditions and highway signs. By the same rule, the tourist seldom seeks the Taylor

river, or travels its rocky cañon road to Taylor park. The road is passable, but it is far from a touring road.

The Taylor is eagerly sought by anglers, however, and I found them an unusually careful and courteous lot—careful to abide by limits and sizes as to catch, to keep clean camp sites and to preserve the natural cleanliness and beauty of the area; courteous and considerate of others, and interested in nothing but flies and fishing. I did not fish the Taylor in its virgin glory, but if the wandering angler has taken anything of this little stream's charm and beauty, or materially depleted its stock of game fish, my nose for news failed to detect the fact.

The stream is well-fished, both by natives



Bobbie, center, the Old Man, right, and the writer.

and visitors, and for that reason I believe the trout in the Taylor river in the late summer are perhaps the most fly-wise and intelligent fish extant. The river has an abundance of trout, but they are of an exceedingly discriminating family. No splashing fly or dragging line fools the Taylor river trout. You need all the deceptive skill of Sir Izaak himself to hook and net the big ones in Taylor river. For this reason the river presents to the sportsman a hazard all the more alluring for its difficulty, and the satisfaction of success in its waters is sweet recompense for patience and perseverance.

But to the starting point of this story:

We came away from Salida and the Arkansas river, where two nights previously a man had landed a seven-pound rainbow, measuring twenty-eight inches, and over Monarch Pass, a stiffish climb up to 11,600 feet but worth it just for the view of Colorado's jumbled peaks in the distance. Then on a long steady roll down into the valley of the Gunnison.

From Gunnison, two routes are immediately open to the person seeking trout: the deep rolling stretches of the Gunnison until it disappears into the famous Black Cañon of the Gunnison, and the roaring, tumbling Taylor through the Taylor park. Tales of fabulous catches are told of the Black Cañon of the Gunnison, but so far no person is known ever to have fished its length and returned, so I am told. Be that as it may, the remaining miles of water constitute what is said by many to be the best trout fishing in the nation, and the Gunnison is the most generally selected route.

Our party was formed in Gunnison, and was made up of two or three of the town's crack anglers, the Old Man of Pueblo, Bobbie and me.

After eight miles of driving over rough mountain roads, we stopped in a little nook closed in by sheer cliffs some five hundred feet high. The Taylor river fills the entire cañon with its throaty song as it sweeps against one cañon wall. Waves of soft willow, dainty aspen and mighty fir sweep up the heights of the opposite cliffs. It was too late for fishing, with the business of pitching camp, gathering wood and making things ship-shape for the morrow.

The following day took us up the river to Crystal creek, a dainty little stream tumbling out of snow-capped mountains, with the beaver dams furnishing the best sport. Bobbie and I started about two miles below the dams, while Fred and the Old Man, who has spent the summer for the last nineteen years fishing on the Taylor, pushed on up the "crick."

Let me digress here to say that Bobbie conforms to none of the traditional beliefs that a woman can't make a fly fisherman. She did. She handles an astonishing length of line, and her fly settles on the water with a softness and grace I think only a woman could achieve. She took a beauty out of a small pebble-bottomed hole on her second cast.

Fishing Crystal creek is slow and difficult business; slow to a weary city dweller, because in August tangled red raspberries grow in profusion up the cañon walls, offering as tempting a lure as the flashing rainbow. Once I climbed a swaying aspen to retrieve the last grey hackle in our possession, but more often I risked life and limb for nothing more than a handful of red raspberries.

I took two small natives while Bobbie netted three as we pushed on to just below the beaver dams. We lunched in a small flat, first towering high above us, with no sound except that of a small squirrel who set up an incessant chattering and scolding at our very feet at this invasion

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Then I Took Up Fly Fishing

By X. Z. ZIEGLER

WHEN Governor Davidson (now in the happy fishing grounds) put his head out of his back door and sang his and my favorite song, "O! There was an old hen and she had a wooden foot," etc., I dropped everything and hiked over to help him. Ice cools rapidly on a hot summer day.

The Governor, or rather Ex-Governor, and I owned neighboring cottages on a Wisconsin lake for many years.

The occasion for the Governor's song on this day was that he wanted me to meet a friend of his.

"Bill, meet Dr. Ainsworth, the last word in fly fishing."

The Doctor, and I don't know to this day if he wrote prescriptions, or pulled teeth, had an hour to drive to the station to make his train but I prevailed on him to tell me something of fly rods and fly fishing.

My genuine interest and his desire to show his ability helped to convince him to stay over another day.

He changed into his fishing duds and hooked up a fly rod. He had three rods with him and about six more at home. He strung on a taper line a six foot leader and a small fly.

I neglected to tell you that all of this happened about twenty years ago and that although I had heard of fly fishing and seen fly rods in shop windows I had never seen a fly fisherman in action. Well, we got Doc down on the Governor's pier and Doc said, "What shall I shoot at?" I looked around, somewhat hazily, and then pointed out the top of a boulder along the shore line that was just above water, about six inches in size and fifty feet away. "Shoot that, Doc," I said, "and wake me up when you hit it."

Doc started to work that rod back and forth, letting out line, and after a few casts in air, I'll be darned if he didn't drop the fly on top of the boulder.

"Do it again, Doc, I didn't see it that time," I said. He did it several times for me. Just about then the Governor burst into song again.

Sometime later the Governor, Doc and I got in my launch and headed down to the outlet as Doc wanted to prove his outfit could catch fish. I had been arguing that a two-pound bass would sure crack up a fly rod in a hurry and Doc preferred to fish a stream rather than a lake. The outlet of our lake is about forty feet wide, two to five feet deep and its shore lines are rushes and reeds.

On the third cast Doc landed a twelve-inch small mouth, and as we drifted down the stream he took out eight fish in thirty minutes. One was an eighteen-inch pickercel and the largest bass was near a three pounder. The Governor wanted to sing again but we were too far from ice.

I learned sometime later, that Doc had at one time taken a world's championship in a dry fly accuracy contest.

The following morning found me up bright and early (anyway it was early) dressed in my store clothes, and telling the wife I had to go to Chicago. You can't keep much of anything from your wife, so finally I told her I needed a fly rod if life was going to mean very much to me in the future.

I had so much money invested in tackle and rods then that I didn't have a very strong argument to offer so I agreed that

she could have a new hat, the value not to exceed the cost of my fly outfit. How a man does live and learn!

After looking up a few friends in Chicago (this was twenty years ago, old timer) I strolled into V L & A's about noon. Looking across the counter into the twinkling eyes of my old friend, Hathaway, I quietly remarked, "I want a fly outfit complete, something medium in price but that will stand hard service in the hands of a dumb amateur."

"I know just what you want," said Hathaway, rubbing his hands together in the way he always does when he sees me coming. I'm more and more inclined to believe those birds work on a commission basis. Anyway they are pretty smart, for he first sold me some leaders, a few dozen flies, a leader case and a fly book. I was a little surprised at the total cost but as each item was brought out and priced it sounded all right.

About now was the time for real salesmanship.

"You'll want a taper line," said Hathaway.

"How much?" I was beginning to think of that hat.

"Twelve bucks," said Hathaway.

We compromised on a \$1.50 level line. We began looking at rods next.

About this time an elderly aristocratic gentleman, in a checked gray suit, joined us and after listening to my comments, etc., introduced himself and offered to help me. He was an old time trout fan and no doubt well-to-do for no prices that were mentioned seemed to impress him.

While we were discussing whether a low price rod was a good buy for a beginner, we were joined by another fly enthusiast. He was an old time big league pitcher and didn't think or care any more about expenses than my new old friend. (Hathaway had all the hair rubbed off his hands by this time.)

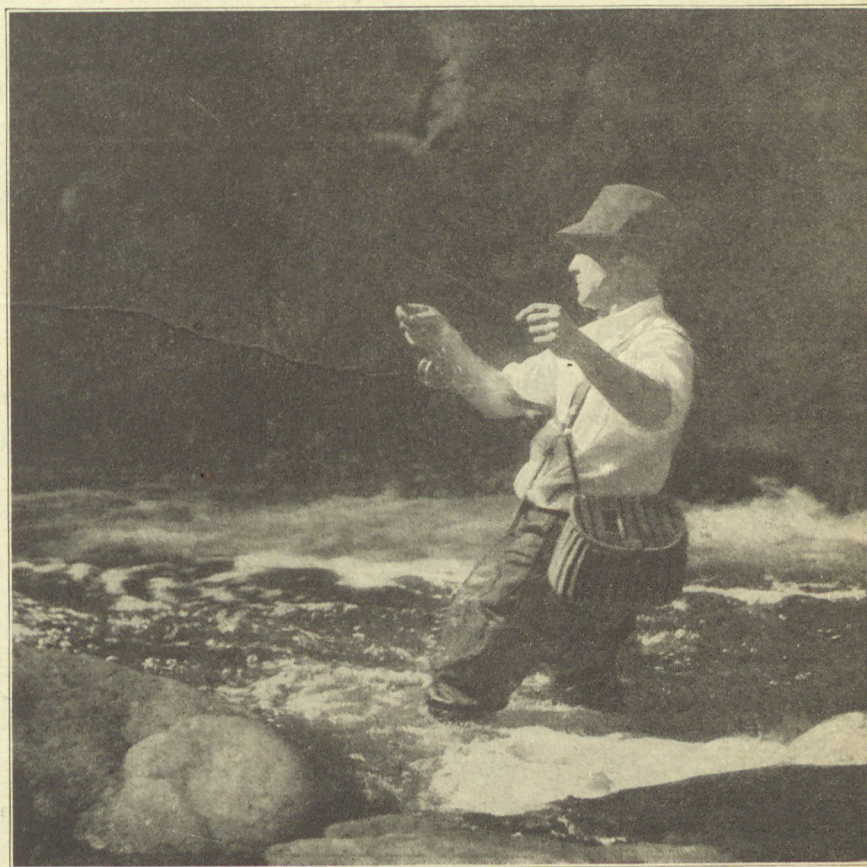
This pitcher, if I'm not mistaken it was King Cole, had the inside of his hat full of flies that he had tied in his spare time. It's remarkable what a hold a hobby gets on some people.

I dare not tell you what I paid for my rod, but you should have seen the load I had! A creel, landing net, waders, shoes, a taper line, as my friends scorned the level line, although I kept that for practice casting and never used it.

A few other items such as deer fat, line dope, a jacket with 12 pockets and a hat with a cork band. I'll never forget how those two new friends helped me. Hathaway took my check—he had to as I didn't have nearly enough cash.

When I got on my train homeward bound I totaled up the cost of my first fly fishing outfit. I won't tell you how much it cost but I erased the first left-hand figure in the total and just handed that to my wife when I got home. My conscience does not trouble me as she bought two hats and a pair of shoes besides, with that money.

I'm still fly fishing, thank God, and I still have that first fly rod of mine, although it has seen very little service for some years. It stands proudly proven among a number of new rods.



"I'm still fly fishing, thank God, and I still have that first fly rod of mine."

EDITORIAL

Our Vanishing Birthright

AMERICANS are often ridiculed for having no aesthetic or artistic sense. They are frequently charged with a lack of appreciation of the finer qualities of life which characterize some of the older nations.

Quite often we are dubbed as dollar chasers, and as being a nation too young to have fixed, stable habits and national vision.

Some of these charges are born of envy; others are only too true. And that is what hurts! But has it hurt enough?

We are still a pioneer people. We have been more concerned with developing the country than we have with saving it. But gradually we are becoming aware that there is more in life than dissipating Nature's resources with reckless abandon regardless of the consequences.

As the population increases our shortcomings of the past become more clearly defined. Our ancestors roamed about at will; they enjoyed scenic beauty and pitched their camps as they saw fit; they hunted and fished as they chose. Today "STAY OUT—PRIVATE PROPERTY," "25c ADMISSION TO SEE THE FALLS," and "CAMP HERE FOR 50c" signs greet one everywhere. Our birthright is vanishing.

* * *

Public recreational opportunities and rare scenic features are just beginning to be appreciated. Characteristically American, we "lock the barn after the horse is stolen." Without foresight we gave away many choice things that should have been saved for the public. Now we are beginning to spend some of our hard-earned dollars to buy them back.

New York State has spent upwards of thirty millions of dollars to buy parks and forest reserves for the use of the public and the program is just well started; Pennsylvania has acquired almost a million and a half acres of forest and wild-life refuge land and will ultimately expend fifteen to twenty millions on this program; Illinois will vote upon a bond issue of fourteen millions to buy public lands for conser-

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vation and recreation purposes; Connecticut is buying and leasing fishing rights along her streams; Wisconsin has already expended goodly sums to acquire state park lands; and Missouri has expended several hundred thousands of dollars collected from the hunters and fishermen to buy parks and refuge lands.

So one might go on and name state after state east of the Plains that has begun to restore to the people their American birthright.

* * *

But how about the states in the West—the so-called "public land" states—where Uncle Sam often owns from one-third to more than two-thirds of the entire area in National Parks, National Forests and public domain?

In many cases the residents of these states foolishly condemn the government as a large land-holder, but in reality Uncle Sam has saved many of these very people from self-destruction.

Through the development of parks and forests the government has brought many hundreds of thousands of dollars into regions where there otherwise would be little or no income.

The National Parks idea has become very popular, but many people confuse our National Parks, with their rare scenic beauty and their peculiar geological values, with ordinary recreational areas. Every state wants at least one, some two or more. The real danger now is not whether more National Parks will be created, but whether the standards will be lowered by admitting areas which are in reality suitable only for state parks or state forests.

* * *

The best proof of the attitude of the people in the West toward public recreation facilities is that California has approved a bond issue of six million to be matched by a like amount from private sources, to develop a system of state parks. Why? Because Californians realize that it is a good permanent investment.

At the last National Convention of the Izaak Walton League, California Waltonians asked the National organization to aid them in saving for the public the sea coast in southern California—another area where the "NO TRESPASS" sign is becoming all too prevalent.

And this is not all! To assure future generations the right to camp and fish without running face to face with such signs, Senator Hiram Johnson of California has introduced a bill in Congress providing that the Interior Department may grant title to public domain lands only with the fishing rights definitely reserved to the public for all time. Even though this measure is about fifty years too late, it should be passed without delay to save what is left.

It is a fine thing to develop a country agriculturally and industrially, but protecting the rights of the general public and guaranteeing a future race of pioneers is our first obligation.

Sturdy bodies, clean, alert minds, and big, unselfish hearts grow in the big open places.

Is it not far cheaper to safeguard the recreational facilities of the nation now than it is to continue paying constantly mounting crime bills? Which shall it be?

Something Ought To Be Done About This



Courtesy Chicago Tribune



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A NATIONAL organization of patriotic men and women, comprising more than 3,000 chapters throughout America, engaged in restoring and perpetuating opportunities for enjoyment of the great outdoors, protecting both wild life and our natural resources, thus insuring posterity such health, happiness, pleasure and prosperity as we have enjoyed.

of nature, which helps as nothing else can help to preserve in us the spirit of youth in that fight against age, that all of us have to make from our birth."

The Izaak Walton League has at present 3,000 Chapters in as many communities scattered throughout the United States. Many of the members who first came into the movement were fishermen and sportsmen but it has gone far beyond that now. They became conservationists when they realized what devastation had taken place in our out-of-doors. There is probably no country that has so ruthlessly destroyed its forests and polluted its streams as has our own.

They became interested immediately in preserving our forests that were left and rebuilding those that had been destroyed. They determined to bring back the original purity of our waters and also to restore the flower, animal, bird, and fish life, without which so much pleasure of an esthetic and educational value must be sacrificed. When soon they realized that the result of their efforts would benefit them comparatively little during their life-

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THE Izaak Walton Conservation Foundation, Incorporated, was organized to carry on the work of conservation through the Izaak Walton League of America as long as the League is a national functioning organization devoted to this purpose. The Foundation will insure the continuity and expansion of the work the League is doing, the essential importance of which cannot be over-estimated.

Glenn Frank, the President of the University of Wisconsin, said in a recent address:

"Conservation is a challenging movement that sinks its roots into the whole of our social order. Conservation is more than planting a few trees and protecting a few fish. It is something more than luring harassed men out of stuffy offices into the healing atmosphere of lake and woods. These things are important—very important—but I submit that they are after all incidental aspects of conservation. To do no more than stimulate the doing of these things is a very worthy venture. The spiritual by-products of these incidental steps in conservation are too precious to lose.

"The man who builds a machine may know the craftsman's satisfaction with a job well done, but in some mystic way, a man who plants a tree becomes a kind of partner with God, in a creative act, because you cannot build trees, all you can do is to preside at the mystery of their growth; and we know that a people that respects its out-of-doors keeps contact with that eternally young spirit

Platform

1. Reforestation and forest extension.
2. Elimination of pollution from all waters.
3. Restoration of unwisely drained areas.
4. More game and fish refuges and public recreation areas.
5. More fish hatcheries and game farms.
6. Scientific supervision of all wild life propagation.
7. Opposition to sale of game and game fish.
8. Scientific regulation of salt water fishing.
9. Encouragement of bird and wild flower appreciation.
10. Character building of boys and girls through outdoor recreation.
11. True sportsmanship, and opposition to unfair and illegal methods.
12. Nature study and conservation in all schools.
13. Cooperation with similar agencies, and with state and government.
14. Militant education to the needs and benefits of League objects.

time but that they were largely working for future generations of Americans, they then became *unselfish conservationists* and drew others into the movement who were not sportsmen at all but who had the vision to see all of its possibilities.

They are now planting trees, purifying streams, establishing breeding grounds, rest places and refuges for our wild life; helping in local, state and national conservation legislation, and preaching a code of ethics based upon good sportsmanship which is in reality the good old rule, "Do unto others as you would that others do unto you."

There are now more than 100,000 active members of the Izaak Walton League. These members are carrying on all kinds of conservation work and are exerting a more powerful influence on public opinion in conservation matters than any other force in America today. They are necessarily developing a higher standard of citizenship and a deeper and more enduring love of country.

Henri Dunant, who founded the Red Cross and was responsible for the Red Cross Treaty of Geneva, once said: "Any ordinary man or woman, endowed with the love of a neighbor and a little enthusiasm, can accomplish great things for humanity."

The League is finding such people in every community. They are trying to make "A Better America for Americans and Better Americans for America." It is to this purpose that the Izaak Walton Conservation Foundation is devoted.



What's Happening in

By SETH E. GORDON

Conservation Director, Izaak Walton League of America

Grouse Going?

THE last of his wonderful race, one healthy male heath hen, was observed by Dr. Alfred O. Gross of Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine, on the Martha's Vineyard Heath Hen Reservation last spring when he made his annual check on the status of the "prairie chicken of the east." The last bird alive! A terrible accusation against man's ruthlessness and the advance of civilization.

The heath hen is doomed! The real question at issue is not what has happened to the heath hen, but what is happening to most of the grouse family, especially the ruffed grouse, the prairie chicken and the sage grouse. Public-spirited men have contributed funds liberally to finance a grouse disease study, and scientists have burned midnight oil studying diseases and parasites, but without solution.

Gross Now Studying Prairie Chickens

DOCTOR GROSS is now in Wisconsin studying both the ruffed grouse and the prairie chicken. The plow, the mower and the hayrake have done more to kill out the prairie chicken than have the hunters, but there is no reason why these birds should be permitted to go the way of the heath hen.

In the case of the ruffed grouse, the encroachment of civilization is not entirely to blame. Several states report unfavorable hatching and rearing seasons this past spring and will allow no shooting this fall. Among the states which have already announced closed seasons on ruffed grouse this fall are New York, Pennsylvania, Connecticut and Vermont. Others will undoubtedly follow their lead.

Saving the seed stock is sensible! Can we afford to continue until all members of the grouse family are in the same position as the heath hen?

Grouse Can't Be Bought

These birds can't be bought on the open market as can ringneck pheasants, and the few that are available are selling for five to ten dollars each.

If every sportsman would remember that every time he kills a ruffed grouse or a prairie chicken he has bagged a ten-dollar bill there would be no cries of "game hog" in any of the grouse country. Some day we shall figure the value of our wild life at its replacement cost.

When we do, there will be less squirming about paying enough money for hunting and fishing licenses to do the job right.

The summary of new legislation, appearing on the opposite page, will be concluded in the November issue.

Kaibab Harmony

ADMINISTRATION of the herd of mule deer on the Kaibab National Forest, which was set aside by President Roosevelt as a game preserve in 1906, has been quite a problem for the past five years.

Whether to kill the surplus deer by hunting or to permit them to starve has been the moot question. Catching and transferring them to other parts of the country was found to be entirely too slow and costly to offer relief.

The state of Arizona, in which the forest lies, insisted upon its game laws governing the killing of the surplus deer. The U. S. Forest Service and the Biological Survey endeavored to administer the herd as food conditions warranted. This caused friction which finally brought the matter before the Courts, with a decision in favor of the Government.

Open Season This Year

Recently the Arizona Game Commission and the U. S. Forest officials in conference agreed upon a plan of co-operative action, which will be effective for one year, that will relieve all future friction. The hunting season will open October 1, and each hunter holding a proper Arizona hunting license upon payment of \$1.50 additional may kill two mule deer on the Kaibab, one of which may be a buck. No fawns are to be killed.

This plan should result in removing many more deer than heretofore when the maximum number removed in one year was one thousand animals.

New Hearing

FRIENDS of Cumberland Falls have joined hands in an appeal to the Federal Power Commission urging a rehearing of the application for a permit to harness the water of the Falls for developing electricity.

It is hoped that this application will be granted. There are many reasons why the present Federal Power Commission, which is made up of a new personnel entirely, should do this.

At the last Convention of the Izaak Walton League the organization again voiced its unalterable opposition to using these falls for power purposes, and urged that a park be created instead.

Why the Falls must be sacrificed when there are so many other good sites does not seem at all clear.

Do You Know:

1. Grouse are in danger?
2. New hearing is asked on Cumberland Falls?
3. Harmony prevails on the Kaibab?
4. The new laws enacted this year?

See stories below.

Enough Game?

WILL we ever produce enough game to meet the demands of the seven million hunters in America?

This question has given conservation officials many headaches. We started out with the idea that legislation, properly enforced, would do the trick.

We have now come to the conclusion that a combination of things, such as short uniform seasons and reasonable bags, control of predatory species, restocking liberally and feeding during the wintertime, are most essential.

Game Farming Only Course

Restocking game takes money—much real money! In the past we have depended largely upon our neighbors for this supply. That day is past. The only way to assure a supply of game for stocking purposes in heavily hunted areas is for each state to grow its own game.

New York was the first state to embark upon game farming extensively. That state now distributes more than 30,000 pheasants and 100,000 eggs annually. New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Oregon, California, Washington, Illinois and other states have maintained game farms, and lately Michigan, Wisconsin and Pennsylvania also have taken up game farming in earnest. Michigan will produce about 13,000, Wisconsin about



Gilbert Gigstead, the Milwaukee Chapter's Student, feeding young mallard, black and call ducks at the Game Conservation Institute.

gin Conservation



Friends of the Superior Forest recently conferred with President Hoover, Secretary Wilbur, and other Washington officials. Congress will undoubtedly give the Shipstead-Newton bill early consideration.

Important information of national interest will appear in this department each month to keep our readers in touch with conservation activities

New Laws

PASSING new laws, and more laws, seems to be a popular pastime for legislative bodies everywhere. Due to the growing sentiment, however, conservation laws this year as a whole are decidedly better and more sensible than they have been in the past.

Instead of adding many more meaningless patches to laws already badly muddled by numerous amendments, the tendency this year was to codify and reduce the bulk decidedly.

Administrative changes were quite numerous; larger license fees rather frequent; and bigger appropriations for pollution studies and elimination, the creation of more parks and the extension of public-owned forests were made by many states.

Important Changes

Space does not permit a complete review of the legislative changes made by all the states, but here are a few of the highlights:

Arizona: Changed the system of administration to a commission plan instead of a single-headed department as in the past; also gave the Commission power to make regulations as changing conditions warrant.

Arkansas: The legislature after a splendid record two years ago, made a step backward by permitting what is called "picnic seining," allowing two or more families to constitute a legal picnic party to use seines not over sixty feet long from June 15 to September 30 in a number of counties.

California: Many new laws, among them classing cats as predatory animals in game refuges and authorizing their killing; prohibiting the use of saw-tooth or spiked traps for taking fur-bearers; improving the gun club law by authorizing revocation of licenses if owners aid or permit violations of the law; changing the boundaries of game refuges from arbitrary lines to natural lines along ridges, streams and roads; and making it unlawful to take game birds from autos, power boats or airplanes.

Colorado: The Game and Fish Commissioner was given authority to open and close seasons upon petition; placing a bounty on mountain lions; the season closed on grouse, prairie chickens and sage hens until 1932; and a uniform opening date on trout regardless of altitude or latitude.

Connecticut Makes Improvements

Connecticut: Resident hunting and fishing licenses effective after January first, increased from \$2.25 to \$3.35

each; non-resident license \$10.35 and \$5.35 for hunting and fishing respectively, combination \$14.35; requiring hunters and trappers to report kill; grouse season closed for 1929; open season on male pheasants only; and a number of minor changes of less importance.

Florida: The former legislation badly chopped up and in some instances destructive provisions substituted instead, such as abolishing the closed season on fresh water fishing and allowing the County Commissioners to designate seasons. Other provisions are an improvement. Among them are the elimination of the August deer season.

Idaho: An act imposing heavy fines upon persons dropping lighted matches, cigarettes and tobacco along highways.

Indiana: Tax for state forestry fund increased to two mills instead of one mill; cities and counties authorized to acquire forest preserves; new law governing fishing in Lake Michigan; imposing punishment upon violators resisting officers and various other changes of minor importance.

Iowa: Changing the system of removing rough fish so that this work must be done by competitive bid under the supervision of the State.

Maine Gets Right Start

Maine: Requiring residents to secure an annual hunting or fishing license instead of a perpetual license as heretofore under which plan the non-residents footed the bill. The resident license fees are too low, but they are a step in the right direction. Hunting licenses and fishing licenses for residents are only 65c, or a combination for \$1.15. The season was again opened on moose in various counties, and a uniform open season was fixed for fur-bearing animals from November 15 to February 1.

Maryland: Improved legislation on both game and fish, further protection on fur-bearers, and better regulation of game breeders. The new law makes it unlawful to catch black bass in any manner in any of the tidal waters during April, May, June and July, and makes it unlawful to sell or purchase bass or ship bass out of the state during said months, also establishes a creel limit in tide water. The purchase of forest lands was encouraged by an appropriation of \$150,000.

Massachusetts: A special commission authorized to simplify, codify and improve the game and fish laws for presentation to the next legislature.

Michigan Tries New Methods

Michigan: The game and fish laws were codified and improved; season limit provided for rabbits for the first time; a new method of encouraging game breeding, which will be explained in detail in Outdoor America later; a new fishing license law applying to residents; a new commercial fishing law; authorizing the conservation department to construct fire lines on unimproved lands; the pollution control law was improved; and the six-year terms of the members of the conservation commission so arranged that two terms expire every two years.

6,000 and Pennsylvania about 5,000 pheasants this year.

Institute Training Workers

Virginia has given the rearing of native bobwhite quail more real impetus than all other states combined. Other states with larger funds are now planning to take the cup away from Virginia. Maryland has made fine progress. Pennsylvania is just starting. The outcome will be most interesting.

To equip and maintain real game producing plants costs money. But if shown that results are forthcoming, the sportsmen will supply the funds without a quibble. *They can have just as much game as they are willing to pay for!*

Securing trained workers has been the biggest obstacle. To overcome this handicap, the Game Conservation Society and the Arms and Ammunition Institute in May, 1928, joined hands in the development of the Game Conservation Institute, a unique school located near Clinton, New Jersey. Tuition is free, the only expense being for board and personal items.

Chapters Sponsor Students

The first class consisted of twenty-five students. Among them was Gilbert Gigstead, a student whose expenses were provided by the Milwaukee Chapter of the Isaac Walton League. The complete course covers two years; intelligent hard-working students finish in one year. Young Gigstead was one of these, and after one year was employed on the Moon Lake Refuge and Game Farm maintained by the Milwaukee Chapter of the League.



Main rearing field at the Game Conservation Institute in which over 3500 pheasants were reared by students this year.

Progress

The Restoration of Thief Lake

By DR. PAUL HAGEN

Pres. Crookston, Minn., Chapter, Izaak Walton League of America

THIEF LAKE used to be one of the chain of lakes that formerly was the gateway of migratory birds into Minnesota as well as the central part of the United States. Beginning from the north the chain was composed of Roseau Lake and a large swamp of the same name in Roseau County. Then directly south about twenty-five miles was Thief Lake in eastern Marshall County followed still farther south and a little west about ten miles distant was Mud Lake, also in eastern Marshall County. The next stop was the famous Goose Lake east of Angus, then the Beltrami Swamps of southwestern Polk County and thence southward to Lake Traverse and Bigstone and then on for their southern haunts.

The writer, when a boy, can well remember in the spring-time seeing flock after flock of Canadian honkers going over Crookston on their journey to the northland and in the fall the same story was repeated in the reverse direction. The ducks made their pilgrimages in clouds but did not make such an impression on his mind, as all he could hear was the whistle of their wings. But the call of the honkers did and it is this call of the honkers that we want brought back for future generations.

Talk to the few hunters who then hunted in these places. The stories they tell are almost unbelievable, but suffice it to say that these places were veritable paradises for the hunter. It was a common story to bring back fifty to a hundred geese, and ducks by the hundred. In one instance when a saloon keeper returned from a goose hunt, he would donate a goose with each drink bought over the bar. The story is verified by our District Game Warden that two market hunters in the Thief Lake and Mud Lake area killed and shipped seven carloads of ducks and geese in one season. That same year the same two trapped 1500 muskrats on Thief Lake alone. Add to this the number that the farmer boys trapped and in this day and age you would have a real money value, not to mention the healthful sport and recreation it would provide.

Then came the terrible ogre of indiscriminate and unwise drainage. We simply went wild on this subject. We had to get more land at all costs or hazards. No thought was given as to whether it would pay or not. It was not enough to drain swamps and small marshes and sloughs but they had to get the bottoms of lakes as well. What in the name of common sense the sportsmen thought of at the time is hard to tell, but they were simply asleep at the switch. It certainly could not have been

pulled if we had had the Izaak Walton League of America at that time. All the above mentioned lakes and swamps are gone and with them, too, the game that was so plentiful. Instead of getting more tillable land all we have left is large waste areas that are unfit for man, beast or fowl, tame, wild or otherwise!

Mud Lake was drained in 1910; Roseau Lake in 1912 to 1913; Thief Lake in 1916 and in the interim between 1908 to 1916 every slough, open swamp, tamarac swamp and muskeg fell victim to the dredge, increasing the fire hazard, lowering the subsoil water levels and unquestionably the lake levels of Northern Minnesota. Agriculture has not, most emphatically has not been benefited, as was borne out by the evidence of farmers at the Roseau hearing before the joint commission of Canada and the United States investigating the Roseau River and basin drainage problem last June.

The map of this area prepared by the Commissioner of Drainage and Waters showed that two-thirds of the drained areas had reverted to the state for non-payment of taxes—the more the drainage, the more the reversion to the state. The last Minnesota legislature had to come to the rescue of three of our Northern counties facing bankruptcy. The state assumed the obligation and established a game refuge of the region.

The ease with which Judicial Ditch Systems could be established is vividly illustrated by one in Beltrami County, No. 5, I believe, where five signers of the original petition, three of whom were non-residents of the county and the other two represented seventy-one and a fraction acres, put the county to an expense of \$550,000.00. No wonder the county is facing bankruptcy! What a gross waste of the public's money! And the sad part is that this expenditure has done no good.

The writer has no quarrel with good

drainage. Where drainage has really benefited the farmer and community and has made it easier for the farmer to make a profit, pay his taxes and ditch liens, and build up a prosperous community, we say Amen a thousand times and Godspeed—but it is where a drainage project has been a failure, that we say that it is high time that we so change our drainage laws that we can interfere in a legal way that the former lakes and marshes, as well as swamps, may be put back as nature intended them to be—reservoirs to prevent sudden floods and supply the distant springs and spring-fed lakes, maintain the proper subsoil water levels, be the habitat and propagation areas for our migratory birds as well as refuges and public shooting grounds which rich and poor alike can enjoy.

The theory of our drainage laws, especially as to the Judicial Ditch Systems, is this: that when once established it cannot be interfered with—that it is perfect and must not and cannot be changed. You have no legal procedure whereby you can plug such a ditch or change the level or acquire such drainage areas for any purpose. This was the stumbling block in our fight to restore Thief Lake because this lake was cut into two unequal halves, by a large Judicial Ditch which not only drained the whole lake, but also went much below the bottom of the lake bed.

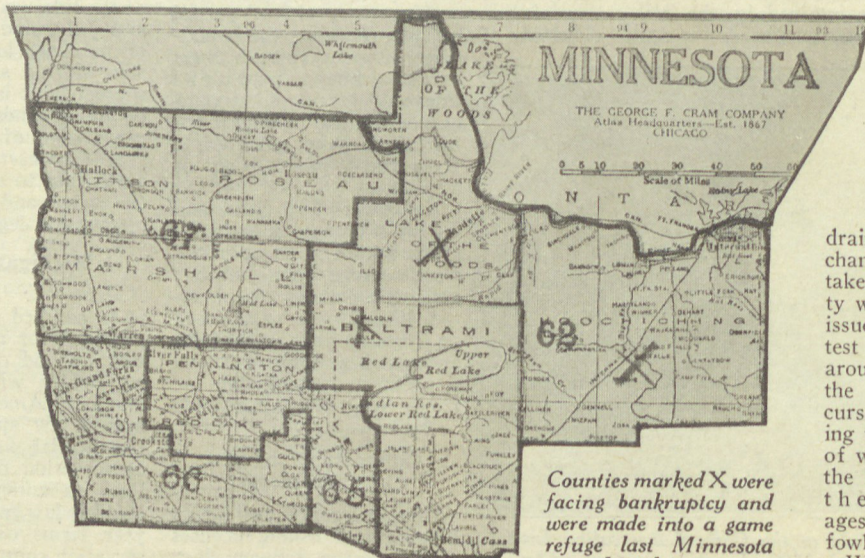
The Thief Lake Bottom comprises 7,553.53 acres and is approximately $5\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 miles long and from 3 to $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles wide. The writer had the pleasure of hunting on this lake before drained and can verify that it was a hunter's paradise. It was nothing to get the limit of ducks and geese as well.

The fall of 1916 saw the passing of this lake, the last of this wonderful chain of lakes and swamps. I was there and saw the last of the lake go and I was sad at heart, realizing nothing could be done to

prevent such a catastrophe. May I state here to the credit of District Judge Grindeland of Warren that he did not grant the order establishing the Thief Lake

drainage project, but a change of venue was taken to Beltrami County where the order was issued in spite of protest of the farmers around Thief Lake. So the dredge did its cursed deed of obliterating this wonderful body of water to which even the Indians of old paid their annual pilgrimages to partake of its fowl and fish life.

We are told that the lake was just teeming



Counties marked X were facing bankruptcy and were made into a game refuge last Minnesota Legislature.



with fish and in the Spring when the fish were running up the Moose River, which empties into the lake from the East, its waters were alive with schools of fish for hundreds of feet at a length. The same can be said of Thief River which winds its way from Thief Lake to Red Lake River which in turn empties into the Red River of the North at Grand Forks, N. Dakota, thus being a part of the Hudson Bay Basin.

Previous to the drainage of Thief Lake, speculators had bought up fractions of quarter-sections of the shore land and then through their riparian rights gained pie-shaped areas to the center point of the lake bed. These speculators had great expectations from the new pie-shaped areas of land gotten for nothing by the *grace of drainage*, against which there were no ditch liens and for some reason or another no taxes were paid until for the year 1920. But our speculators have been sadly disappointed.

Instead of raising crops on their new possessions—and some of them went to work on extensive proportions—the truth is that the year 1918, an extremely dry year, is the only year that the whole bed has produced a kernel of grain. It is a complete waste area, grown to cat-tails, cane-brake, small willows, coarse slough grass, and even the sow-thistle has gotten a foot-hold. The only exception we can admit, is that some coarse hay has been harvested and a little grazing on the higher edges. The result is that only one tract has paid its taxes to date and the rest is delinquent from three to eight years and fast reverting to the state.

In other words, the drainage of Thief Lake has been a complete failure in pro-

ducing good agricultural land. Not only has the bottom failed, but the lowering of the sub-soil water level has spoiled the land around the lake that used to raise good crops when the lake was there. Then, too, frost comes nearly every month of the year, now that the large body of water is gone.

Another event that has inspired the Crookston Chapter as well as all the chapters of the Northern part of the state, to continue the fight for the restoration, is the fact that we have had a practical demonstration that the ducks will come back if you give them water and food.

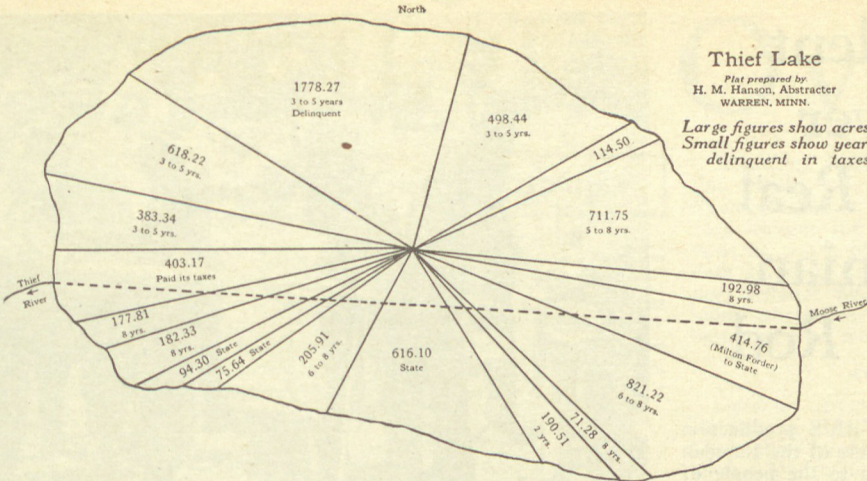
Milton Forder, when over 80 years of age—now gone to the Great Beyond—exploring the waste area, unfit for agriculture, and the lack of game, conceived the idea of leasing the largest tracts of the bottom that he might dam up some water and so bring back the ducks. His neighbors laughed at him. "Why the ducks had been gone so long they would never find their way back," they said.

The old gentleman, after spending considerable money on damming of the small openings into the main ditch, went still further and bought barley and corn by

Thief Lake

Plot prepared by
H. M. Hanson, Abstractor
WARREN, MINN.

Large figures show acres.
Small figures show years
delinquent in taxes.



the sack and broadcast it in the 12 to 16 inch depths he had secured and in two weeks there were thousands of ducks back to get the food and water that had been provided in this unique way. To get recompense, Mr. Forder sold hunting privileges which we were glad to buy for the sport of getting our limit on mallards on this once famous hunting ground. Men from every part of the state came to this new hunting ground. You should have heard the cannonading on the morning of the first day. It was com-

parable to the battle of the Marne!

Thinking over the above facts for some time, the writer made a vow to God and man, that he would do all in his feeble power to bring back this wonderful lake. The matter was presented to the Board of Directors of the Crookston Chapter and the proposition met their most hearty approval. The then existing chapters of the Northwest, such as Thief River Falls and Fertile, were ready backers of the proposition. Later Erskine and Fosston Chapters were organized and joined the ranks in the fight.

The first requisite to start a fight of this kind, is to secure a lawyer that is a lover of the Great-Out-of-Doors. Attorney W. E. Rowe of Crookston was interested in the matter, and after studying the National Game Refuge Bill and the Game Laws of the State of Pennsylvania, a proper bill was framed by him to fit into the present state drainage laws of the State of Minnesota and make it possible to acquire by gift, lease, purchase or condemnation, any drainage areas, change their water levels by building dykes, dams, etc., or in a legal way, to interfere with these Judicial Ditch

(Continued on page 51)



Dr. Paul Hagen, Pres. Crookston Chapter, who conceived the idea of the restoration of Thief Lake



Attorney W. E. Rowe, legal advisor, who, after thorough study, framed the first bill.



Senator John H. Hougen, of Minnesota, who led the fight valiantly through two Legislatures.



President Hoover Gets a Real Waltonian Fishing Rod

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S predilection for fishing in the waters of the Rapidan has brought gratification to the people of Virginia and Maryland and especially to those in the vicinity of the excellent fishing region in which the President has established his summer recreation resort.

As a result of their pleasure and their desire to make President Hoover feel perfectly at home, the Waltonians of the district desired especially to show to the President some mark of the characteristic southern hospitality. Therefore, as fishing is a striking hobby of the national executive, it was decided that a testimonial of the Waltonians' appreciation of his presence should take the form of a fishing utility. This decision was reached also because President Hoover not only is—and for three years or more has been—Honorary President of the Izaak Walton League, but is Honorary President of the Orange County Chapter of the League. Headquarters of this Chapter is at Gordonsville, Va.

It was decided to present to the President the best fishing rod that could be obtained. This having been secured, President Hoover was notified of the desire of the Orange County Chapter to make its presentation at the White House at Washington. The President acceded to this request graciously. July 15, the presentation was made, a goodly delegation of Orange County Chapter members journeying to Washington for the event. Actual presentation was made by little Dorothea Fleischer, daughter of Max Fleischer, President of the Virginia Association of Izaak



Above, little Dorothea Fleischer, of Gordonsville, Va., presenting fishing rod to President Hoover, the rod being the gift of the Orange County Chapter of the Izaak Walton League, located at Gordonsville. President Hoover's smile indicates his pleasure at the character of the gift. At the extreme left is Max Fleischer (in white suit), President of the Association of Izaak Walton League Chapters of Virginia. Slightly behind him is Major A. Willis Robertson, chairman of the Virginia Game & Inland Fisheries Commission, a thorough Waltonian also. Below, little Dorothea Fleischer is shown "trying out" the presidential fishing rod, toggled out in her father's fishing boots.



Walton League Chapters. The presentation was made on the lawn of the White House and President Hoover's gratification at the nature of the gift is apparent in the pleased expression on his face when the camera was snapped at the moment of presentation.

lowers a tortuous path upward. One edge of the road forms a cliff, which drops sharply down the mountain side.

Eventually the road is to form one of the entrances to the Shenandoah National Park.

President Hoover personally purchased one hundred sixty-four acres of land forming the camp site which he has now deeded over to the park commission. The President's representatives are negotiating for additional land, and he expects to purchase altogether from eight to nine hundred acres.

The camp is at an elevation of twenty-five hundred feet in a thickly wooded area. The terrain is rocky and hilly. Horseback trails wind further up the mountains.

The Rapidan drops noisily down the mountainside, the sound of its water reaching the President's ears as he goes to sleep. It is said that he especially requested a camp where he could be stilled to sleep by the sound of water.

The trees in the camp include maple, hemlock, beech, oak, birch, and laurel.

One of the popular sports is horse shoe pitching. There are regular week-end tournaments, Col. Lindbergh having recently won the honors.

A regular form of exercise which the men guests indulge in usually under the leadership of the President is the building of dams in the Rapidan. Several of these dams, formed of rocks and placed in position under the engineering supervision of Mr. Hoover, have already been built, forming trout pools which undoubtedly the President will enjoy fishing.

PRESIDENT HOOVER TALKS OF FISHING JOYS

MOTORING down from his camp at the headquarters of the Rapidan river, President Hoover addressed a crowd of 5,000 at Madison, Virginia, on August 17th.

The President took the occasion to reveal how fishing, which was the lure that attracted him to the Rapidan brings him refreshment of mind.

"Fishing seems to be the sole avenue left to presidents through which they may escape to their own thoughts and may live in their own imaginings and find relief from the pneumatic hammer of constant personal contacts and refreshment of mind in the babble of rippling brooks.

"Moreover, it is a constant reminder of the democracy of life, of humility and of human frailty—for all men are equal before fish.

"I have discovered that even the work of government can be improved by leisurely discussions of its problems out under the trees where no bells ring or callers jar one's thoughts from the channels of urbanity.

"I fear that the summer camp we have established on the Rapidan has the repu-

tation of being devoted solely to fishing. That is not the case, for the fishing season lasts but a short time in the spring. It is a place for week-end rest—but fishing is an excuse and a valid reason of the widest range of usefulness for temporary retreat from our busy world. In this case it is the excuse for return to the woods and streams with their retouch of the simpler life of the frontier from which every American springs."

While Rapidan camp is only a little more than a hundred miles from Washington and the President is able to journey to it in about three hours, the last ten miles present difficulties which motorists are usually glad to avoid.

The camp is about eighteen miles from Madison, up in the Blue Ridge peaks. Until the President selected the camp site the mountain trail was considered almost impassable. Early in the spring construction of roads was commenced by Virginia authorities and army engineers. The road is now passable, but is still rough and dangerous in wet weather.

For a stretch of five or six miles, the road, cut in the side of the mountain, fol-

Let's Talk It Over—

Letters

Ships That Pass—

Dear Editor:

The article, "Pete Stevens—Guide and 'Good Indian'", in your issue of September greatly appealed to me. Mr. Wiesner's appreciation of one of the lost-sight-of-characters of pioneering achievement merits thanks. It pays homage where homage is due, but seldom accorded.

What portion of the now so numerous campers and recreationalists who get into the bush would appreciate and seek out such an element? A life such as that of Pete Stevens' most often passes like a ship in the night. Due to Mr. Wiesner's article Pete's ship at least carries her running lights as she passes.

J. G. Bennet.

Minneapolis, Minn.

Too Many Beans

Dear Editor:

I certainly enjoyed the September issue. Struthers Burt's story particularly, but that Beans, Beans and More Beans story nearly broke my heart. I've been in the same fix and always ended up in the same way too, by going back and tackling them again.

Henry Fleming.

Los Angeles, California.

Gee, I Hope So

Dear Editor:

I am fourteen and I read Outdoor America every month. When I read the story by Elmer E. Rawdon in the September issue I decided to get my mother to read it too. I think it's just the sort of a story about boys and hunting she ought to read. It will give her the right slant. I hope after she reads it that she'll take the hint and give me a gun for Christmas. I like Judge Wood's boy department very much and gee, I hope I can get out west where Struthers Burt's story was laid, before the cowboys are all gone.

Kenneth Wood.

New York, N. Y.

Hail—Regulars!

Dear Editor:

It occurs to me that a good word should be said for the department editors of Outdoor America. Ozark Ripley, Alec Mermod, Paul Burress, O. W. Smith and Murdo Gibson are a fine group of contributors not to be excelled in their respective lines. Hurrah for these regulars.

Joseph Hall.

Trenton, New Jersey.

Bouquets and a Brick

Dear Editor:

Since I am not a subscriber but a newsstand buyer of your magazine. I do not know whether my voice will be heard in the editorial sanctum, or whether it will be like the time I broadcast over the radio. I stuttered and stumbled and got my sentences twisted the wrong way around until finally I burst into eloquence only to find that I had been cut off the air just as I got started.

I have a bouquet and a brick to deliver. In fact, a bunch of bouquets. One each for the stories by Struthers Burt, Porter Wittich, Elmer E. Rawdon, Richard Rowland, MacKinlay Kantor, Robert Page Lincoln and Guy von Schriltz. It is stories like these which make me buy your magazine. Up to page 20, I read with interest; after that page most of the material explains why I am content to be only a newsstand buyer and why I don't become a regular subscriber.

Of course this is with the exception of the regular departments which I read with interest, especially the Outdoor Literature Department.

Just one more yelp and I won't bother you any more. Why don't you run more outdoor poetry? Some with a real swing and a real woody tang. One verse of this sort gives me more of the feeling of the out-of-doors and zeal for preserving it than pages of dry prose propaganda. More strength to you.

Napoleon B. Smith.

Chicago, Ill.

About Our Contributors

John Held, Jr. again presents OUTDOOR AMERICA with a cover. Unlike the proverbial young man's fancy, John Held's turns to fish in the spring and to ducks in the fall. And always his desire is to help save America's fishing and hunting, hence his generosity in donating to the League's magazine.

OUTDOOR AMERICA feels it a great honor to present for the first time a story by Harry E. Maule, *Horse Sense in the Pack String*. Mr. Maule is editor of Short Stories, Frontier and West, and book editor of Doubleday, Doran and Company. By birth and inheritance the frontier is in his



blood; he has poked his adventurous reportorial nose into a thousand odd corners of it. He has been in every western state by every sort of transportation—by tramping, bicycle, covered wagon and saddle horses.

He has always been a

lover of the outdoors, spending his summers camping in the mountains of Colorado or on pack trips in Montana and Arizona. He is an ardent fisherman, remembering still the thrill of once landing a twelve-pound salmon after twilight in a pelting rain on the upper Miramichi in New Brunswick. He is the author of numerous short stories.

Robert Page Lincoln, *The Black Bears of Bayou Sale*, is known far and wide for his stories of the outdoors; these are written from personal experience as R. P. L. spends about nine months of the year collecting his copy (in person) from the forests and streams.

Kenneth Reed, *A Saga of the Sandhills*, has appeared before in OUTDOOR AMERICA. He writes us: "I am 36 years old and have spent about 30 of those years hunting ducks; have always lived in Omaha and probably always will because it is close to the best hunting grounds in the United States; have been a devotee of golf for a long time and won the State championship and several other minor honors in this community; have made an extensive study of our native birds. When I have time from these pleasant diversions my occupation is that of a realtor; am married and have two children one of whom is a boy 9 years old who already aspires to be a duck hunter with his 410 gauge shot gun."

Returning from a trip for tuna at Catalina, Halford J. Morlan, *Strictly Prickly Sport*, dashed in to give us this story before leaving for Europe for a month or two; he was a bit hurried, having a heavy date again in America for the fall shooting; distance means nothing to this sportsman—where the fishing or hunting is the best, there he would be—and generally is.

Outdoor Americans is a new feature starting in this issue consisting of short biographies by Arthur M. Wilson of well known Waltonians and their portraits by Julius L. Olson. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Olson are both from Milwaukee, both are young, both are outdoor lovers—more of them anon.

Joseph Archibald, *"Whangdoodles,"* is a nom de plume and we are not at liberty just yet to disclose the writer's identity beyond the clue that in his home town of Chattanooga he is extremely well known.

The Canoe Rides by Donald Hough, will delight his many admirers. We think Don accomplishes almost the impossible in giving practical advice so entertainingly that it is actually taken. Follow his advice about portaging and trip happily over the roughest trail.

Francis Cuttle, *Rebuilding Forests and Men*, is Chairman of the Tri-Counties Reforestation Association of California; his paper in this issue was broadcasted by him from Washington to Culver City, Calif., at a recent big meeting there of the Orange Belt Council of the Izaak Walton League.

Estelline Bennett, *Gold Mines or Trout Streams?* is one of America's foremost authorities on the famous Black Hills region. Miss Bennett's first-hand knowledge of the Black Hills country dates to her childhood, when her father, Judge Granville G. Bennett, was the first Federal judge for the region, with his court at Deadwood. Miss Bennett began her newspaper career on the old Deadwood "Pioneer." As Chicago "Tribune" correspondent at Deadwood, she soon graduated into the "big leagues" as a writer for the "Tribune" at Chicago, then on the editorial staffs of the Chicago "Inter-Ocean," Chicago "Journal" and Chicago "Record-Herald." She is the author of many magazine articles and of a recent book, "Old Deadwood Days," which has been pronounced "the best picture of a mining camp ever written."

Henry C. Fulcher, *Red Ants and Raspberries* and X. Z. Ziegler, *Then I Took Up Fly Fishing*, are, first and foremost, interested in angling, secondly in their respective careers; Dr. Paul Hagen, *The Restoration of Thief Lake*, is President of the Crookston, Minn. Chapter of the Izaak Walton League; Margaret Cooper, *An Alaskan Bear Hunt*, writes as vividly of her father's bear hunt as though she had been along; Captain George Cecil, *The Fox Terrier in India*, is a well known English sports writer who has spent many years in India.



Red Ants and Raspberries

(Continued from page 26)

of his home. After lunch I took a beautiful rainbow in a rushing pool just below a fall. He whipped from one side to the other and out of the water twice but finally landed in the creel. Big drops of rain and threatening clouds sent us back toward the car with only an occasional cast. Crystal creek cañon is no place to be caught in a rain storm. Bobbie snaked out over a gravel bar an eleven inch beauty on the way down. Back at the car, Fred and the Old Man plunged out, the former with 15 beauties and the latter with 12 just as fine.

The Old Man slipped his dozen in Bobbie's creel and won an invitation to supper and later to hot soup at midnight.

The following day, Monday, brought only passing success with slightly cloudy water, so Tuesday we journeyed up the East river while the Old Man and two cronies took the upper reaches of the Taylor near Lottus creek. The East river is easy wading and casting, although somewhat gentler than the Taylor. Below Crested Butte, it winds ten or fifteen miles through rich meadow lands, with little obstruction to casting other than the occasional objections of irate ranchmen who insist on gates being closed.

We had few strikes until late in the afternoon when we landed a half dozen from ten to twelve inches in less than 20 minutes of furious sport when they suddenly started feeding. These we broiled over a tiny fire on the bank of the stream, surrounding them with strips of brown curled bacon and topping all off with coffee boiled in two tin cups. It was the perfect end of a poor day.

The following morning we started wading the Taylor, casting and changing flies, casting and changing flies, all day without a single strike. Hackles with bodies of every color known, Ginger Quills, Black Gnats, Coachmen, Western Bees, Golden Glows and other reliables with reputations were tried and discarded, and followed by weird and gaudy combinations that must have been conceived by a fly tier in delirium tremens.

It was an ideal day, with little wind and skies and water clear and lovely. But not a rise. We whipped the stream for three hours, then I settled to a single hole at the foot of a great boulder. On its bottom, in the shadow of the boulder, I counted nine trout, ranging from ten to eighteen inches in length. For more than two hours I offered every fly in my possession.

For the first time in my life I came to believe a trout could be actually lazy. Once a handsome rainbow tore straight across the pool from down stream, skimming the top of the water like a tiny speed boat. I could almost believe he had wings. But it was the only sign of activity.

"First time I've been skunked absolutely," the Old Man mourned, coming in with empty creel.

I waited until dusk settled down over the cañon and taking my rod, and a water bucket for an alibi, slipped down the river. I selected a Silver Doctor and a Golden Glow, a somewhat weird combination.

A cast or two and "zing" I had one about eleven inches coming out of a foaming strip of water to the net. Another cast and another beauty, one for each of my two flies. I grew too confident, missed a strike, then hooked one that made my heart turn flip-flops as he broke near the top of the water and I caught a glimpse of his size in the fading light. I played him into deep water near the bank

and began to reel in, sure of my catch and—vain regrets—too sure. Before I could collect my wits he had whipped back into the swirling rapids, around a boulder and had torn free.

A half dozen more casts and no strikes, so I slipped on a grasshopper I had caught earlier in the day in a moment of base weakness. It was wolfed almost by the time it touched the water and I had another trout, enough for breakfast. And so back to camp.

As we cleaned the three, all rainbow, we took stock for the following day. Would they continue to sulk until dusk or would they strike? What fly did they want and WHY had we been so unsuccessful? As I stripped the intestines out of the first trout, the answer was presented.

I counted the following: Red ants, 74; grasshoppers, 2; helgramite, 1; bees, 2; flies, none. We had solved the riddle—Red ants, red ants that swarmed over the rocks and bushes along the river course, dropped in the water and were consumed by trout feeding near shore.

Then began a mad search in tackle boxes for the Red Ant, but not one could we find, the nearest approach being a Royal Coachman. We had two days left in camp, and we elected to spend one of them in a trip to Gunnison for the desired flies, which we took on a No. 12 hook.

The following day we were out early, eager to test out our new knowledge. And we were left little time to wonder.

"Zing—whirr-r-r-r! Zing—whirr-r-r-r!"

Our reels sang for joy as those flashing, fighting rainbow struck and struck. They went for that Red Ant like starved cannibals. We kept only the best ones, but our creels were groaning in less than two hours.

That night we whispered the magic words to the Old Man:

"Try Red Ants." He did and they worked.

Horse Sense in the Pack String

(Continued from page 11)

daylight on the swamp and the wrangler's on the flat." Soon then the cook will give his glad cry, "Come an' get 'er." So it behooves the riders to shake a quick toothbrush.

Wes. Latam believed in limited hobbling. For one thing he had in his string some horses new to the mountains and some others who were confirmed wanderers. My Peaches, for example, always wore the loudest bell, as well as a pair of hobbles. Even so she was always farthest from camp in the morning. To see Peaches and a few other hobble-broke horses negotiate a rocky slope, a creek bed or a place choked with blowdowns was nothing short of marvelous. Both front feet come up together and with precision clear a tree trunk lying four feet high, or land on just the one place among the rocks where there is firm footing. Then come the hind legs, deliberate and true, one at a time. In the open some hobbled horses can go faster than a man, but usually they do not choose to run.

On a cold, wet morning when the horses' spirits are low is often a time of travail for the jingler, for then is when the bell ponies or mares are apt to draw off into the brush and stand stock still, heads down, their bells as silent as the tomb. Then they are as effectively hidden as a lurking wildcat. They may be within two hundred yards of camp and the wrangler walking

or, if he has caught one, riding the whole country straining his ears for bells!

There were in our Canadian string two horses which held us up an hour one rainy morning at Clearwater Lakes doing just that. This pair were inseparable cronies. As I recall they were both of the male sex, and so great was their friendship that it almost appeared to have something Freudian in it. They were prairie-bred and new to the mountains, but if packed together and allowed to travel together they did well enough. One day Wes. rode one of them himself at the head of the crowd and all chance of seeing game or of our having any comfort on the trail was destroyed by the plaintive neighing of the equine Damon and Pythias. That was the last time the boys tried to separate them. "Yeah, I mind that pair," said Percy, our horsewrangler and sometime cook, "they used to run down on the WR ranch and if one of them got in the corral with the rest of the string the other would race around like a chicken with its head off till he got in or his pal got out."

Being new to the mountains one of them was hobbled and as he was not clever at managing them he never got far from camp. But neither did the other. With the bunch scattered a mile down the valley—always down-valley where, in the lower altitude the grass is better—this pair would stand side by side, facing in opposite directions, each with his head over the other's back, switching flies for each other.

The position is common among horse pals of course, but always interesting to watch. Both Charles M. Russell and Will James, cowboy artists, have immortalized this instinct, habit, custom or what you will, among horse pals, but to see it never fails to give me a little thrill of delight in the sense of creature fellowship.

In the confusion of packing this pair would always be docile if they could stand side by side, and at the end of the day, with packs stripped off tired and sweaty backs they would invariably manage to get together before they were turned loose for the restful roll, to bite each other's necks just between shoulders and mane. Pals they were, and their friendship was often a nuisance on the trail. Yet I hope they will never be separated, and that like two old bachelors, upholding each other in the limitations and weaknesses of their temperaments, they may grow old together in some horse heaven close by the foothills where the grass is sweetest and where the evening air in its crystalline purity is a tonic for every creature.

There was Buck, a mare despite the name. She was a well built little buckskin with a black stripe down her back. She was gentle and had a kindly eye for human beings. But she was a trail leader and would fight with teeth and heels for first position in the pack string behind the saddle horses. Hers was a two-weeks' battle with a big chunky bay with the proportions of a truck horse, an alert and intelligent eye, and a sense of his responsibility in keeping up ahead. He never showed any animosity towards his lady contestant, never kicked, nor bit, nor so much as laid back his ears. But at every pause, at every widening of the trail he and Buck would run a race for first place, she quickly stepping out, with ears laid back, he trimly lifting his great hooves and breasting into the breach. But almost invariably Buck won out in the end and the bay gracefully took second place.

This went on until the ascendance of the clever little pinto June, otherwise called Paint, who started as a saddle horse, got a sore back and finally, as our grub boxes grew lighter, was given an empty pack saddle. Freed of responsibility June had her fling. "That Paint," said Wes, "is the



—"roll out and roll up, it's daylight in the swamp and the wrangler's on the flt."



—"soon the cook will give his glad cry, 'Come an' get 'er.' So it behooves the riders to shake a quick tooth-brush."

greatest scrapper in the string. As a saddle horse she ain't broke very good, but as a pack pony she's always up ahead, she's trail wise and she can lick any cayuse in the outfit." She could.

Without a pack or rider she led a life of ease; grazing along the trail, then running ahead past the plodding pack string and into the trail ahead of her two greatest enemies, Peaches and Goat. Three ladies, they never engaged in any openly unseemly conduct, but never missed a chance for a dig, a sly bite, or kick. As Paint would crowd ahead of Peaches and Goat on the narrow trail, she would roll a wicked eye with a great ring of white showing and bare her businesslike teeth.

Goat, the other corner of this feminine feud, hated Peaches, but was less ready to open warfare. She was considered an A1 trail pony for a lady rider. She was named Goat for her sure-footedness. She was as docile as a lamb and kept the trail practically without guidance. She was a fast walker, which is essential for pack string work. "But," said Wes., "she's one o' them Kentucky gaited hosses—five gaits all in one. Get her off a walk and she'll jar your teeth out."

These three never grazed together. Peaches had few intimates, but tolerated the presence of Ham, a chunky and spunky little black, and Rat, his pal, a white, Indian trained pony, as trail-wise as any horse in Canada. On the trail Peaches was the cranky and temperamental lady. She early learned that she could impose on her rider, so she faked outrageously. After every very steep grade up she would pause to rest—and grab a mouthful of grass or fireweed.

There was the mare Brownie in Glacier, in some ways one of the best horses, according to the standards of horseflesh, in the string. But temperamental. Her particular phobia was snow or ice. Nowhere that I have seen do the trails reveal such grandeur of scenery as in Glacier Park, and Gunsight Pass is one of the most breath taking. As a trail it is not too easy, although the rider is perfectly safe if he leaves it all to his or her horse. That year there were snow banks across the trail close to the top of Gunsight Pass. Brownie, ridden by one of the women in the party, was immediately behind the head guide. As we approached the first snow bank Frank passed the word back that if the horses seemed reluctant to get off and

lead them, for the slope from the trail was a steep one to eternity.

Brownie's rider dismounted immediately, but at the first step on the snow she reared, jerked away and on that trail, where there was barely room for one horse, passed back through several riders. How she did it without crowding someone off is one of the unexplained miracles. On such a trail calm is essential to the pack string, so after a few minutes' rest the temperamental mare was led across.

The next snow bank was worse, the slope below the trail fell away to a perpendicular cliff. Brownie, unnerved but game, stepped out onto it and, doubtless because of her previous fright, neglected the instinctive precautions that any mountain horse takes on a snowy trail. She failed to test her footing, and in a soft place went through the snow up to her shoulders, with her head and shoulders well out over the abyss. Her rider was afoot, and even if the mare had gone over the cliff it would have cost no human life, but it was not pleasant to think of what might have happened had the mare carried a mount during her momentary aberration.

Of such things, though, are the instinct of guide and horse made up in a well organized party. Frank Higgins knows snow trails and he knows horses—perhaps better than they know themselves—and he had taken the necessary precautions.

Brownie was a scrapper, too. She pretty well queened it in our remuda, but once, camped on Belly River, we met up with another small party. Our horses ran together, and that night there were dreadful sounds. We dudes thought a wildcat must have jumped a horse, but the guides, with unerring instinct, said, "That Brownie's in a fight." True enough, next morning Brownie came in with a great patch bitten or kicked from her side and other scars of battle.

There is no place in a pack string for a fractious or stupid horse, and there are humane ways of teaching him so. Once in Montana, on the first day out before the pack got strung out, the marching order of lead and drag established and the pals and enemies all properly sorted, there was a packhorse who bucked his pack off twice in the first mile. Next he bucked himself into a little coulee, where he turned turtle and lay with all four legs sticking skyward. His heavy pack was ballast and

held him there. Now I am confident that a trail horse will face any terror (barring bears, of course) rather than be left alone. That masterly firm of packers and guides—Frank Higgins, John Huggins and Coke Herman—simply left that fellow where he was for a while, when they set him right side up and readjusted the diamond, there was no beating. He meekly rejoined the pack and there was no more trouble. Some horse wranglers may be brutal, but I have never seen it. They work their animals hard, but I never knew a guide who wouldn't go hungry or sleepless himself if necessary to give his horses proper rest and feed.

Therefore I think Pat Brewster, boss outfitter of the Canadian Rockies, gave Wes. Latam about as high a tribute as he could give a guide when we rode up to the Brewster headquarters at Lake Louise after some two hundred miles of trail riding. "Well," he said, "your horses look good—not ganted up a bit."

Do horses remember? By all means. After one day of shameless faking by Peaches, her rider determined to stop it, and cut a switch. Also I made judicious use of a snaffle bit. Peaches had a very tender mouth, and after a half day's gentle taste of that bit dropped all attempts at loafing and grazing.

Lastly, as we got within two days of Lake Louise on the upper Pipestone, the horses began to show an alertness which spoke eloquently to the guides. Each night Freddie, our pony jingler, would go out the last thing and haze them back up the narrow little valley. "Them ponies know this country," said Wes., "and they might take it into their heads to go on in and meet their friends at the c'ral." So the last night, and the only night we kept a picket horse—the graceful Buck—for Freddie to ride in the morning if so be it were necessary.

Nor did Buck tangle herself in the rope, but grazed expertly and efficiently within the radius of the string, withal whinnying plaintively. Whether it was the force of Buck's personality or just luck, in the morning the cayuses were all close at hand, and by the time of Wes.'s last call, "Daylight on the swamp," the string were all breasting Freddie's rope corral and carrying on as usual their daily exhibition of horse sense in the pack string, God bless 'em. May they all live in horse heaven when their respective times come.

The Angler's Notebook

Written at
Odd Moments



By O. W. SMITH
Angling Editor OUTDOOR AMERICA

Painted Leaves

What a consummate artist is Jack Frost. How he delights in splashing reds and golds, overturning his palette on the top of a soft maple when he finds one surrounded with evergreens. Verily, trees flame these days, yet are not consumed.

Autumnal Bass

THE poet raves about "perfect days" coming in June, and I grant him their beauty, wonder and glory; but if ever absolutely perfect days, finished, polished and ornamented, they appear in October. September may be sultry, dry, unresponsive; but never October, for now Summer lets go, and Winter dares not take hold. Yet Winter is in the offing, breathing out threatenings in the way of frosts and cold winds, turning over the waters of stagnant lakes, pepping up the fish, making anglers glad they are alive.

I never could quite understand why fishermen laid aside their rods and reels just because shooting season is on. As sly as you keep it, though maybe you do not keep it sly, the very best fishing comes in October. Muskellunge are hungry, wall-eyes are on the feed, while bronze-backs have forgotten all about "Dog Days" and "bloom." Lakes which seemed utterly devoid of bass in August, now are discovered well populated. They were there all the time of course, but the hot weather had driven them into the deeper recesses of the lake, or where cool springs bubbled up; and only wise live-baiters, fishing deep, secured their meed of game. But now, October is here, the fish have been pepped up, if that's the word, by Jack Frost.

While I have in mind black bass particularly, other fishing is excellent, especially for perch, and that large perch commonly called, "wall-eyed pike." I have had some of my most enjoyable days wall-eyeing in October, and as for great pike and 'lunge, well, you who are a bit familiar with those gentlemen, realize what they are like at this season. One of the most enjoyable days I ever put in was on the upper Mississippi, or rather the lower Chippewa river, some years ago. I secured one great pike, released several wall-eyes and bass, for when a fellow takes a goodly great pike, or any large fresh water fish as for that, he should be satisfied.

If I were to re-entitle this article, I think I would call it angling in glory, for the ravishing beauty of an October lake, when the surrounding trees are painted red and gold, is nothing short of glorious. Yet that word does not meet the need: but I know the reader understands what I am trying to express.

I well remember skirting a small lake some Autumns ago, casting from my boat into shore, as is of course the proper method. I was alone, so had to manage the boat and do the casting, which is a bit difficult; but the method has the advantage of giving the angler-boatman all credit, if there is any credit accruing. Many of the stricken leaves had been wrenched from the branches, so that the surface of the lake in certain places was covered with floating leaves. When I first approached a

favorite bay, and found a raft of leaves; I was a bit disappointed, for I thought of course the fishing would be poor. I sat quietly observing, studying the pleasing and unusual picture, for the floating leaves had not yet lost their coloring, while the frosted trees on shore were brilliantly painted. It was exceedingly difficult to tell where the shore left off and the water began.

Even while I sat observing, a sudden "bulge"—I do not know how better to describe it—in the leaf-raft attracted my attention. It was not a "rise," you understand, just a lift of the leaves, without commotion. I thought of a muskrat and had just concluded that the disturbance was caused by that semi-aquatic animal, when another "bulge" lifted the leaves just beyond my boat, and two, simultaneously, further out. Then I saw three at once! I rubbed my eyes in astonishment. Something was surely stirring underneath those leaves, either a whole family of muskrats were carefully humping their backs without disclosing their bodies, or fish were feeding. If the bulges were caused by fish, they were feeding as I had never seen fish feed.

I was using a casting rod, and fastening a favorite small plug to the gimp at the end of my line, I sent out the lure, out into the raft of floating leaves. Of course the leaves were not thick enough to prevent the lure from striking through into the water below. I began to reel, slowly, the lure, under-water, responding to the pull of the line. Without a hint or sign of fish, came a mighty tug, and I was in something. Then everything changed. That placid raft of leaves was broken, disrupted, flung helter skelter as the line ripped this way and that, cutting through them with an audible sound. The fish leaped too, for it was a 2 pound small mouth I found when I brought him to net. What an unusual ex-

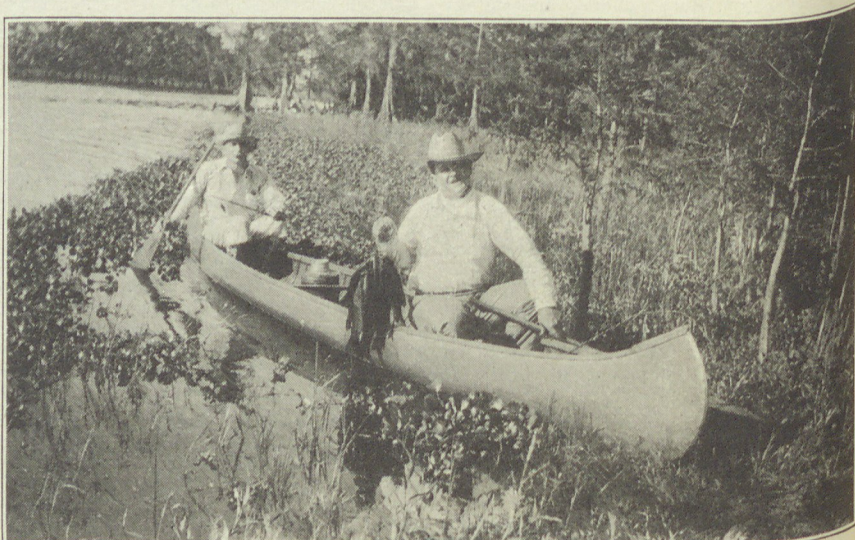
perience it was, fishing for bass on a forest floor. The bass were present in numbers, and feeding upon certain insects which were prevalent on, or amid, those leaves. That morning stands out vividly in memory, the only time I can remember when I found fish feeding in a like situation.

But the angler will find casting with lures very remunerative any warm October day, and I have had wonderful sport with fly-rod lures, those known as bass-bugs and feather minnows. Of course a cold, raw day is not apt to be a very satisfactory one, though there are exceptions; but I do not like to fish in unpleasant weather at any season of the year, especially in October when a fellow's hands may become numb with cold. I have had better fishing in lakes and wide deep rivers, than on small bass streams in Autumn, though just why is not clear; perhaps because of the quality of my small rivers, and maybe because the fish seek out the deeper waters in October. The thing I am trying to say is, do not lay aside your rod and reel yet, whether you are a lover of great pike and 'lunge, of black bass and well-eyes, or of humble pan fishes.

Lakes near home, those so-called "fished out lakes," may give us some wonderful days now. I remember one Leaguer's telling me a couple of years ago how he went into the much advertised North Country in August, was gone for three weeks, spent \$300.00 and caught but few fish, in fact returned disgruntled. A few days after his return, being an angler, he strung up his rod and went out to a near-by lake, a small pond in fact, and in less than an hour caught three bass, the combined weight of which was in the neighborhood of 10 pounds! He continued to catch fish whenever he had time for a couple of hours fishing. Now he thinks there is better fishing at home than in the north.

He did not take into consideration that he went on his vacation during Dog Days, when "the bloom was on the water," and

(Continued on page 62)



"As sly as you keep it, though maybe you do not keep it sly, the very best fishing comes in October."



Scientific Angling

Edited by FREDERICK J. LANE

Outdoor America is the official publication for the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs. Our readers interested in tournament casting are urged to write in to Frank S. Leach, National Secretary, N. A. S. A. C., care of this magazine



The National Tournament

THURSDAY, August 15th, the National Tournament was opened with forty entries for the all-around championship, and over seventy-five entries for the various events.

The first event played was the Accuracy Fly. As the weather was rainy and very windy, no great scores were cast.

Willman, the representative for Florida took first place, with Schwinn of Newark, Newcomb of Buffalo and Davis of Chicago tied for second place.

The scores do not indicate the true form of the casters, as many of the experts shot barely over a ninety-nine score,

Willman	99.11
Schwinn	99.9
Newcomb	99.9
Davis	99.9
Marriott	99.8
Crooks	99.8
Chatt	99.7
Connelly	99.7
Foss	99.5
Hurst	99.4
Herrett	99.4
Burlingame	99.3
Lane	99.2
Kinnear	99.2
Schrum	99.1
Leonard	99.1
Bennington	99.1
Trimble	99.1
Braddon	99.0
Peters	99.0

The second event proved a surprise. After Chatt, Connelly, Braddon and Peters had shot over 90 feet under very trying conditions, a Cleveland man, Wade Shrum, the last caster on the list, got an average of 94 2/3, which gave him the championship. The scores below will indicate the poor conditions under which the event was cast.

* * *

Mrs. Thomas of Buffalo took first place in the Ladies' Event, after a hard battle with Miss Carlson of Cleveland. Mrs. Marriott of Cleveland was only one point behind the second caster.

* * *

Late in the afternoon the 1/4 oz. distance was cast, and it proved to be a disappointment in regard to the scores. It was confidently expected that a new record would be set for this event. Either the casters were tired or the wind conditions unsatisfactory, which will account for the slump. George Chatt just barely won the event, with Newcomb and Willman only a few feet behind the leader. Only three averages were above 200. A score of 122.9 was in the prize money. In comparison with previous years this is the poorest 1/4 oz. distance ever cast.

* * *

Distance Fly 5 1/4 Oz. Rod

Name	Average	Long Cast
Shrum	94 2/3	96
Chatt	94	97
Connelly	93	94
Braddon	92 1/3	93
Peters	90	91
Schwinn	89 2/3	93
Trimble	87 1/2	89.5
Willman	87	88
Newcomb	85 2/3	88
Zimmerman	84 1/3	85
Crooks	84 1/3	84.5
Buckwalter	84	88
Accetta	83	88
Kleinfeldt	82 2/3	84
Vong	82 1/3	87
Sutter	82 1/3	86
Hawes	82	85
Olsen	81 1/3	84
Hurst	81	84
Herrett	79 1/3	83

* * *

1/4 OZ. DISTANCE

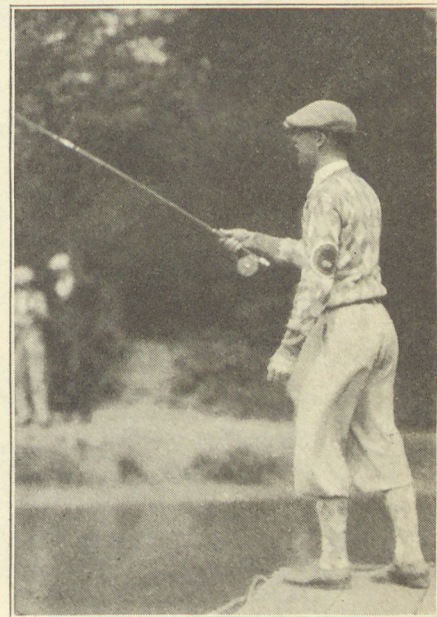
Name	Average	Long Cast
Chatt	209.9	228
Newcomb	207.6	221
Willman	207.3	226
Vong	199.2	214
Foss	194.2	216
Mitchell	187.8	192 1/2
Hurst	186.4	206
Herrett	166.9	179
Sutter	166.7	182
Kleinfeldt	160	168
Buckwalter	149.7	198
Peters	148.6	193
Moulton	148.2	159
Mathie	143.2	203
Olsen	137.7	170
Crooks	136.3	153 1/2
Grover	135.5	171
Bennington	133.7	142
Hughes	128.8	146
Connelly	126.8	157

* * *

LADIES' 5/8 OZ. ACCURACY

Name	%
Mrs. Thomas	99.4
Miss Carlson	99.3

Mrs. Marriott	99.2
Mrs. Accetta	98.9
Mrs. Hurst	98.8
Mrs. Moulton	98.4
Mrs. Liotta	98.2
Mrs. Buckwalter	97



F. R. Steel of the Lincoln Park Casting Club won, the Dry Fly Unknown Distance with only four demerits.

SECOND DAY

The 1/4 oz. accuracy was cast into a slight head wind, resulting in poor scores for those who had to force their rods. Ed Sutter of Chicago held together, leading the field with five demerits only. Lou Hurst came second, with Neu and Chatt tied for third place.

* * *

The Salmon Fly was very close. No one shot up to his usual form, and when the scores were averaged Connelly of Columbus captured first place, beating Chatt by one foot, with Braddon third, one foot ahead of his clubmate, Trimble. The president of the association had cast two scores of 138 each, but difficulty in replacing of flies threw him out of form, and he wasn't able to get the third one out.

* * *

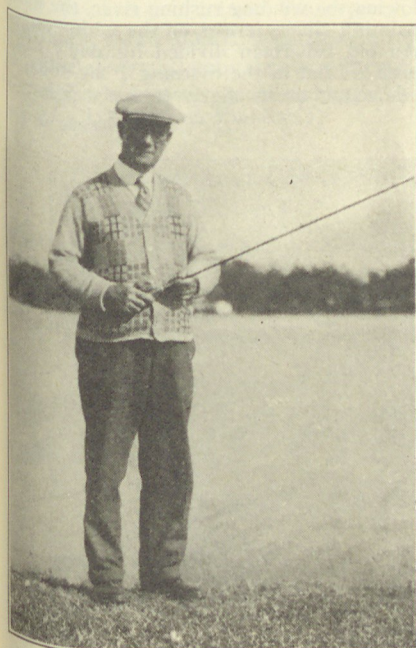
In the 1/2 oz. distance there was quite a race between Braddon and White, but Braddon's throws were five feet longer than those of the former champion. George Chatt was a close third. About forty per cent of the scores averaged over 200 feet, a much better showing than in the 1/4 oz. distance bait.

* * *

1/4 OZ. ACCURACY

Name	%
Sutter	99.5
Hurst	99.3
Neu	99.2
Chatt	99.2
Braddon	99.1
Zeisler	98.9
Davis	98.9
Peters	98.9
Baxendell	98.9
Mathie	98.9
Leach	98.8
Reamer	98.8
Schwinn	98.8
Olsen	98.8
Shrum	98.7
Buckwalter	98.7
Newcomb	98.6
Crooks	98.6
Moulton	98.6
Willman	98.6

(Continued on page 64)



Al Foss, the Cleveland Cyclone, cast 287 feet and won the 5/8 oz. distance with unrestricted line.



Trips Afield with Boys

Conducted by JUDGE GEORGE W. WOOD

Judge Wood Goes West

I WAS riding on a little narrow gauge railroad through the mountains of Colorado, my destination being a famous Fish Fry. As the little engine puffed up the steep grade, I tried to visualize just how fish would be fried in the open for a large crowd. I remembered so many barbecues where a steer was roasted over a trench filled with coals. A man had to stay all night turning the roast and when we came to eat it, if you were lucky you might get a choice morsel, but the chances were that you would get a bit of meat burned to a crisp on one side and raw on the other. I looked out the window of the car down at the river that raced and tumbled over huge rocks. The clear water whipped to a foam in its swift descent and I rejoiced in the knowledge that there would be plenty of water to wash one's hands if the fish were burned and covered with soot and grease.

The little engine commenced to puff harder as the grade became heavier. I could look out the window and see the track far below where we had doubled up the mountain side. I wondered what

would happen if the engine should not have power to make the grade. I chanced to look back at the colored porter in a seat behind me. His eyes were closed and I noticed him swallowing as though from fear that we might slip backward. Fortunately just at this point the porter opened his eyes, I saw his hand come up holding a big sandwich out of which he took an enormous bite and closed his eyes the better to enjoy it. I concluded that I had no cause for alarm and gave myself up to the scenery. We plunged into the famous Black Canon where the Gunnison river rushes along its rocky bed in the narrow gorge. It did not seem that any fish could live in the wild water, yet as I looked about I concluded that I could walk along the embankment and drop a fly into some of the quieter pools. The little train stopped and when we started again I noted that we had left behind a fisherman with his rod and reel and just above I saw a tent with two other fishermen working about a wee camp fire. I was in the land of the rainbow trout. Everyone had talked rainbows to me since I reached Colorado. Even the editor of a great paper on whom I had called stopped everything to lean over his desk and graphically describe the taking of a wonderful rainbow which had flashed through the crystal clear water like a brilliant bit of jewelry. Because the

trout had made such a gallant fight for life and had leaped out of the water so many times, the editor could not find it in his heart to take the fish home and let it slip back into the water unharmed.

At the hotel that evening I found that the Fish Fry was to be ten miles out and I looked about in the hope of getting a ride. The lobby was filled with men carrying rod and gun cases and for once I was a stranger in such a crowd. I wandered out on the porch and there struck up an acquaintance with the landlord's dog, a beautiful Irish setter. When the landlord saw my interest in the dog he put it through its paces for me. The dog was as perfectly broken as it was beautiful. The landlord and I were soon on the best of terms; both talking about dogs at the same time and yet thoroughly understanding just what each other was saying. He took me in and introduced me all around. All were fishermen or hunters and in a short time I felt as though I had known them for a long time. That night in order that I might have fish for breakfast, the landlord drove me along a beautiful road following the winding rushing river, the moon painting silvery crests on the white waves. An old fisherman divided his day's catch with us and in the morning I sat down to real mountain trout. Everyone was hurry-

(Continued on page 53)



"Where the deer driven out of the hills by the severe snow storms had come down to be fed."



When You Get a Shot You Get a Bird —with Xpert

MORE than a million shooters use WESTERN Xpert shells because they have found that these hard-hitting shells get the game.

For quail, grouse, pheasants, rabbits and all other upland game, Xpert is the ideal load. Top quality at a popular price. Smokeless, of course. Waterproof. Available in all standard gauges. Use Xpert shells for all your shooting except the difficult long-range shots that call for WESTERN Super-X.

For Ducks and Geese Shoot Super-X

The long range of the WESTERN Super-X shotgun shell has made this load the choice of sportsmen everywhere for duck and goose shooting—but

now a further refinement in Super-X has added even greater killing power—longer effective range than you can obtain with any other shell.

In addition to standard chilled-shot loads Super-X is now loaded with Lubaloy (copperized) shot—another exclusive WESTERN development.

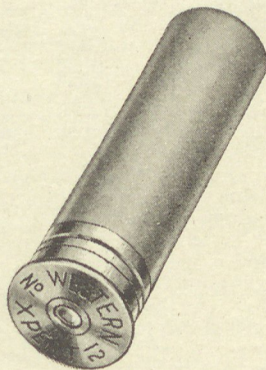
Each pellet is coated with tough Lubaloy metal, which gives it a harder surface and thereby reduces pellet deformity, resulting in closer patterns and even shorter shot strings than those obtained with Super-X chilled-shot loads.

Short Shot String has been the secret of the effectiveness of all Super-X loads. The shot charge travels through the air in a compact mass, instead of stringing out. More pellets reach the bird. When Lubaloy (copperized) shot is used, the shot string is further reduced, giving greater killing power and, above all, longer range.

Super-X shells with Lubaloy (copperized) shot

are not intended for ordinary short-range shooting. But for exceptionally long ranges, for use in the second barrel of a double gun, for the second, third, fourth and fifth shots in a magazine gun, they are in a class by themselves!

There's a dealer near you who sells WESTERN shells and WESTERN Lubaloy cartridges. We have a number of interesting folders and booklets describing WESTERN shells and cartridges. They will be sent free on request. Address: WESTERN CARTRIDGE COMPANY, 1046 Hunter Ave., East Alton, Ill. Branch Offices: Hoboken, N. J., San Francisco, Cal.



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WESTERN Lubaloy center-fire and rim-fire cartridges for rifles and pistols are famous for their world-record accuracy . . . Lubaloy Open-point Expanding, Boat-tail and Soft-point bullets that get the game and lengthen the life of your gun . . . and Lubaloy .22's. They won't rust your gun. Are free from grease. Keep your gun, hands and pockets clean.

Gun Rack and Game Fields

By ALEC MERMOD, Gun Editor OUTDOOR AMERICA

Game Propagation

THE artificial propagation of various game birds has been one of America's problems for the past quarter of a century, but it has only been during the past decade that results have been very satisfactory, owing principally to the fact that we did not know how to get the right start.

The interest in rearing game birds originated in our Eastern states which were being depleted to such an extent that sportsmen began to wake up to the fact that protection alone would not restore the game once so plentiful.

There were a few wealthy sportsmen with large estates who attempted to restock as long ago as fifty years, but this restocking was done in a haphazard way, and the results were far from being satisfactory, as the increase hardly justified the labor and expense.

American sportsmen had the idea that what England could do in the way of propagating game we could do as well, or better, but we did not take into consideration that the rearing of game has been going on in England for hundreds of years, and that the art or knack has been handed down from father to son for many generations, consequently English game keepers know the game in every detail, and failures are unknown.

For a number of years I was under the impression that the pheasants on English estates were reared in a natural way, that is that the hens were allowed to hatch their own eggs, but such is not the case.

During the mating and laying season the under keepers watch the birds very carefully and each nest is located and as soon as the clutch is laid the eggs are removed and placed under a setting hen.

In a short time the hen pheasant lays another clutch and very often a third clutch is laid, so that, instead of one brood being hatched, there are always two and sometimes three, from the eggs of one hen pheasant.

On some estates the birds have the run of the entire estate while on others the birds are placed in small enclosures, where they may be more easily watched and cared for. This latter method is more satisfactory as it insures a larger number of young birds each season.

There are several species of pheasants, but the ring-neck is the most popular as a game bird, as they are very hardy and do better in semi-captivity than any of the others.

The species known as the English pheasant was imported from Asia into Europe about 335 B. C. This bird is very much like the ring-neck except that it has no white ring around the neck.

About 1820 the ring-neck was introduced into England and crossed with the English so that by this time there are very few, if any, of the pure blood original stock.

The pure ring-neck comes from China and is commonly called Chinese pheasant, also Mongolian, though this latter name is misapplied, for the true Mongolian is a larger bird.

About forty years ago the Chinese, or ring-neck was introduced into Oregon, where the species became naturalized and



is now quite frequently called Oregon pheasant.

The climate and conditions were ideal and the birds have multiplied to such an extent that the shooting has been excellent for a number of years.

No particular effort was made to raise the birds in captivity, but they were liberated in favorable localities and allowed to breed naturally.

Less than twenty years ago these pheasants were introduced into South Dakota where they thrived and multiplied very rapidly. If I am not mistaken one hundred and fifty pairs were liberated in the vicinity of Red Fields, and they increased so rapidly that in a few years, not only was there excellent shooting, but the farmers complained that the pheasants were a menace to their crops. Some four years ago the birds were so plentiful the State Game Department opened an extra season, but I am informed that the birds were rather scarce last season, and there was some talk of prohibiting any shooting for two years.

Thirty-five years ago the sportsmen of Colorado made an effort to introduce the ring-neck into that state, but none of us knew anything about the game, and a flat failure was the result at that time, though since then, in some parts of the state pheasants have done fairly well, though as yet no open season has been declared.

About the same time we liberated a number of bob white and blue quail in the vicinity of Canon City, but we had no luck at all with the bob white, owing to the fact that the fields were always flooded about nesting time.

The blue quail, coming from the desert country of New Mexico, where they were accustomed to nesting among the cactus and mesquite, avoided the fields and kept to the open mesas which were uncultivated, consequently they have done fairly well, and the prospects are that an open season will be declared before long.

From year to year attempts have been made in Missouri to introduce the ring-neck pheasant, but so far the results have been far from satisfactory, owing to the

fact that in most instances the birds have been turned loose in localities not at all favorable to this bird, and because no serious attempt has been made to give the birds proper care, such as supplying the proper food and the trapping of vermin.

Most of our State parks are situated in the Ozark Mountain region, where grain fields are few and timber is heavy, which is not conducive to the breeding of pheasants, as their natural habitat is the open country, though a certain amount of underbrush is necessary.

The ring-neck pheasant is remarkably hardy and can withstand intense cold and deep snow does not seem to bother them, for they are strong enough to dig themselves out of heavy drifts whenever they feel like it, though they have been known to stay under a drift for several days digging down to where they can get grass or clover.

The pheasant, unlike several other varieties of gallinaceous birds are polygamous, and one cock to five hens is the rule.

There has been considerable controversy as to whether or not pheasants destroy the eggs and young of our native birds, such as quail and prairie chicken, and I am not in position to decide the question, for I have had no personal experience in the matter, and reports I have had from various parts of the country are contradictory. For instance, I am told that in South Dakota in localities where prairie chickens were once plentiful, there are very few since the introduction of the pheasant, and I have the same reports from sections of Illinois where quail were abundant.

To offset these reports there are others which show that pheasants do not drive away or destroy the others. However, I think it is a mistake to attempt to propagate the foreign birds in a country where the quail are already established, when there is plenty of territory which is not favorable to the bob white, but is ideal for the other.

Some authorities claim that the pheasant is cowardly and will run before he will fight, but in contradiction to this, I once saw a cock pheasant attack a full grown domestic rooster and chase him away from his food and harem.

From what I have learned from sportsmen who have hunted and shot the Hungarian

Hungarian partridge.



Photograph by Dr. F. S. James

No. 6 OF A SERIES OF TALKS ON AMMUNITION QUALITY



INTERIOR VIEW OF A CONSTANT TEMPERATURE MAGAZINE

The Life of Smokeless Powders

THE life of a smokeless powder is determined not only by the stabilizing agents that are incorporated in its manufacture but also by the purity of the materials of which it is made. And while strict chemical control is exercised at the powder plant, it is also highly desirable to have some means of checking the life of a powder after it has been loaded and has reached the hands of the shooter.

In discussing the life of smokeless powder, it must be remembered that powder will not stand abuse any more than other every-day articles of common use. Wood rots under excessive moisture, woolen clothes must be protected from moths, and rubber deteriorates if exposed to sunlight or oil. So with smokeless powder—it must be protected by storage under normal atmospheric conditions.

At the Brandywine Laboratory there are a number of constant temperature magazines in which samples of every lot of the various du Pont powders are stored in bottles as shown in the illustration. This particular magazine is kept at 30° C. (86° F.) day in and day out. Every few years a portion of each sample is removed and subjected to storage at the very high temperature of 65.5° C. (150 F.) until the powder breaks down.

As an example of the resistance to decomposition of a high-grade nitrocellulose shotgun powder, consider the following record of Lot 1101 of du Pont Smokeless Shotgun

Powder which was made during the latter part of the year 1915, and placed in the 30° C. magazine on January 12, 1916.

Date of Test

2- 8-16
5- 7-19
2- 1-21
1-23-26

Days the Powder withstood Decomposition at 65.5° C.

1195 days
820 days
745 days
887 days

The balance of this fourteen-year-old sample is still held in the 30° C. and will again be subjected to the high temperature test at future periods even though it is most probable that all the ammunition loaded with this powder has been used over the traps or in the field several years ago.

Du Pont powders are used by all of the principal ammunition manufacturers. They have selected du Pont powders because their ballistic qualities contribute so largely to the superiority of the ammunition, and the consequent success of its users. To maintain these standards of excellence, the ammunition companies will continue to load those powders ensuring the best ammunition possible for a specified purpose.

The du Pont Company with its experience of 127 years and its present resources can supply to ammunition companies the type and quality of powders required to maintain the reputation of ammunition manufacturers and the confidence of the shooters.

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partridge, I am inclined to believe that this bird is one to be cultivated, for he is a strong, swift flyer and very wary, besides making a most excellent table bird.

Several years ago the "Hun" was introduced into Oregon and California, but while those in Oregon have increased in satisfactory numbers, the birds in California have not done so well.

Some fifteen years ago, the late Robert Walsh, of St. Louis, released a number of these partridges in the vicinity of Vandalia, Mo., but since that time none have been shot, as far as anyone knows, and since the first year none have been seen, though a few years ago Charles Van Studdiford, another St. Louis sportsman, shot a very large quail, marked in a peculiar way, and the supposition is that this bird was the result of the mating of a "Hun" with a bob white.

For several years the Missouri State Game Department has imported several hundred bob white quail from Mexico, which have been liberated in several of our state parks and on private estates, but the results have not been up to expectations. Those released on privately owned lands were not handled properly and the state parks are too heavily timbered to make good quail country.

Birds brought from any distance should be penned up for two or three weeks before being turned out, and even then a small gap should be made in the fence allowing the birds to find this in a natural way without being driven or disturbed. I have known many instances where quail have been liberated the day they were received by simply jerking off the top of the crate and allowing the birds to flush in a body when badly frightened. This method is absolutely wrong, for the chances are that the badly frightened birds will fly a long distance and fail to get together again.

Where it is possible the pen should be located at the edge of the timber close to running water and where there is considerable underbrush. After two or three weeks when the birds have become accustomed to the surroundings and have quieted down, part of the fence on one side should be removed, and as stated before, the birds

should be allowed to find this gap without being disturbed, and as soon as they have walked off into the timber the rest of the pen should be removed, and feed should be scattered on the spot at frequent intervals.

One of our St. Louis sportsmen, who has an ideal tract of some three hundred acres, liberated, a few years ago, a dozen Hungarian partridges, but these birds were only seen once after being turned out.

This same man released, in one season, twenty pairs of Mexican bob white quail, but there has been no perceptible increase, though as stated before, the land is ideal, plenty of big timber, briar patches scattered through the woods, abundant cover along the fences, a good stream of running water fed by several springs, and in addition to all this, millet and Kaffir corn is planted in patches scattered throughout

incurred in pheasant raising, and the prices obtained were lower, but now the demand has caused the price of matured quail and their eggs to advance to where it is profitable, and I am of the opinion that quail breeding will soon be taken up to such an extent that this game little bird will come into its own, and it will pay to again own a bird dog.

I have shot prairie chicken, mountain grouse, sage grouse, pheasants and the blue or scaled quail of the Southwest, but none of these birds can touch the bob white as far as sport is concerned, and I think that the majority of sportsmen will agree with me.

As stated before, the breeding of game birds has not been understood by Americans as it is in Europe, but at last we have waked up to this fact, and we are now taking steps to go about it in a scientific way.

A few English and Scotch game keepers have come to this country, but there were not enough to go round, consequently there is now in existence in the East a well conducted school where scientific breeding is being taught by men with years of experience, so that in a short time any one contemplating the breeding of game birds for pleasure or profit will be able to secure the services of men with the proper education.

I advise any one interested in game conservation and breeding to join The Game Conservation Society, as this step will be of vast benefit, for he or she will be able to obtain the advice of experts on any special subject pertaining to the breeding of game, and in addition to this the member will receive that most excellent publication, "The Game Breeder."

On showing this copy to some of my sportsmen friends I was told that I had not gone into the matter deeply enough, that I should carry on and give some hints to the amateur which would enable him to get the right start, not only pertaining to the breeding of quail and pheasants but including other species, such as water fowl. As space in this issue will not permit my going into the matter any further, the subject will be continued in the next issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

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the entire tract; still the birds have not increased to any extent; however, there is a reason for this condition which should not be allowed to exist. There are two (so called) police dogs and two beagles which are allowed to run loose at all times and are constantly disturbing the nesting birds, besides this, the place is infested with a number of crows, so it is no wonder that there are no more quail.

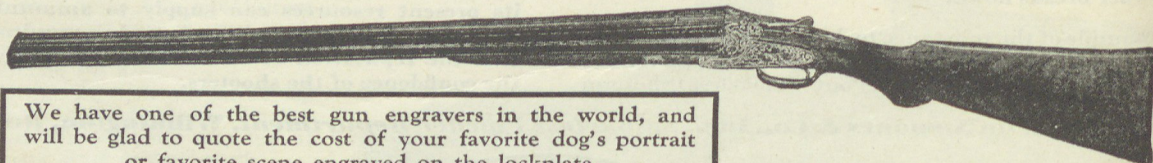
Until a few years ago it was not thought that quail could be reared in captivity, but now after considerable experimenting it is an assured fact, and it will only be a short time till quail breeding will be undertaken on a large scale by both the professional and the individual.

So far the breeding of quail has not interested the professional, for the reason that the expense was greater than that

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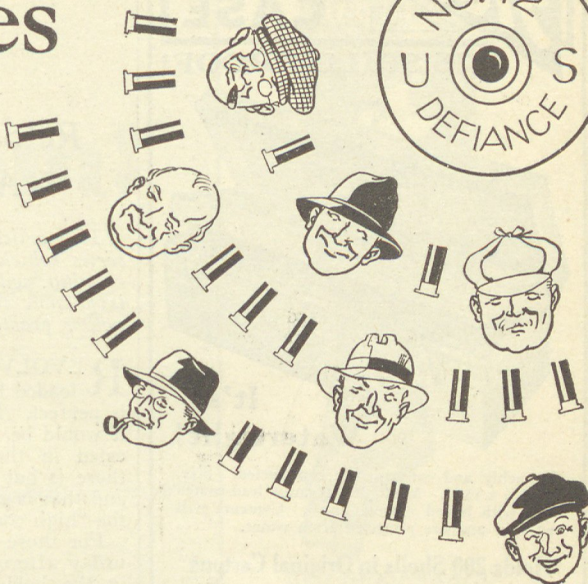
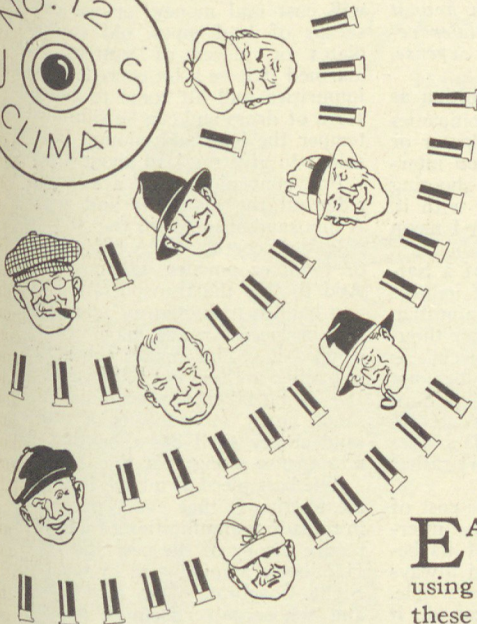
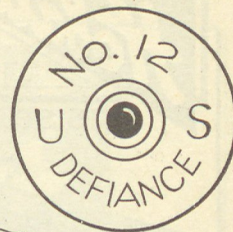
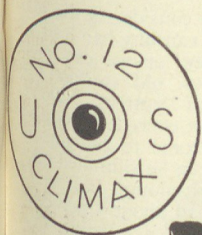
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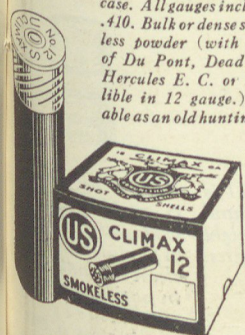
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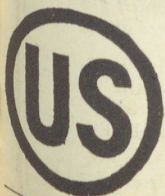
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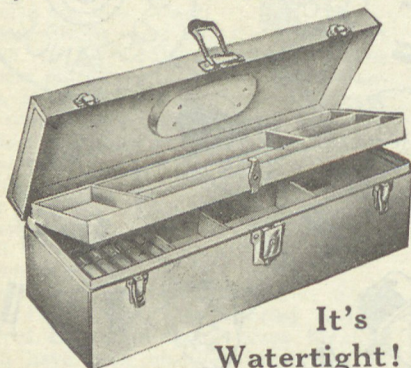
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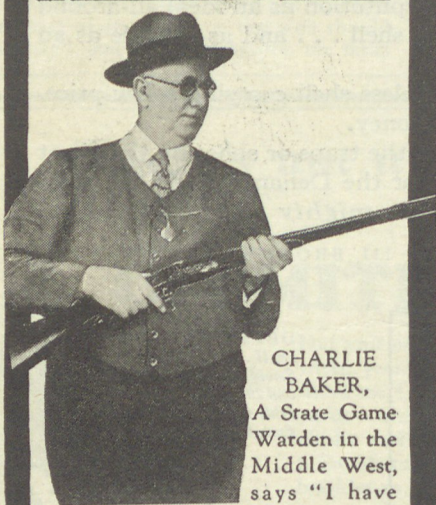
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Revolver Shooting

Reloading Revolver Ammunition

This article, the closing number of the series which OUTDOOR AMERICA has been running, will show the sportsman how it is possible to indulge in large caliber revolver practice at a minimum of expense.

REVOLVER and pistol ammunition as loaded by the various arms companies is perfect. It could not be made better or it would be. To the average person interested in the sport of revolver shooting there is but one thing the matter with it, and that is the "H.C.S.," by which I mean the "high cost of shooting."

For those who like to get out of a Saturday afternoon or a Sunday and indulge in the hobby to any extent, ammunition which costs approximately \$32.00 per thousand rounds, as does the .38 Special, is almost out of the question. It does not take long to burn up from one to five hundred rounds, especially if you be accompanied by one or two friends. It makes tin can and bottle hunting as a sport rather expensive.

It was in the endeavor to cut the cost of this overhead that I first became interested in reloading, and, instead of its being the complicated process I had always thought, I found it ridiculously simple. So simple in fact that anybody can do it without any fear of a mishap. I also found, to my surprise, that I could have the same ballistic qualities as factory loaded at a cost of approximately \$5.00 per thousand, where before I had been paying better than \$30.00 for the same thing. It is of course, understood that I already had the empty shells on hand and which indirectly had cost me nothing.

In preparing mid and short range ammunition the cost to the man who reloads is still less. To the layman who has never tried it it seems inconceivable, but it is a fact nevertheless. The trouble with the average person who thinks of reloading ammunition is that he generally asks the advice of some person who knows less on the subject than does the questioner, and

By
BOB
LIMBERT



can. In other words, if we can get something for nothing that is exactly what we are going to do.

The first thing to consider is the making of the bullets. We can buy bar lead which will cost real money, or we can melt scraps of lead pipes, old storage battery plates or pieces of gutters. Don't be alarmed if it be a bit corroded, because the impurities will all come to the top in the form of dross and can be skimmed off. Then temper the lead add enough half and half solder to give the lead about 5 per cent tin.

For convenience we are going to consider all the materials and supplies first. A thousand primers for the .38 Special can ridge will cost \$3.80. A half pound canister of revolver powder will cost about \$1.00. Add to this the transportation charges, if you happen to live away from the city and find it necessary to have your material shipped in. This makes the actual cost of reloading a thousand shells close to \$4.80. It is being taken for granted that you have saved up by some means or other a thousand empty shell cases, so that we are no expense along that line.

The best piece of advice it is possible for me to give is that every person interested in reloading ammunition of any kind should secure a copy of the new and revised Ideal Handbook, as published by the Lyman Gun Sight Corporation of Middlefield, Conn., and whose advertisement appears in the columns of OUTDOOR AMERICA. It will give you more detailed information on ballistics and gun and ammunition topics in general than I ever can hope to do in the limited space allowed me for these articles. It is an invaluable guide and should be in the possession of every gun crank.

The Lyman Corporation have taken over the old Ideal Tool Corporation and are putting out an enlarged series of reloading tools, molds and accessories.

I might mention that the tool best suited for the reloading of the .38 Special is the Ideal Reloading Tool No. 3. It costs \$6.00 and will handle every phase of the operation except casting the bullets. The Ideal mold costs \$3.50, with extra mold blocks at a cost of \$2.50 each. As better than 85 per cent of your shooting is going



Bullet No. 360363 is the best short range load possible to secure. It is extremely accurate for indoor shooting. Weight 70 grains.



Bullet No. 360345 is known as a "wad cutter bullet" and will give you clean punched bullet holes in paper or card board targets. Weight 115 grains.



Bullet No. 360271 is a good all around field load. Weight about 150 grains.



Bullet No. 360344 is another type of wad cutter designed especially to give clean cut bullet holes in paper targets. Its weight is 143 grains, which gives it excellent stopping power.

as a result he receives the erroneous information that it is a somewhat difficult operation.

Let us, for example, reload our first hundred shells and see for ourselves just what the results are and how much it is going to cost us. In doing this we are going to save and scrimp on every cent we

to be done at extremely short range, I advise getting molds for the regulation short range bullets. The short range bullet I refer to is Ideal Handbook bullet No. 360363. It weighs 70 grains and takes a charge of 2.3 grains of DuPont Powder No. 5. This makes an ideal short range load and something you can



you can't beat 'em!

Ozark Ripley

Hunter, fisherman, sportsman
and well known author



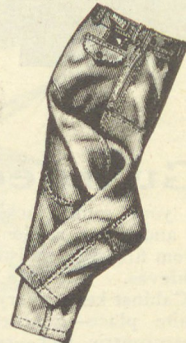
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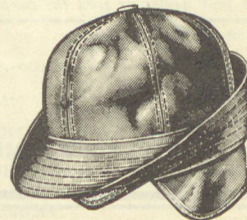
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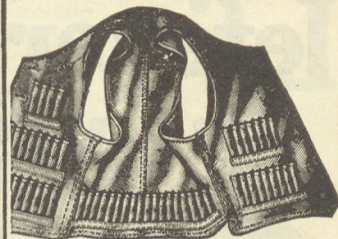
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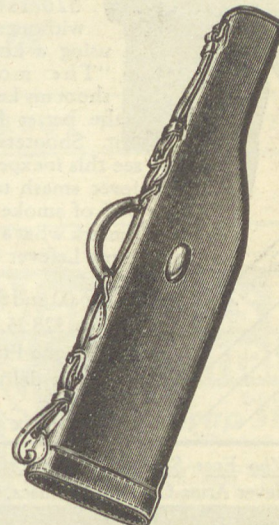
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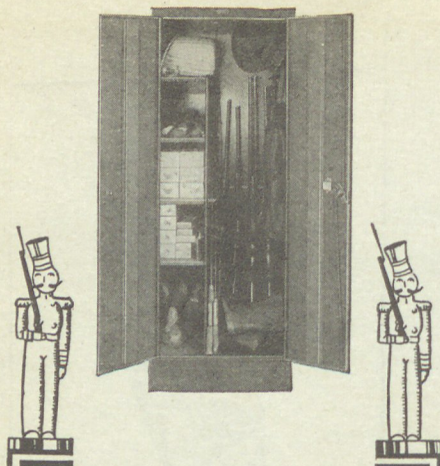
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use indoors as well as out. The regulation load is a little heavy for this work on account of both noise and recoil and not so well adapted for beginners to practice with.

If you desire to cast other weights of bullets you can do so at an additional cost of \$2.50 for each additional mold block, as noted above. This will give you a variety of loads. With mold blocks for two different bullets and an Ideal Dipper (50c), an almost indispensable accessory, and you have a total of about \$15.00, a sum saved several times over on your first thousand shells.

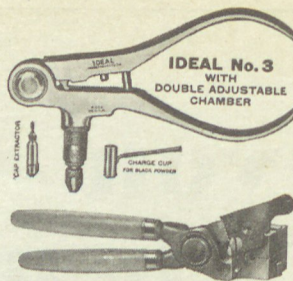
If you are going to do any quantity of reloading, the Ideal Universal Powder Measure is almost indispensable, as it allows you to weigh the powder charge accurately and quickly. Its cost is \$7.50.

The first thing naturally is to cast the bullets. In melting lead the first thing to remember is not to get it too hot, or it will form dross, which must be continually skimmed off the top. It is sometimes necessary to add a small piece of tallow or beeswax to the mixture to flux it and make it flow better. A piece about the size of your little fingernail is about right.

You will find that your mold does not work right until it is absolutely free of every particle of grease and the inside or bullet chamber has begun to oxidize in a steel blue. The mold when in use has to become hot or otherwise the bullets will be imperfectly formed and full of bubbles. The Ideal Dipper has a small snout which just fits the mold gate and adds greatly to convenience in casting.

As soon as the metal has chilled the bullet should be taken from the mold. Hit the sliding gate which cuts off the neck against a piece of wood. Never strike it with a piece of metal of any kind. Have a piece of burlap or old sacking for the bullets to fall on, as they are very easily deformed while hot. Remember one thing—in case a bullet sticks and does not clear the mold, do not under any circumstances attempt to pry it loose with a knife blade or an awl, as you are almost certain to scratch the walls. After you have cast your last bullet oil the interior with heavy oil. I always close it on a molded bullet before putting it away.

The bullets as cast require to be lubricated. A formula for this is one and a half parts of Japan wax (beeswax will do), one part of mutton tallow and one part of vaseline. Melt the mixture and stir until well mixed. Do not allow it to become too hot. When you use it warm the mixture and then first place your bullets on end in a pan and pour it around them. It can also be rubbed into the lands with your fingers. Be careful to see there



Tools necessary for reloading operations.

is no grease on the bottom of the bullet to be next to the powder before loading.

It is not my purpose in this article to go into minute details on subjects which will be thoroughly covered in the instruction sheet which comes with your reloading tool or the Ideal Handbook. Rather I am going to tell a few of the things you should not do.

The most important advice along this line is to say: Do not get to thinking you know more about powder charges than do the manufacturers and the men whose tools you are using. You can easily come to grief if you experiment with various powder charges. The powder weights which you will find in the Handbook and in your instruction sheet are time tested and proved. It is a waste of time and money to experiment further.

Do consistent weighing or measuring of your powder charge, first being careful to upend the can several times so as to mix the fine grains which might have settled to the bottom. Make a practice of doing whatever you do the same way every time you do it. If you tap your powder charge cup twice with a pencil for the first few loads, make a practice of tapping it the way every time you use it.

A charge cup is easily made by necking down an empty shell to hold several charges which have been weighed out on a druggist's scale. For a handle twist a piece of light wire around the shell and tighten it up with a pair of pliers, cutting it off at the suited length for a handle. Remember, though, that the No. 5 measure is much more accurate and convenient in the long run.

Your empty shells require to be resized and in seating the bullet be careful to set it evenly, or it may tip and crimp slightly out of line.

If the empty shells which you desire to reload are dull and corroded you can clean and brighten them by boiling in soap water which one teaspoonful of soda has been added to each quart of water. I have never personally tried this method of shell cleaning, but it was highly recommended by a friend.

Shells which have been loaded with black powder require to be cleaned by boiling in soap suds.

In closing I want to say that the handling of reloading of small arms ammunition is an interesting proceeding and one which will save you considerable money if you intend to do much shooting.

Again I want to advise you to secure a copy of the Ideal Handbook for it will afford you much detailed information on reloading, and its tables of ballistics are invaluable to those of us who are going to cranks.



Bob Limbert in his beloved Idaho.

By Margaret Cooper

The following day came another wire—"Killed a bear Earnest." A groan of envy rose from this member of the family. Why, oh why, at this time of all times did I have to be confined to the family vine and fig tree because of a bad attack of ton-sillitis? Truly there was no justice in the world!

The party consisted of Julian Hurley, district attorney for the fourth division of Alaska; my father, E. B. Collins, his special assistant; and Henry "Butch" Stock, trapper and old-timer of the region where the hunt was staged.

"Tell about the bear, the bear you killed with love," I demanded, the moment they trooped into the house.

On October 8 the three men camped at Beal's Cache, about 100 miles from Fairbanks, Alaska. They had killed a small silver-tipped grizzly near here a couple of days before and were hoping to find another.

A wide ridge runs parallel to the road at this point. After climbing this, Dad and the dog sat down to view the great sweep of country revealed. From this ridge can be counted some 60 tiny lakes—pot holes—that are the browsing place of moose and caribou. The ridge itself is the home of gophers that make juicy mouthfuls for the grizzlies.

And then—he thought he saw something. One squint through his binoculars convinced him he saw something. Coming out of a lake about 400 yards away was an immense silver-tipped grizzly bear!

He shot and hit the bear in the lungs but the big fellow did not go down—the second shot hit the creature's foot. He kept right on coming.



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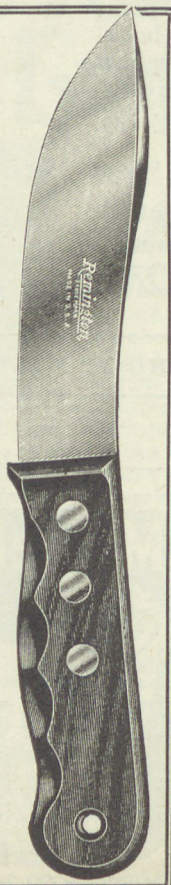
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Boston, Mass.



Then Dad decided to go nearer. He descended the knoll, went up another, and met the bear coming toward him, head on. He shot and missed, shot again and hit Bruin in the neck. Later they found the bullet had paralleled the vertebrae and come out at the top of his shoulders. This bullet knocked the bear down and when he got up he was at right angles to the hunter.

By this time Dad had but two shells left in his gun, so he let the bear go while he reloaded. Then he followed him. The animal was about 50 yards away, fighting mad, roaring and tearing the earth. Some small dead trees were between the two, and all gun work had to be done through them. Twice in succession Dad knocked him over, but after every shot the great grizzly was back on his feet, charging madly, pawing the air and earth, roaring and growling, mad through and through.

The hunting dog chained to Dad's waist had gone stark crazy by this time. He kept leaping and clamoring to be up and at the bear. Not such an easy thing to do—sight a gun at a wound-mad grizzly with a yelping brown cyclone tied to one.

Dad shot once more—the bullet went through the bear's left eye and came out at the back of his head. That was the end, the bear went down for good.

In the meantime Hurley and Butch, hearing the shots, thought Dad had run into a herd of moose, and came hurrying to the scene. The bear fell for the last time just as they topped the intervening rise, and Hurley gasped—"My God, Butch, E. B.'s got a bear as big as the Court House."

Well, he wasn't quite, but when the first excitement was over and they went to work on him they found Mr. Bear weighed between 900 and 1,000 pounds. His pelt (green) measured 9 feet 2 inches, and the skull after the meat was removed measured 28 inches in circumference. His fur was all frosted with icicles from his swim in the lake, and a fire had to be built near the body to thaw the ice before they could skin him.

These bears are no relation to the Kodiak bears. Rather they are a distinct breed of their own. At the present time one of these bears makes McManus Creek, about 35 miles from Fairbanks, his home. Moose hunters have sighted him several times, but have been afraid to tackle him because of his great size. His tracks, left on the sand bars of the Chatanika River, are so large a man's cloth cap will not quite cover them.

The killing of the Delta country bear was an epic in itself, but more was to come. The next morning early the trio started home. The first stop was at McCarty's, 90 miles from Fairbanks. While Dad was tinkering with his car there he saw a big bull moose standing about 300 yards away, on the opposite bank of the Tanana river.

"I'll take one shot at that fellow," quoth Dad.

"Bang!"

The moose spun around, started up the bank. They watched him through their field glasses. He traveled about 600 yards straight through the timber toward the highway. Just on the edge of the clearing he dropped. A very obliging moose, as anyone who has had to yard game out from heavily timbered country can testify.

So ended the trip. Today the grizzly's hide reposes on our floor in the shape of a fine fur rug, and during the dark days of the Alaskan winter my father oils and polishes his gun in preparation for the day when the McManus Creek bear will yield his hide for a companion rug.

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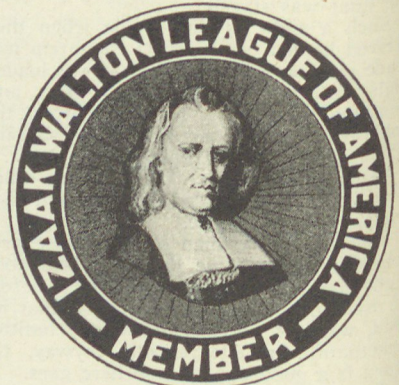
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Strictly Prickly Sport

(Continued from page 15)

for me. But one can't use a dog on blue quail. The dog would tire himself out and be ruined before the day was well started.

A quail continuously running, running, running, and never standing for a dog to point, and then flying a few feet over some tall obstruction or heavy cover only to drop suddenly down and run right back in the direction from which it came and continuing such a process all day is too much for the nerves of any good dog or nervous man. It certainly lets me out.

Bob, however, didn't seem to be so discriminating, and he kept at it, paying but little attention to the cactus, and when he returned to the well he had some ten or twelve quail.

His appearance at the well was long in advance of mine, however. I had a couple of young cotton tails and a quail or two that had fluttered a bit too high off of the ground or attempted to half fly and half sail back to its comrades, and I snapped shot them in a desperate attempt to get a few during their moments of weakness when they left the ground. But my greatest crop was by this time well under the clothing and deeply set in the flesh of my rotund anatomy. The needles had taken deep and devious routes, north, east, south and west, and there seemed to be no station in my anatomical life which they couldn't reach. It was a matter of deep concern, therefore, and I cautiously repaired to a quiet place under a secluded bit of shrubbery, disrobed, and plucked myself as well as possible without a mirror and tweezers.

About two hours later I appeared at the salt well which, like myself, but a short time ago had given such promise of reward. But now the crowd had disappeared, night was fast approaching, and the much sought quail were comfortably sleeping amongst the cactus which so well protected them. For a time I thought the two duds—the well and I—were unattended. But presently from out the penumbra I observed a short, fat hulk of humanity ambling in my direction. It was the ever present and attending Bob; with his usual urbanity he had brought me a bucket of the salt water for my pricked and lacerated body. After all, the well had served him a purpose. But as I may have hinted before—I'm certainly forever all caught up with my blue-quail hunting.

Blue-quail hunting is a strictly prickly sport.

The Restoration of Thief Lake

(Continued from page 33)

Systems that had been complete or partial failures as drainage problems. And it must be borne in mind that the law carries out the Pennsylvania idea that one-third of these areas is to be kept as refuges and the other two-thirds are to be public shooting grounds.

This bill was introduced in the Senate of the 1927 Legislature by Senator John H. Hougren of Crookston and in the House by Representatives J. E. Pratt of Crookston and B. M. Benson of Erskine, Minn.

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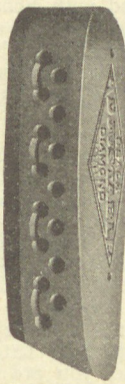
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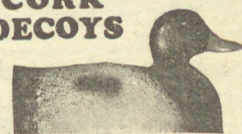
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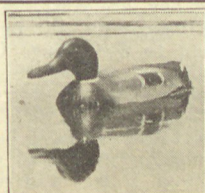
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nesota. Simultaneously a letter was addressed to all sportsmen clubs and chapters throughout the state calling attention to the proposed measure and urging them to get after their respective Senators and Representatives to support the measure.

The final outcome was, that it was tacked onto the Omnibus Game and Fish Bill, after some hard struggling in which Senator Hougen threatened to filibuster or resort to personal privilege and held the Senate for over an hour when the older members said, "Well, let the boy have his way." The Senator helped to carry the bill through the House and it would have become a law, but owing to certain objectionable features of the Omnibus Bill, it met the veto of the Governor.

At the next Minnesota State Convention held at St. Paul a resolution was passed in favor of so changing our drainage laws that there would be the legal machinery to interfere with Judicial Ditch Systems and that portions of drained areas could be acquired for refuge and public shooting grounds, thus placing the Minnesota division of the Izaak Walton League on record in favor of this most constructive conservation principle.

The 1928 convention of the Minnesota Division reaffirmed the stand on this important matter without debate, with an appropriate resolution, and at every opportunity the restoration of Thief Lake was kept alive, by letters and talks to groups and individuals.

For the 1929 session of the Legislature, a new bill had been prepared and it was agreed to keep it from any Omnibus Bill, as we wanted it to live or die on its merits. It was introduced as the Hougen Game Refuge and Public Shooting Grounds Bill. From then on, Senator Hougen led the fight in the Legislature. Many conferences were held. The bill was changed seventeen times.

At one stage, the Senator was almost losing hope, for he wrote me that there would be no hope for the bill, if certain legislators from the northwestern part of the state were not put right on the subject. Crookston got busy on the phone, petitions were sent out in the communities seeking the true sentiment of the people on this subject. Around Thief Lake for a radius of two miles, every person signed for the proposition with the exception of three. The voice of the constituents had spoken and from then on, things looked brighter.

State Game and Fish Commissioner George W. McCullough worked hand in hand with Senator Hougen and after an hour's hearing at the Senate Committee on Game and Fish, it was voted out unanimously for passage and it fared the same on the floor of the Senate, thanks to the very able leadership of Senator John W. Hougen, to whom the League and all sportsmen owe a debt of gratitude.

In the meantime, the bill was introduced in the House by Representatives Odd Eide of Fertile, and Minor Helgeson of Crookston. It passed its Committee on Game and Fish, but, somehow, it went to sleep there. A month passed on and the end of the session was only twelve days distant. The writer, in dismay, wrote the Senator a letter, saying, "For heaven's sake, you are not going to let that bill slide into the Legislative jam of the closing day, are you?" The Senator, busy as he was, with a thousand other matters, went to the House Committee on Game and Fish and to his consternation found our pet bill was stowed away at the bottom of the stack of bills. The Senator has not told just what he said—but the fact remains that instead of being left at the bottom, it was placed on top and a few days thereafter, a telegram was received

from Representative Minor Helgeson that the Hougen Game Refuge and Public Shooting Grounds Bill had passed the House with only two or three dissenting votes. In due time, it received the Governor's signature and so became a law, thus giving us the legal machinery where lakes and marshes entangled by Judicial Ditch proceedings can be acquired and the water level of same can be changed. The law is statewide in effect and more far-reaching than many think.

With the assistance of our District Game Warden William Munch within a few weeks new chapters were organized at Neilsville, Climax, Warren, Stephen, Fisher and Argyle. Our goal is to organize every hamlet and if this can be accomplished, some day the whole chain of lakes and swamps will be restored. For the present we are satisfied to get Thief Lake restored and eventually Mud Lake restored and made a national sanctuary under the National Migratory Bird Conservation Act. Both these projects are as well under way as can be expected. The Thief Lake project is an assured fact, having received the sanction of the Department of Finance of the State.

The law could not have been passed without the whole hearted support of all the sportsmen's organizations of the state. We are particularly indebted to the Minnesota Game Protective League, Hennepin County Sportsmen Club, Minneapolis Athletic Club, Outers Club, and the Capitol City Sportsmen Club.

Rebuilding Forests and Men

(Continued from page 23)

pot. There will be an explosion and somebody will be hurt, and that is exactly what is going to happen in this country unless we provide a safety valve for the boiling pot of crime;—and the safety valve is "Work." Give these itinerant laborers or tramps or hobos, call them what you will, an opportunity to earn a livelihood, even at a low wage, provide them wholesome food and clean beds, and who will dare say that we will not witness a reduction in crime?

There is now a national commission studying the causes of the increase in crime, and many state commissions are also working on the same problem. Most of these seem to place the greatest stress on swift justice as a deterrent of crime, and that should be a help. When we have given an opportunity to all to earn an honest living then we can be just as hard boiled as we wish to be with those who still persist in committing a crime rather than earning an honest livelihood. Hard work has saved many a person from going to destruction, and it would not seem to be unreasonable to make available a fund of at least ten per cent of the cost of crime in this country, which is estimated at thirteen billion dollars, to be used to give employment to the unemployed in the conservation of our natural resources, as an experiment to see whether or not crime would be reduced.

Here is an opportunity for the Izaak Walton League, for service clubs, for women's clubs, for churches—in fact, for all who desire to better conditions in this country—to join together in a movement to conserve the natural resources, relieve unemployment and reduce crime.



Wild Geese

By GRACE NOLL CROWELL

I HOLD to my heart when the geese are flying—
A wavering wedge on the high, bright blue—
I tighten my lips to keep from crying:
"Beautiful birds, let me go with you!"

AND at night when they honk—and their wings are weaving
A pattern across a full gold moon—
I hold to a heart that would be leaving
If it were freed to fly too soon.

I HOLD to my heart that would be going—
A comrade to wild birds of the air,
As wayward as they—and never knowing
Where it is going—and never care—

I HOLD to my heart—for here lies duty—
And here is the path where my feet must stay—
But O, that quivering line of beauty
Beating its beautiful, bright-winged way!

Trips Afield with Boys

(Continued from page 40)

ing to get out to the Fish Fry where there was to be fly casting and shooting contests. A very large man with a very large hat came in with his wife who also had a hat that made me envious. Everyone crowded up to speak to them and I heard people calling to Scotty and Billy. The landlord introduced me and they asked me to ride. I recognized Scotty but wondered who Billy was. When I got into the car I found out that Billy was Mrs. Scotty. The car held everything, including a bedding roll, cooking outfit, well stocked grub box. When we found one camera without films we simply dug deeper into the duffle and found another one. Scotty insisted that when one was in Rome he should do as Romans do and in the car found another big hat for me to wear. The best thing in the car was a grip full of wonderful revolvers that Scotty showed me: big old fashioned Frontier Model six shooters with carved ivory and pearl handles which had been fitted to the hand by some master-craftsman; a Smith & Wesson Russian model 44-40; and two big frontier colt 45's that had been remodeled to shoot the 22 cartridge. As I examined them I wondered what stories these old guns might tell. Every one bore evidences of having been the property of some gun crank but now is only a part of the famous collection which Scotty has at his ranch.

Best of all Scotty knew everyone and all about the country. As we rode he pointed out the pass through which the little railroad would take me. It is named after a Mr. Marshall. One time he had a toothache and since the nearest dentist was in Denver he started across the mountains and discovered Marshall Pass. A little further along Scotty pointed out where the deer driven out of the hills by the severe snow storms had come down to be fed. To make his story more realistic a moment later as we rounded a hill there in the road stood a deer. We stopped the car to get a better look, but the deer did not



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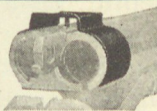
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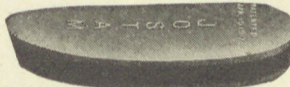


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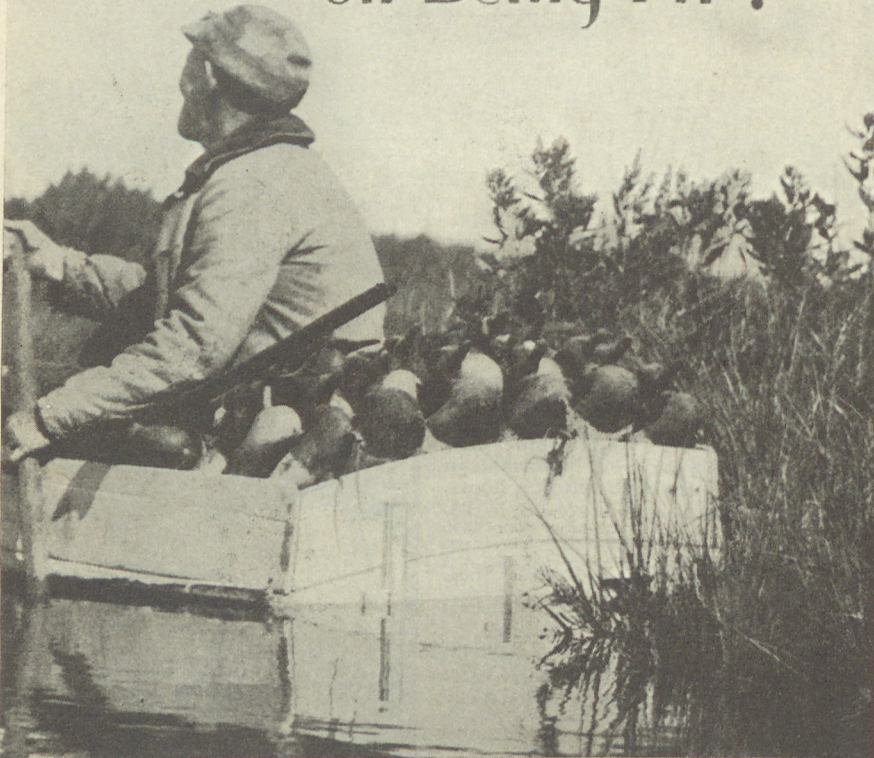
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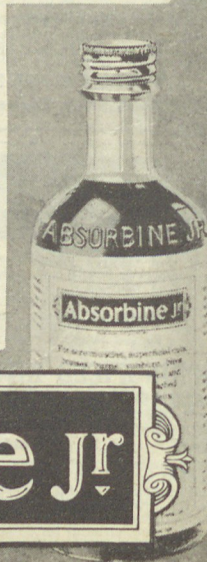
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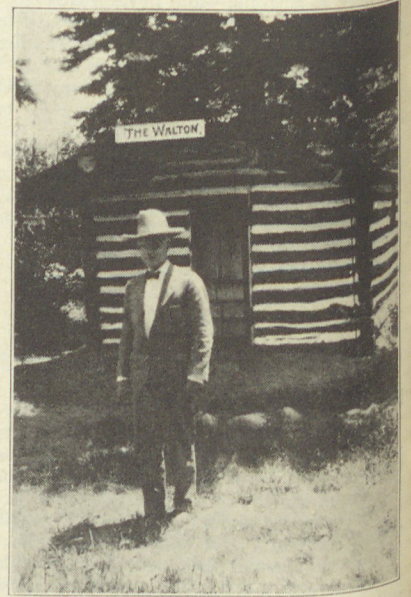
Absorbine Jr.

understand our good intentions and starting with a few stiff-legged jumps quickly disappeared among the cedars.

After watching the fly casting we were ready for the Fish Fry. Over a big outdoor stove boiled a huge kettle of lard. A wire rack which just fitted into the kettle was covered with trout rolled in corn meal. The rack was let down into the kettle and in a few moments withdrawn. They were thoroughly cooked, crisp and brown. The man serving the trout had rare discrimination and judgment. He gave me two!

The automobile yielded up folding camp chairs and as we sat comfortably eating a delicious lunch beside the river I learned that all the fish to feed the crowd of two thousand had been caught with a fly in just such water. As they were taken they were placed in an electric refrigerator to await this day.

In the afternoon we watched the representative of an arms company do some



"—they found another big hat for me to wear—"

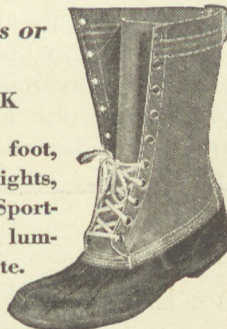
exhibition shooting. He threw small marbles into the air and hit them with a 22 rifle. Potatoes and oranges thrown into the air disappeared in a cloud of mist when hit with a 30-30 rifle bullet. A square of tin was tacked on a rack and with a 22 rifle he quickly shot a picture on the smooth surface. Ashes were shot off a cigar held in a man's lips. Bits of chalk held between a man's fingers were shot away. For almost an hour he entertained us with almost unbelievable feats. When he went out and tied five small balloons to stakes about thirty-five yards away I wondered what surprise awaited us. He took up a little 410 gauge shot gun and asked five boys about ten years old to come forward. The first one was given the gun and told to hit the first balloon. It was not an easy shot to hit a balloon ducking about in the wind, but the little fellow took it as though he meant business and as the gun cracked I saw it disappear. One little chap was so small the gun had to be steadied for him. After cracking his balloon he turned proudly to the exhibitor and said "you certainly have got a good gun there, sir." That it is a good gun I can vouch for because I was permitted to try it the next day. I was delighted with its feel and balance and at the way the automatic ejector kicked out the slender little shells. It is an ideal gun for a boy to commence with. I remember my first shot gun, a single barrel crooked-stocked 12



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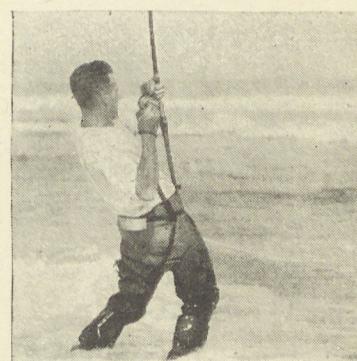
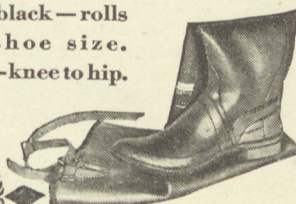
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gauge. I loved that gun in spite of the way it kicked me every time it went off. I learned to shoot after a fashion, but as I handled this trim well-balanced gun I almost envied the boy who could com-
mence his hunting with it. He would not be subjected to the punishment my gun gave me.

After throwing up rocks and shooting at them I put up a small revolver target on a rock to see what it would do at about thirty yards. The pattern it made indicated just what this would do to small game such as squirrels or rabbits. I wondered whether the owner knew just how I hated to part with it. Before it is ever put into a boy's hands I would have him hear the talk this famous shooter gave before the exhibition. Long years of handling firearms have not made him a bit careless. He told the boys that if they were to enjoy the use of a gun, they must never point it or permit it to be pointed at anything at which they were not going to shoot; and to look carefully in the direction in which they were shooting to see that there was nothing in range that could possibly be injured by a chance shot.

In learning to use a shot gun the little balloons would be a great help, but you can easily devise other moving targets. In any event you will want to know where your shot goes. I have heard many an old hunter say "I shot behind that bird." He knew from the way he held his gun just where the charge of shot had gone. This knowledge comes only after long experience. A hoop covered with paper and rolled down a dry hillside will show you where your shot goes and how much you must hold ahead of the target so that the shot will arrive at the same time the target comes bounding along. The little paper plates used for picnics sailed over a bit of still water will give the same result.

After you have practiced at this sort of a target get some one to take a small hand-trap and some blue rocks afield with you. Have him start by throwing them at easy angles slowly and as you become more proficient he can increase the speed and try you at more difficult angles. Begin with such a gun as I have described. When you have mastered it and can hit blue rocks thrown at almost any angle you will then be ready to take the gun afield. I used to be able to go out after school and kill prairie-chickens. We hunted them recklessly and the prairie-chicken disappeared, but with modern methods of game rearing we are stocking the country with game birds and it will not be long until every boy will have an opportunity for hunting.

There is a wonderful thrill to be had in the autumn days going afield with a gun, a good companion and a dog. I also remember just how delicious young prairie-chickens used to taste when I got home after tramping the fields.

My Boy and I

Don't Forget This Contest

Each photograph must show the father and son, or daughter, on an out-of-door trip. The accompanying article of not over 300 words should tell the ages of father and boy or girl and how long they have made these trips together.
First prize \$15.00, second \$10.00, third \$5.00.

Dear Waltonians: Patronize manufacturers who help Waltonism by advertising in OUTDOOR AMERICA. TELL THEM you saw their ads in YOUR magazine.

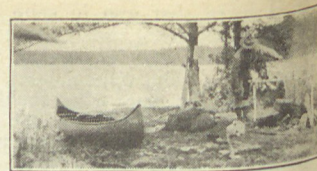


Camping

Where

When

How



THIS department belongs to the readers of Outdoor America. It is your department, and it will be successful only to the extent to which it is actually put to work. It is divided into two parts. First, questions on any phase of how to camp will be answered by foremost experts in various kinds of camping. Second, every question about where or when to camp will be answered by a member of the chapter of the Izaak Walton League closest to that vicinity—first hand, expert knowledge, by resident sportsmen, is thus available to our readers. This is the best camping service in America. Please write about only one subject in a letter—either ask questions about how to camp, or about when and where. If you want to know both, write on separate sheets.

Camp Questions

Camping Department, Outdoor America:

My wife and I are planning to take a month's motor camping trip. We have not yet decided on our destination or route, but would like to know what general equipment we should take.

John Dixon.

Denver, Colorado.

Be sure and make up the luggage of just as few things as possible. "Travel light" is the veteran traveler's slogan. Of course a tent will be necessary. There are many varieties. Those attached to one side of the car, the individual tent and some cars are equipped with berths made up over the seats exactly like a pullman sleeper. Some kind of a tent of these various descriptions you must have.

For the culinary department, which is very necessary, plan just as few utensils as possible. The make up pack for cooking is excellent. You will also want a camp cook stove. There are several good ones which will admirably serve your purpose.

From such a trip you will come back to the work-a-day world with renewed life, rested bodies and pep which this kind of recreation in the great outdoors give to those who seek it.

LESLIE WILBURN

Lamar, Colorado.

Where to Camp

The Arrowhead

Camping Department, Outdoor America:

My father, a friend and myself are planning to see part of the Arrowhead country, and would also like to do some fishing. However, none of us has ever handled a canoe, but we have a light outboard motor and wondered if it is possible to hire a good sized row boat.

Is there a chain of lakes in this region where we could go out for several days without portages? We are planning to go the last two weeks in September.

I was very interested in Captain Ray A. Barnes' article "Motoring in the Land of Memories" in the May issue of Outdoor America. In it he speaks of a road from Little Marais to Ely which I would like to cover but a map I bought recently shows this road under repair. Is it possible to find out whether this will be passable in September?

We plan to go by car but would like to spend four or five days in the wilds fishing. Would you recommend a guide? We have all done considerable camping but never in country as wild as we are

expecting to find. What should the approximate expense be for a guide and boats?

A. C. Brewer.

Crystal Lake, Ill.

There are several lake-chains in the Minnesota Arrowhead country, but most of them are not wholly navigable to boats, especially with outboard motors. However, you can start at Basswood Lake and have a free range over a pretty wide territory. As for starting from Winton, I am not positive that you can negotiate that creek between Fall lake and Basswood lake—you'll probably have to figure on getting your outfit to Basswood. Another choice would be to motor to Tower or Peyla and hit Vermillion lake. This lake with all of its ramifications and many miles of indented shore line, would probably keep you fully occupied for what time you have to spend; and, although it is not as wild as the Basswood-St. Croix region, you would find plenty of scenery and fishing.

The road from Little Marias, or from Schroeder to Ely, is gravel all weather. It is quite winding, but rather pretty, as it traverses a part of the Superior National Forest. You mention this road to be under repairs at the moment; probably the automobile club of Duluth can fully inform you regarding this. I suggest you go to Ely via Duluth, Biwabik and Tower. You will find this a shorter route, with the road generally better.

At most "take-off" points I believe you will be able to obtain a substantial boat that can accommodate an outboard motor for about \$5.00 per week. A good guide can be had around \$4 to \$5 per day, and unless you are familiar with taking care of yourself and party in wild country, I suggest you employ one, for it might be the making of a satisfactory trip.

The time you suggest—September—is a very good time of the year for fishing in the Arrowhead country—especially for pike, wall eyes, bass, etc. There are, of course some muskies, but catching the big ones is usually a combination of luck and skill. At this time of the year you will not have to fish in as deep water as in mid-summer. However, by September the nights get pretty cool, so I suggest you take plenty of warm blankets and clothing.

For detailed information concerning the territory surrounding Ely, and regarding boats and equipment, I suggest you write to the Ely Commercial Club, or to the Wilderness Outfitters of Ely.

CAPT. RAY A. BARNES

Rideau Lakes

Camping Department, Outdoor America:

I have in mind going fishing the latter part of September. I have thought of going to Canada up towards the Rideau Lakes. I would appreciate any information which you can give me regarding guides, living accommodations, best way of getting there, etc. I would probably go to Kingston by automobile.

D. B. Ranno.

Penn's Grove, N. J.

For the Rideau Lakes district I suggest you route from Kingston to Smith's Falls, Lanark County, Ontario. There are large and small mouth bass, pike and large lake trout in the Rideau Lakes which can be reached from there. Inquire at Smith's Falls where the best fishing is at time of your arrival. Then you can determine on the best of the dozens of lakes of the chain which you wish to fish. Don't worry about guides, boats or canoes, as well as comfortable accommodation, there are plenty at all of these lakes. The steamer makes daily trips to Garret's Rest and Portland, resorts on Big Rideau.

OSZARK RIPLEY

Quetico Reserve

Camping Department, Outdoor America:

I am planning a trip in the Quetico Reserve in Canada this August. I would like to stay in the vicinity of the Nabwanagamak River most of the time and would like to know how the bass and pike fishing is there. Also if the river is navigable.

C. W. Ihde.

Dubuque, Iowa.

In the vicinity of the Nabwanagamak you will find better pike than bass fishing. The waters are only navigable to any extent with a canoe. The upper waters have portages but there is not much fishing there.

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

Quebec or Ontario

Camping Department, Outdoor America:

I intend to go camping and to take some moving pictures of wild life in Ontario and Quebec, and realizing the difficulty of obtaining good results, I was thinking of establishing salt licks to attract the game within camera range.

In the first place, would this be permitted by law in these two provinces? Also, how could these salt licks be established? On land or in water?

Daniel A. Clark.

South Bend, Ind.

For photographing purposes the matter of establishing salt licks to attract wild



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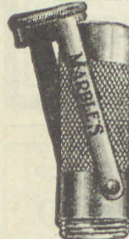


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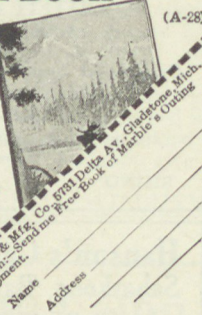
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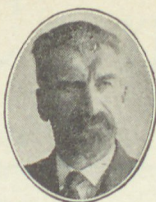
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Books on Camping? See Page 69!



MURDO GIBSON'S LETTER

From the Wilderness

In camp, Lake of the Woods.
September, 1929.

DEAR Waltonians:
I find it difficult, this lovely morning, to realize that another glorious summer is on the wane. Never before did a whole season slip past me with such stealthy rapidity. Were it not for the daily records in my diary, I could easily imagine entire weeks of it were merely dreamed and not actually lived.

That I really did spend an inordinate amount of time day-dreaming is undeniable, but, strange to say, I do not regret it, much. Conditions seemed to compel postponement of definite work and to encourage either motionless tranquillity or else a leisurely pottering with trivialities. At any rate, I was happily content. Furthermore, the mails bring me frequent assurances that, through my letters in OUTDOOR AMERICA, some of this felicity is imparted, and many others, less fortunate, have derived pleasure, fortitude and comfort therefrom. What better should we expect from life and effort?

It would be unpardonable repetition to retell my continual delight in the ever-changing aspects of land, water, air and sky. Perhaps I overdid that, last year. Nevertheless, my morning and evening canoe trips have given me many rapturous hours and unforgettable pictures to enrich my memories. Sunrise and sunset! what can compensate those who are denied their beholding? And what the aesthetic status of those who habitually ignore them?

Since the beginning, my pets, both furred and feathered, have been too busy feeding and training their young, to pay much attention to me. Also, they are finding an abundance of desirable food, elsewhere. The female squirrels seldom come, but the two males pay me three or four brief visits every day. They demand their bacon rinds. These are kept, covered, in a deep coffee tin. To get them, the squirrel must cling, with his hind feet, to my hand, while he puts his head down to the very bottom of the can, where he cannot see me. This, I consider, the supreme test of their confidence.

Sometimes, I tease and tickle them, while they hesitate on the can's rim. Then, they are quite likely to nip me with their lance-sharp teeth. Unlike one of the females, that has an extremely quick and violent temper, the males show neither animosity nor remorse, when they bite me. I presume they can hardly imagine their tiny teeth could possibly hurt such a gigantic monster, as I must appear to them.

I hear and see the chickadees nearly every day, but they never come to the food dish, and seldom remain in the immediate vicinity more than a few minutes. The same is true of the woodpeckers. As for the blue and Canada jays, I haven't seen either, in weeks. Night before last was the first time, in six weeks, I heard an owl hoot, or a loon cackle a storm warning. Both were right, as usual. From now on, however, I expect to see and hear all my wild friends and, likely, a good number of strangers. I surely missed their company, during mid-summer.

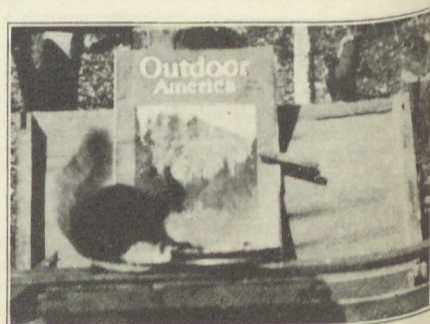
Both weather and situation are still favorable to nudity so, while the sun shines, I wear no clothes above my ankles. During the whole season, there was an almost total absence of mosquitoes around this camp, and the stableflies are swatted as soon as they appear. Occasionally, when an evening storm threatened, I had to wear shirt and trousers, while eating my combined dinner-supper, but, when that was finished, I soon destroyed the pests. My bed canopy has never been set up and I haven't lost ten minutes sleep, this year, on account of flies or mosquitoes. And that reminds me of a correction, retraction and apology I must now make.

The typical Scotsman's reluctance toward making any positive statement of fact, is the basis for countless jokes. This does not offend the Scots. On the contrary, they, rightly, regard it as a compliment. They have learned that the more one really knows about a subject, the less inclined one is to make dogmatic assertions concerning it.

Partly because I am a native of Scotland, and partly because thirty years of timber cruising has taught me how much I don't know about the woods, I am generally cautious about making cocksure declarations on matters pertaining to wild-life and campcraft. But on, at least, one occasion I departed from this policy of discretion and, sad to relate, it was in the place of all places I want to keep free from error i. e. the Camping Department of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

In effect, the statement was: "Bluebottle (blow) flies are a certain indication of exposed filth; none will be seen or heard around a clean camp." I believed I had proved this at scores of my summer camps. Also, I considered it an excellent argument in favor of clean camping and "Outdoor Good Manners." So it is, and, even now, I am uncertain as to the wisdom of refuting it. But it is not strictly true. The proof is indisputable. My present campsite is absolutely free from man-made filth, yet there are thousands of blowflies within twenty yards of my fireplace. Now, I want to tell you what attracts them.

Last winter, I cut for fuel and other purposes, all the trees on the circular half-acre of which my camp is the approximate center. This clearing is now well covered with seedlings and sprouts, from one to



One of Murdo Gibson's pet squirrels commendably employed.



"While the sun shines I wear no clothes above the ankles."

six feet high. These are of many kinds but aspen and birch predominate.

While hanging out my bedding, one forenoon,—in mid-July—I was astonished to hear the loud buzzing of numerous blue-bottle flies. Immediately, I investigated and soon found the cause. Numbers of young aspen tips were covered with a blackish incrustation, formed, I think, by aphids. On the leaves of every infected tree, bluebottle and many other kinds of flies were depositing their eggs. The blackened tips were swarming with various sorts of insect life and I sorely regretted my ignorance of entomology.

In early August, this condition still existed, but it didn't bother me after I learned that the flies stayed in the bushes and rarely came within the trodden area of the campsite. I have spent a good many hours examining these infected seedlings but I cannot identify a quarter of the insects, beetles and flies that are constantly crawling over them. "Well," the old German remarked, "the longer we live the more we find, by chimminy, ouet."

THREE Waltonians from "The States" visited my camp last month. They were C. H. Martin, Chicago; G. W. McKee, Rockford, Ill., and H. P. Howell, Rockford, Ill. They were guests of French Narrows Camps and reported "a splendid time." I met Mr. Howell at the close of the next day's fishing and asked him how he enjoyed it. "Gibson," he replied, "this has been the happiest day I can remember. I wouldn't part with the memory of it for all the money in the world."

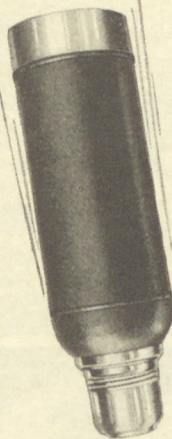
Some Letters to the Wilderness

Dear Murdo Gibson:

After your description of the costume you use in the Northwoods, you will, I think, be interested in a conversation I had with my son when he returned from college. He said at Dartmouth the boys are going in very strongly for sun baths and are doing it in the same sort of costume you wear. His mother was greatly shocked at the freedom with which the boy ran around without any clothes on, and when she remonstrated with him he replied: "If that is the way you feel about it, you should see the way the girls at Vassar are taking sun baths."

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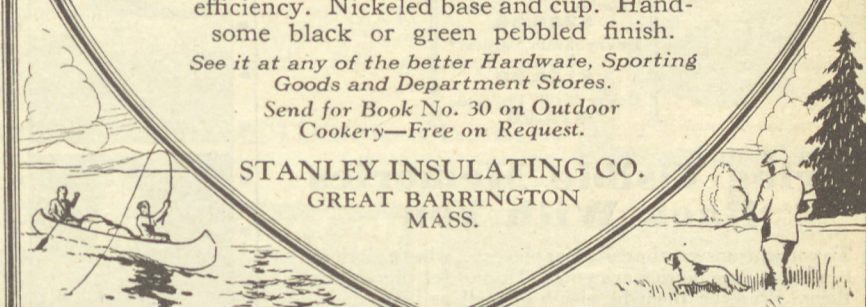
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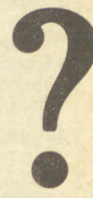
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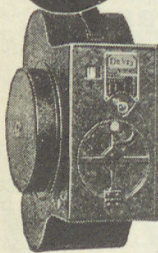
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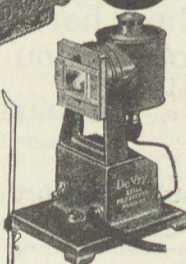
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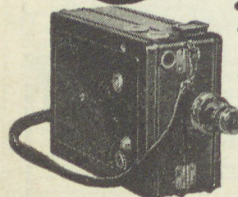
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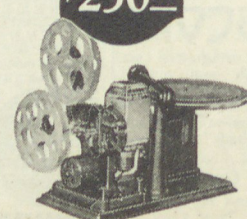
New York 333 N. Michigan Ave. San Francisco
CHICAGO

\$150.00

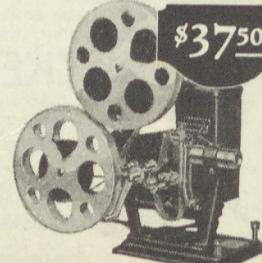


*"See Yourself
as Others
See You"*

\$250.00



\$375.00



My son's roommate's father drove through Vassar Campus, and he said: "The girls there are going out and lying around with no clothes on above the waist, to take sun baths and to get a good color." In view of the fact that they wear no stockings whatever, they are rapidly coming to your way of thinking on these matters.

The boys at Dartmouth go on long hikes in winter, with no clothing above their waist. Among my boy's pictures are a number showing the youngsters standing in deep snow naked from the waist up. I might be willing to do that in summer, but do not feel quite hardy enough to run around in that sort of costume when the winter winds do blow.

GEORGE W. WOOD

Waterloo, Iowa

Goslings in the Rain

Dear Murdo Gibson:

Here is a story for your Nature notebook. One morning last week we had a terrific rainstorm. The drops came down so hard their rebound was like mist for several feet above the earth. About noon I saw Mr. H., whose Canada geese have a dozen or so youngsters, the size of your fist. He said these goslings had tried, frantically, to find shelter but couldn't get under the old goose, nor anything else. So they all stood on tiptoes, stretched their necks as far as possible, with their bills pointing directly up at the sky, and remained motionless until the deluge moderated.

Talk about streamlining! What a marvelous bag of tricks is the uninhibited instinct!

Best wishes from

J. L. M.

Duluth, Minn.

Envy—Envy—Envy!

Dear Murdo Gibson:

Just can't resist a few lines to tell you how I envy you, envy you, envy you, your home in the wild. What little outdoors I get must be taken piece-meal as I dash wildly into the mountains, held by many a tether, to the grim grind, of man's earth.

Yours,
F. W. B.

Canton, Ohio

Where to Camp

(Continued from page 56)

life I think could be arranged satisfactorily with Mr. Bellisle, head of Game and Fish department of Quebec, or with Mr. McDonald of Ontario. But with flies as bad as they are at present you would be wasting time with salt licks, and furthermore there are so many natural ones. For a while now moose, deer and caribou will be near water and the best pictures will be made there.

In the region of Nipigon, Ontario, every opportunity presents itself for taking wild life pictures. I think this region cannot be surpassed anywhere for moose, deer, bear and caribou. One of the best grounds for this would be the Island of Ste. Ignace, about 30 miles out in Lake Superior, or at the mouth of Jackfish river, 14 miles east of Nipigon River Camp. The spreads of the Nipigon and adjacent country will present excellent opportunities. If you are equipped with telephoto apparatus and a small degree of patience you will be sure to get splendid results.

MURDO GIBSON



Missouri

Camping Department, Outdoor America:

My wife and I expect to spend three weeks near Lebanon, Missouri. Where is the best fishing for pan fish, blue gills, crappies, etc.? We should also like to get some squirrel shooting and see some timbered country.

Lebanon, Ohio.

W. Z. Roll.

When you arrive in the region of Lebanon, Mo., the Niangua and Linn Creeks will provide you with all the fishing of the character you wish. En route there, you will find the same thing on the Gasconade and Little Piney Rivers.

There is good squirrel shooting most everywhere, except where cleared for farms. It is mostly a timber country.

OSZARK RIPLEY

Arkansas

Camping Department, Outdoor America:

I am trying to find the best place for a short duck hunt within 500 miles of this place (which is 16 miles from Knoxville), probably in Mississippi or Arkansas. Will appreciate any information you are able to give me.

Maryville, Tenn.

E. R. Coulter.

For your duck hunting this fall, I suggest you go either to Clarendon or Stuttgart, Ark., where you will find some of the best sport on the American continent.

ALEC MERMOD

The Ozarks

Camping Department, Outdoor America:

My son, aged 14, and I are considering a two weeks' vacation and would like to spend it at some point where fishing is reasonably good and also where there are woods in which we can hike in search of game. We would probably take with us a .22 caliber rifle, but do not care so much on this trip about hunting with a gun. We would like to see some game and possibly get some pictures.

Would prefer to camp in an out-of-the-way place and would use an automobile to assist us in exploring the country within a radius of perhaps fifty miles of camp.

We have considered visiting the Ozark Mountain region and have also been advised to visit the mountain sections of Kentucky or Tennessee.

We would appreciate very much any information you can give us about the locations mentioned or to have you suggest other locations which you think would be suitable.

Chicago, Ill.

J. O. Penisten.

If you go to Doniphan, Ripley County, Mo., you will be on Current River, one of the most beautiful bass waters in the world and in touch with much of the Ozark wilderness, as well as other waters. All the country is mountainous and timbered.

Another point would be out in the mountains of Tennessee, making Oakdale your headquarters. You would have opportunities for taking beautiful photographs along the Emory River and many scenic and fishing trips 50 miles farther east.

A beautiful spot in the mountains, with lovely waters, timber, scenery, etc., is Charles Mill, Ga., in the Dugan Mountain country, where you will find the headwaters of the Conasauga River. Timbered and a nice country to visit. Go in from Tennega, Ga.

If you hunt with a gun in these parts you will have to have a non-resident hunting license.

OSZARK RIPLEY



"Bright and Early Suits THIS Chicken!"

You GET Your SLEEP

FOR hunter's luck an early start. Up and away! Keen, alert, full of go, from a good night's rest. You can bank on it with a Woods Arctic Down Sleeping Robe.

No lying in bed to make up lost sleep. Camp-fire comfort is yours all night long. When you wake you're ready to hike.

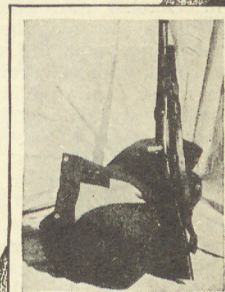
Anywhere—bear-hunters' shanty, wildfowlers' clubhouse or shack, sheep-hunters' tepee, moose-hunters' lean-to, deer-hunters' tent. From sleeping porch to mountain bivouac, under good shelter you're never uncomfortable a minute. No more energy-sapping chill half the night. Your Woods Arctic is the world's lightest and warmest hunter's bed-roll. Self regulating; range practically 100 degrees.

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Too Fat? You Can Reduce

"I reduced from 48 inches to 38 inches in 35 days," says R. E. Johnson, of Akron, O., "just by wearing a Director Belt. Stomach now firm, doesn't sag and I feel fine."

The Director Belt gets at the cause of fat and quickly removes it by its gentle, kneading, massaging action on the abdomen, which causes the fat to be dissolved and absorbed. Thousands have proved it and doctors recommend it as the natural way to reduce. Stop drugs, exercises and dieting. Try this easy way.

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Genuine, perfect beauties; from 25c up to \$1.00, very choice. \$1.25 to \$2.00, elegant. A few \$2.50, \$5.00, rare. Finest arrows in the world. Every sort of bead work made by the Sioux. Can't be excelled. Wholesale and retail. Every sort of ancient stone relic found. Blankets, catalogs. 45th year.

L. W. STILWELL,

Deadwood, So. Dak.



AUDUBON BIRD CARDS

New Colored Drawings by Allan Brooks

150 beautiful Bird Portraits post-card size, in color, from original paintings by Allan Brooks. Set No. 1, "Fifty Winter Birds of Eastern North America." Set No. 2, "Fifty Spring Birds of Eastern North America." Set No. 3, "Fifty Summer Birds of Eastern North America." The reverse side of each card carries a short biography of the bird figured. Prepared under the supervision of Dr. Frank M. Chapman. Text by Alden H. Hadley. Price for each set, in a box \$1.00 post-paid. Order now from

OUTDOOR AMERICA

549 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

The Angler's Notebook

(Continued from page 38)

that had he gone to the home lakes during the same period he would probably have fared no better. We must needs take our vacation in August, most of us, but August is not the best fishing month; though I want to get away from town during the crushing, enervating heat of mid-summer. Mind I said "I want to," which is a different thing from saying I do. Remember now, that the home waters, small and unimportant though they may be, will prove quite worth investigating. As I think I said already, "plugs" will generally prove remunerative, more remunerative than fly-rod lures, though there are times when they, and simon pure artificial flies, will bring in the bacon. Small spinners, especially on rivers, are worth trying out. I am more and more coming to the use of the spinners at all seasons, they get bass and they can be employed on fly-rods.

Last fall I visited a lake, which must needs be nameless for its protection, and though the morning promised rain, the clouds lifted, the mists disappeared, and the warm October sun blazed out. I had planned on plugging, but when the sun smiled down, and the dancing wavelets were tinged with gold reflections from the shore trees, I put up my caster and assembled my fly-rod. I tried various fuzzy-wuzzies, I went to bass-bugs; and those failing to stir the fish, I fastened on a small gold-plated spinner. Sending it back against the bank, the water was deep right up to the shelving shore, I let it sink for six inches or so and began reeling slowly. I could catch glimpses of the brilliant blade as it spun, deep down in the water. Other eyes than mine glimpsed it, too. There came a rush, and a bass hooked himself.

What a battle it was. The light rod—I was using a 3½ ounce split-bamboo—bent and writhed as the angry fish dashed out and in, fighting to reach a wire fence which led out into the water. Of course I knew he must never reach those submerged wires, and gave the butt with more force than wisdom dictated. But the rod was a tested and true one, it held, everything held, and at last I brought my surprise fish to net, a goodly two pounder. Probably because late in the season, and in the estimation of most, "fishing season was over," I was wonderfully well pleased with myself. When I add that I caught another very shortly after, you will understand my supreme content. Yes, I showed those fish when I got back to town, for while I quit at two, I was human enough to want to display my capture. Of course it was all nonsense, but I thought those fish appeared more beautiful than bass appear in August.

Then at this season, too, the building of a fire under the trees on shore and cooking the fish hard by the water from which it is taken is truly enjoyable. There are no mosquitoes to worry one, and the heat of the fire is often grateful. I think an October fishing trip and outdoor dinner as near Heaven as anything I know. So I am sending this out early enough to get my readers to investigate the possibilities of home waters. Even a "garden hackle," common everyday earth-worm, will take black bass late in Autumn. Oh, there is fishing yet for those who appreciate Nature in her more earnest October-mood.

ASK OUTDOOR SMITH

Questions and Answers follow.

HE KNOWS HIS CRICKETS

Dear O. W.: Have read your Notebook since its beginning and am looking forward to the day when it will be available in book form. Such a volume would be the source of much joy to outdoor lovers, and at the same time impart valuable information to anglers. Won't you please take this suggestion seriously?

Anent the cricket as bait. You know of course that crickets are found under old boards and logs, but the catching of them is something of a problem. Get half a dozen tin cans and pound them together at the open end until the opening is something like half an inch. Place the cans along a board, lift the latter, and the black fellows will scamper into the cans to, as they think, escape. I like the artificial but just the same, using light tackle, I get a lot of enjoyment out of fishing with live-bait.—N. D. L., Ill.

Sir: Thanks for your kind words regarding the matter in my department. Doubt if it would prove of sufficient interest to make book publication pay; but anyway, your words of praise DO help. Also I am glad to get your slant on the live-bait question and the how of capturing crickets.—O. W.

TROUBLE LIVE-BAITING

Dear O. W.: I have trouble in making my grasshoppers float. How do you hold them? Is there some special hook on the market for the purpose? Also I am having trouble hooking fish when using worms and minnows for bait.—E. H., Okla.

Sir: I have had no difficulty in making grasshoppers float, provided my tackle was regular fly-tackle. Use a short gut leader, or a long one where stream is open. I hook through the body, from the rear forward, leaving the point of the hook in the head of the insect. Have yet to find a better method. There are various "hopper hooks" on the market. I usually employ a fly-rod with considerable backbone in live-bait fishing, allowing plenty of time for the fish to swallow the lure. You know a bass takes more than a little time in the operation, turning a minnow before swallowing. If you do not use too small a hook for your bait you will have no difficulty in hooking.—O. W.

PROBABLY NOT

Boy, watching his father assemble his tackle, "Say, Dad, did you go to Sunday School when you were a boy?"

"Yes, son, I went regularly. Never missed a Sunday."

"Gee, bet it won't do me any good, either."

P. D. Q.

Dear O. W.: For Pete's sake help out! A friend and I are all but quarreling. One says the steelhead is a distinct species of trout while the other affirms that it is nothing more nor less than a rainbow which has been to sea. Give us the low down on the matter P. D. Q.—W. S., Cal.

Sir: I don't know what you have against me that you bring up this much discussed question. Friendships have been shattered, husbands and wives separated over it, and we are no nearer a satisfactory solution today than ten years ago. Wm. C. Harris says: "For a long time the steelhead and the rainbow were, owing to the close intergradation of the two species, considered one and the same fish; but the investigations of Dr. Gilbert in the Lower Columbia River convinced him that both the young and the old steelheads are distinct from the cut-throats and rainbows. It is proper to state, however, that two other ichthyologists have placed on record that the Columbia River form of the typical steelhead seems to pass into the rainbow southward, and into Kamloops northward, while in the Lower Snake River of Idaho it appears to intergrade with the cut-throats." Some of my ichthyic friends are very positive that the steelhead is but a sea-run rainbow, while others equally well informed are certain that they are two distinct species. Take your choice.—O. W.

"TRIGGER" HOOK WANTED

Dear O. W.: I have seen a frog hook advertised somewhere that has a set trigger arrangement by which, when the frog is touched, the hooks spring together. Can you tell me where it is made?—E. L. L., Okla.

Sir: I have seen a hook such as you describe, called I think "Sackdologer," but I do not know where it is made,

and I don't know that I would care to pass on the information if I did. Seems to me that any "set trigger arrangement" should be taboo among sportsmen. There is a frog-harness on the market which is splendid, but there is no trigger about it at all, at all.—O. W.

WELL, WELL

"I was going fishing today," Billy told the minister, "but father wouldn't let me."

"That's the right kind of a man," the minister replied, "to frown upon Sunday fishing."

"Sunday fishing, nothin'," retorted Billy, "there wan't bait enough for both of us."

AND NOW THE MOON!

Dear O. W.: Will you please tell me if the moon has any influence upon fish. Will they rise better in the dark or full phase?—W. H. H., Ark.

Sir: The question you have raised is one much discussed by anglers who gathered about the camp-fire, and I doubt if it will ever be satisfactorily answered. I know anglers who insist that trout will take the fly more readily when the moon is full, while others are equally insistent that "the dark of the moon," is when they feed. Probably much depends upon the local stream or lake as to whether the moon should be at the full or first quarter. In fly fishing for brown trout, anglers find that night fishing with a large fly is often successful where daytime fishing is almost useless. I would not even hazard a guess upon the subject you raise, and I am not strong for night fishing anyway. It seems to me that at this stage of the game true anglers will be willing to "lay off" at night.—O. W.

WHEN THE BLOOM IS ON THE WATER

Dear O. W.: I note often some such expression as, "fish will not bite when the bloom is on the water," now what is meant?—G. H. H., Wis.

Madam: Anglers say that the water "blooms," or "the bloom is on the water," when certain aquatic plants discharge their pollen, which is carried from plant to plant by the water, for purposes of fertilization. As you know, land plants are fertilized through the agency of wind or insects, or both; but aquatic plants, many of which bloom beneath the surface, are dependent upon the water to distribute the pollen. It is popularly supposed that during this period, fish do not feed, though that during not wholly proved; we know that during the heated term many fish seek out the cooler depths, are a bit loath to bite, though whether the pollen has a deleterious effect or not I am not prepared to say.—O. W.

THAT'S DIFFERENT

Farmer—"Hi, there! Can't you see that sign, 'No fishing on these grounds'?"
Rastus—"Co'se I kin see it; but I ain't so ignorant as ter fish on no grounds. I's fishin' in de pond."

SELF-THUMBER OR FREE-SPOOL?

Dear O. W.: I would like to know which is the better, an anti-backlash or a free-spool reel? Do you thumb all the time or just press down when you want the plug to stop? Please give me information relative to casting rules and targets.—T. M., N. Y.

Sir: As to whether one should select a free-spool or an anti-backlash for casting will depend upon the angler's wishes and purposes. Both reels will do all their makers claim. The free-spool allows of longer casts, of course, and more delicate manipulation, but calls for skill in handling. The self-thumbers do control the spool quite satisfactorily but militate against long casts, though one can cast far enough for ordinary fishing. Unless one uses a self-thumber he is always "thumbing" of course, and he stops the flying lure by pressing down firmly upon the spool. Most of us increase pressure gradually as our lure nears its goal. One can not say just when to stop the lure in order to hit the goal, experience will alone determine. Any information as to rules for tournament work should be sent our editor of Scientific Angling.—O. W.

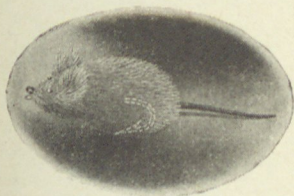
'NOUGH SAID

"Did it ever occur to you that the fish only gets caught when he opens his mouth?"—King Fisher.

ANGLER'S CABINET

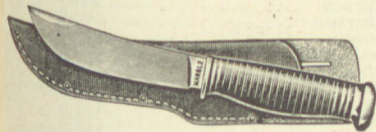
(HERE is a new departure! From time to time in this space, our angling editor will tell of the new tackle-ideas he has tried out. It will be understood, of course, that he is not recommending any particular wrinkle, merely giving his impression and findings. We think this will be of great interest and value to fishing fans. The address of the firms can be secured by writing "Outdoor America."—EDITOR.)

HICKORY DICKORY DOCK



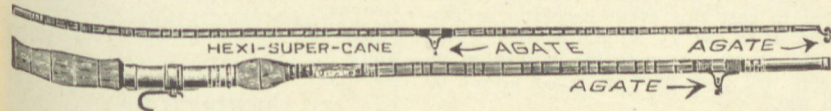
Whether this is any relative of the "mouse that ran up the clock" or not, we can't say, but it sure is a teaser. Made light so that it can be cast readily from an ordinary fly-rod, and not too large for easy handling even in a wind, and bass. We have all heard about the taking powers of a field mouse, but when we have undertaken to use a live one, well, well, 'nuf said! Here is an artificial mouse which looks very like the real thing and is guaranteed not to bite. Try it out.

A KNIFE FOR THE ANGLER



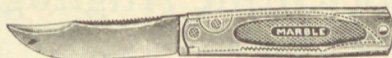
Every fisherman who has carried a sheath knife on his belt knows what a convenience it is to reach down with the free hand and have a good cutter nestle here and lovingly into his grasp. Well, here is a new one, built with the fisherman, Scout and general outer in mind. It is small, blade 4 inches, built up with leather handle and aluminum cap, weighing, with sheath, 4 oz. It will never get in the way, as is the case with a long knife, and it is just what the wader wants when his flies tangle in the brush. It has been a long time since a knife has so intrigued our fancy.

A WORTH WHILE CASTING ROD



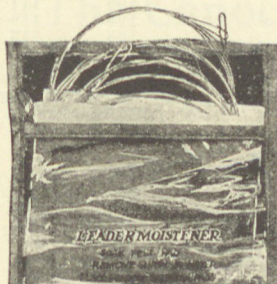
Today the angler would be particular indeed who could not find the casting rod to fit his particular notions. And was a rare tool indeed. Here is one built on honor and sold at a fair price. The material is what is known as "Hexi-Super-Cane." As all anglers know, that means the sap was extracted from the bamboo, and the pores and fibers filled

SPEAKING OF KNIVES



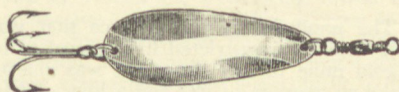
Here is a knife, not exactly new, but new to some. There are fishermen who object to carrying a belt knife, in spite of its convenience because it "looks so." Well, here is one that folds, closely and snugly, will either go in the pocket or tackle-box. The blade is built with fishermen in mind, that goes without saying; ditto as to quality, for no poor article ever came from the shop from which it emanates. If you want something to swear by, love and cherish till death do you part, try this. Blade is just the right shape for opening, while the back of it is a fine fish scaler.

KEEP THE LEADERS MOIST



Nothing is more important than having one's leaders moist. Some of us always carry a leader-box, with felt pads, which is perfectly all right; but now comes an oiled silk pouch, 4 1/2" x 4 1/2", with felt moistening pad, which works to perfection, is light and packs out of the way. Of course you don't wet-up the felt pad until you are ready to go fishing. And by the way, the makers of this new wrinkle are including one of the pouches with each half dozen leaders, which is a suggestion, as the leaders are among the best.

ANOTHER SPOON



Here is a new spoon, if one can call it a spoon seeing it doesn't whirl, that gets 'em. Drawn through the water it twists and wobbles, darts and flutters, until any bass or pike with a bit of life or appetite must needs attack. A good thing.

WHAT

Are Your Views, Ideas,
Experiences—on
Replenishing American
Waters with Game Fish?

Write them out (not to exceed 3000 words) and send your manuscript, with illustrating photos if possible, to Horrocks-Ibbotson Co., Utica, N. Y., as your entry in the

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42 Prizes

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The Hunter's Guide

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You can't get wet in a DRYBAK. It's comfortable, easy to wear and full of conveniences. Easily washed rubberized blood proof game pockets that will not crack in cold weather; gusset sleeves for ventilation and easy quick shooting. Special inside left pocket for small thermos, license, etc. Coat built with DRYBAK thoroughness and quality. Lasts as long as you hunt. No. 87 B.P. \$8.50. Send for catalog, fabric sample and guarantee button. Note these exclusive features, at this price, then ask your dealer for DRYBAK.

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"Go Thou and Do Likewise"

Excerpt from Letter

I always refer to OUTDOOR AMERICA when writing to your advertisers and I give them the preference in ordering goods.....

Scientific Angling

(Continued from page 39)

SALMON DISTANCE

Name	Average	Long Cast
Connelly	136 1/2	140
Chatt	136	141
Braddon	132 1/2	142
Trimble	132 1/2	138
Shrum	130 1/2	134
Hurst	126 1/2	130
Lucke	125 1/2	133
Newcomb	122 1/2	124
Willman	121	122
Leonard	120 1/2	122
Olsen	116 1/2	118
Crooks	115	120
Peters	113 1/2	118
Herrett	111	111
Neu	110 1/2	111
Kleinfeldt	110 1/2	112
Kinnear	109 1/2	110
Mathie	109	111
Zimmerman	108	110
Buckwalter	108	113

1/2 OZ. DISTANCE BAIT

Name	Average	Long Cast
Braddon	269.6	277
White	268.6	278
Chatt	266	278
Kinnear	260.7	270
Foss	251	261
Willman	247.2	253
Buckwalter	244.4	251
Mathie	233.8	260
Kleinfeldt	232.2	248
Herrett	220	240
Newcomb	217.9	232
Vong	217.5	278
Neu	214.8	226
Hughes	212.4	224
Moulton	205.6	215
Bennington	195.8	204.6
Schwinn	192.6	202
Crooks	191	212
Lucke	186.1	209
Hurst	183.3	263

THIRD DAY

In the 5/8 oz. distance Braddon came to the front again with both a high average and a long cast, with Chatt a close second. In this contest only twenty per cent of the scores were above 200.

* * *

The unofficial 5/8 oz. distance that was cast with an unrestricted line proved to be a gold mine for Al Foss. He was able to make an average of 287 and a long cast of 297. It was demonstrated that this event was satisfactory, so at the annual meeting it was voted to make it an official event.

The 1/2 oz. accuracy bait was a duel between Davis and Peters until the last cast. The Chicago man was able to shoot perfects for the second hundred, while Peters was down one on the last cast. Zimmerman captured third, with eight demerits. At the annual meeting it was voted to cast this event hereafter at distances of 65, 70, 75, 80 and 85 feet. This should prove a boon to the casters, as no longer will they have to guess at the 90 and 100.

PLUG DISTANCE (OFFICIAL)

Name	Average	Long Cast
Braddon	227.7	242 1/2
Chatt	225.6	236
Buckwalter	220.2	227
Hurst	217.9	230
Kleinfeldt	210.7	216.6
Newcomb	206	212
Kinnear	202.6	234
Willman	200.3	204
Mitchell	199.8	205
Peters	198.7	223
Herrett	193.8	211
Lucke	193	201
Lockwood	189	202
Connelly	187.3	203
Foss	186.4	226
Burlingame	183.8	196
Sutter	182.5	192
Bennington	180.2	184
Leonard	174.8	192
Zanglein	173.5	179



Dr. Marriott, Chairman, Entertainment Committee, toastmaster at Annual Banquet and originator of the entertainment in connection with the banquet.

PLUG DISTANCE UNRESTRICTED LINE

Name	Average	Long Cast
Foss	287.6	297
Peters	253.3	258
Lockwood	230.0	228
Olsen	221.8	224
Kinnear	217.4	221
White	212.4	212
Hughes	207.0	207
Schwinn	199.0	199
Crooks	196.0	196
Mathie	182.6	182
Arbogast	179.6	179
Vong	173.4	173
Kleinfeldt	169.0	169
Hurst	167.0	167
Chatt	157.6	157
Buckwalter	148.0	148
Connelly	140.4	140
Baxendell	137.0	137
Newcomb	116.0	116
Braddon	102.6	102

1/2 OZ. ACCURACY BAIT

Name	Average	Long Cast
Davis	98	98
Peters	98	98
Zimmerman	98	98
Neu	98	98
Edwards	98	98
Mitchell	98	98
Melcher	98	98
Sutter	98	98
Burlingame	98	98
Taylor	98	98
Hurst	98	98
Nystrom	98	98
Trimble	98	98
Braddon	98	98
Bennington	98	98
Grover	98	98
Mashburn	98	98
Leach	98	98
Vong	98	98
Lane	98	98

FOURTH DAY

The Dry Fly Accuracy resulted in a tie between the two eastern casters, Neu and Schwinn, with a score of 99 10/15. In the cast off Art Neu showed perfect control and finished with only four demerits. His casting was one of the finest exhibitions of dry fly work ever seen at a National. Jack Schwinn, his teammate, had an adverse wind at the start, but cast a most creditable score of 99 8/15.

A "dark horse" won the Dry Fly Accuracy known—Steel of the Lincoln Park Club of Chicago. He has been a winner at the state meets, but this was his first National. The Plug Accuracy was no surprise. Otto Peters, twice champion in this event, again proved the victor, barely missing a chance to break the record.



Over one-half of the contestants scored above 99, a remarkable showing, as the rings had been placed with some idea of making the event anything but an easy "set up." Trigg of Youngstown made a fine score, taking second honors.



Officers of Cleveland Casting Club: Pres. Buckwalter; Vice-Pres. Marriott; Sec. Melcher and Treas. Lockwood.

Buckwalter	98.6
Shrum	98.6
Shrout	98.6
Liotta, Sr.	98.5
Bening	98.4
Marriott	98.4
Bennington	98.4
Herrett	98.4
Liotta, Jr.	98.3
Mathie	98.3
Kennedy	98.2
Leonard	98.2

As the final scores came in it was announced that Chatt had won the Distance Bait Championship, and also the Distance Fly Championship.

Otto Peters was high man in the Accuracy Baits, and Walter Willman high in the Accuracy Fly Events.

Further scores and comments will be in the next issue.

The Canoe Rides

(Continued from page 21)

tionists attempt this method, which is correct in principle but wrong in application, since the handles of the paddles are of about the same diameter as the bones of the shoulder, and by the time the end of the portage is reached it's a toss-up whether the shoulder bones have worn through the paddle shafts or the paddle shafts have worn through the shoulder bones. The Indians may do this, but you want to remember two things: first, the Indian canoe is made of birch bark and is so light it almost floats in the air anyway, and secondly, you are not an Indian.

Besides, the way of an Indian with a canoe is something no white man ever will fathom. They walk through the woods with the canoe on one shoulder and all the household effects, including one sick dog, on the other. You may be paddling with all your might against a raging head wind and hostile waves, content to just a little more than hold your own, and an Indian squaw, alone in her canoe, paddling easily from a squat position amidships, will pass you as though she were being towed by a submarine. I have had this happen to me more than once, and not while I was on vacation, but while my companion and I were employed by the government to paddle a canoe every day from dawn to dark. The only thing to do is to turn your head away and pretend to be admiring the scenery on the other side of the lake.

The proper yoke for portaging a canoe is heavily padded at the points where it rests on the shoulders. Why use a bare pole when human ingenuity has given us soft pads? Is it because you would be hard boiled? I don't know what the object of being hard boiled is, but I do know that it doesn't prolong life, because I've seen the graves of a lot of hard boiled people in my day.

In addition to the canoe, there are lots of other things to get across a portage. These should be in packsacks, and not in anything else. I have seen a good many of these things they call duffle bags, with a leather handle at each end so two good men can wrestle them over a portage. But the same situation as that wherein two men portage the canoe is bound to arise, and I have seen more than one duffle bag dropped suddenly to the ground while its carriers have engaged in fisticuffs to add to their general misery. Packsacks, to be carried by one man, are the only thing, and two of these, one atop the other, makes the ideal load. Of course you will meet woodsmen now and then who insist on throwing the canoe on top of the packsacks and making a real portage of it, and some of the Indians do this too. You can try it any time you want to.

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- No. 613R — Shirt, button, knitted waistband, \$4.50.
- No. 613T — Jacket, button, knitted waistband, Corduroy lapel collar, \$4.75.
- No. 613U — Jacket, button, knitted collar, cuffs and waistband, \$5.00.
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Outboard Motors

Hunting with Outboards

and Small Boats

By PAUL BURRESS

AUTOMATICS, dogs, bag-limits, beds of eiderdown or bows, blinds or sink-boxes, motors or punt-poles, all have their time and place. Conscience and ability should ever justify the manner and means of pursuing outdoor sports.

Laws are made by fools like me but only God and education can make a genuine sportsman. Lack of understanding may deprive good sports from using aids of incalculable value during their outdoor itinerary or cause some well-meaning fellow to be unethical in his quest for game and outdoor pleasure. The employment of an efficient guide compensates for lack of time and experience. The use of a twelve-gauge shotgun and the baiting of game birds compensates for many disabilities. Some folks class the quail with the song birds; the automatic rifle and shotgun is sometimes considered by good marksmen as an atrocious implement to be used only by gangsters and soldiers; a bag-limit (to most of us) an unfamiliar quantity of game, to others a warning to be fair; a duck blind, an unfair deception; a .410-gauge shotgun, to the inexperienced, a worthless arm for taking game; the single and barbless hook is sufficient if one is skillful, otherwise he must be a sportsman of the higher plane, satisfied with the fun of losing and improved through his brief contact with nature.

Let us take for an example the conditions under which two fellows go duck hunting. One, a hard working boy who can find time to hunt on two Saturday afternoons during the open season. The other extreme, a professional man, experienced in the use of modern hunting facilities, who has plenty of time to hunt.

The working boy takes his chance on weather, transportation and location. He has not had the time to become an experienced shot, possesses a double-barrel or possibly a repeating shotgun, must rent a boat or do without, prepare and carry his lunch, build a blind, put out a dozen battered decoys and take his chance with many other boys like him who are taking hundred yard shots at worried singles coming down the wind—if the flight is on and the weather is right. Like most Saturday afternoon hunters near the larger cities, he usually returns with frosted feet, a perfectly good license good for the whole season, hungry and duckless.

During the same week a professional man received a wire from the club manager down on the Illiana river,—"THE BIG FLIGHT IS ON, COME AT ONCE." It is good duck weather and bad driving so he is chauffeured to the train and in a few hours arrives at the comfortable club where he enjoys hot food, drinks, a good bed and a guide who on the following morning punts the club member a hundred yards to the arena where he shoots it out and holds his own. There are thousands of ducks milling overhead in search of the grain that has been scattered there for months previous. In the center is a wire netting cage containing the live decoy callers which are little needed.

At a given time or signal the club members begin shooting .410s, automatics or what have you. The bag-limit is reached and then the guide's quota of ducks is killed, sometimes by the guide. In a few

minutes this hardship is over and the sportsman and his guide return to the club house. Having braved the severe elements and outwitted the game, he is ready for sustenance and rest. Returning home he has ducks for his friends, clients and storage. Both boy and club member respected the law as it was written. Had the club member with all of his comforts been privileged to shoot at the few fast flying singles witnessed by the boy and—the boy with his poor facilities and uncomfortable surroundings been privileged to take his toll from thousands of ducks such as were at the club,—would you not say that each was justified in his respective manner and means of taking his game? It means that more importance should be placed upon HOW DID YOU GET YOUR GAME instead of HOW MUCH GAME DID YOU GET. The written law, weather conditions, facilities, time and ability, not to mention his conscience, should determine the methods a sportsman should or should not employ in the pursuit of game.

The use of a motor on a boat while going to and coming from fishing and hunting waters is an increased facility over rowing or punting. It is often a decided advantage and surely more comfortable. If you think motoring to your hunting grounds is too easy for you and too tough on the game,—then compensate for this easy transportation and saving in time with a smaller gauge gun or pick out only the fast flying drakes. You be the fair judge.

Most every locality has one or two inexperienced sportsmen or rather outdoorsmen who are opponents of everything they know nothing about,—have an uncanny faculty in voicing their opinions on the subject of what should and should not

be used in fairness to wild life. Their desire and ability to propound their opinions to law makers who as a rule are not versed upon the intricacies of wild life conservation, leads to impractical laws which we know are often violated by well-meaning people.

As a hunting proposition all enmity toward outboard motors should have ceased long ago. What the little speed boats accomplished in the way of wild fowl and fishing should never have been charged to outboard motors, and the least of all in hunting. There is not a thing to be said against them when in the hands of a sportsman, but a ponderous amount of facts could be furnished for their support. True, they brought the outdoors near home to people of modest means and if this is a crime against wild life, then why protect it? Why not legislate against automobiles for use in hunting?

Some of the best goose grounds along the Atlantic coast are filled with miles of sand reefs and shoals covered with but few inches of water. When regular launches are used it is often necessary to leave them anchored and wade, dragging your decoys and outfit as much as a mile across the shoals because the launch draws too much water to get there. With an outboard motor the trick is simple and many a reef and bar where geese are feeding can be reached which would otherwise prove inaccessible.

Outboard motors are extensively used on the great Bear River Marshes of Idaho which is probably the greatest breeding and feeding ground for wild-fowl in this country. The use of a launch is out of the question in that vast territory because the water is so shallow excepting in the arms



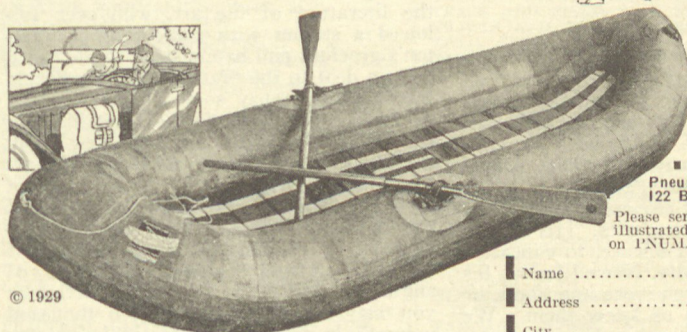
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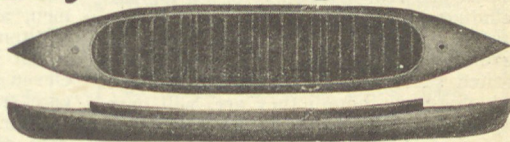
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and the overflows of the river which lead out into the marsh. During the open hunting season you can hear the outboard staccato throughout the length and breadth of that 400 square mile area.

Hunters are missing much if they do not provide themselves with a kicker and get right into the best shooting with their canoe or boat. They can reach desirable blinds on points which were heretofore impossible due to distance and be on the job ready when the opening sun-rise gun is fired. When the shooting day is over and a barren landscape is silhouetted against a fading western sky and you are a few miles down the shore from warm grub and restful slumber, isn't it something to realize while you are dragging out icy wet decoys and untangling fast freezing anchor ropes, that you have your old fishing motor along and don't have to row home?

When the great fall flight of the feathered migrants make the bars of the Mississippi and its northern tributaries their favorite haunts, the real hunter hooks an outboard to his boat loaded with decoys and heads up or down stream to dig in or to build a blind that will outwit the shrewd air voyager. If one point is passed up by the honkers, it is an easy matter to move to a more productive location without losing time.

The little outboard will drive the heavy John boat or the light canoe with equal efficiency. It is indispensable in exploring the little out-of-the-way rivers and bays and eliminates the necessity of back-breaking and often heart-breaking trips against tides and currents so well known to outdoorsmen and guides alike in the days before its present state of perfection was reached.

PEORIA HAS PERMANENT MARINE SPEEDWAY

A marine speedway, one which will mean as much to the motor boating and outboard world, as the Indianapolis Speedway does to the automobile world, has been nearly completed.

Peoria, Illinois, because of its great natural facilities not only for racing but for the accommodation of thousands of spectators, is the site of this new course. Fostered by the Mississippi Valley Power Boat Association, under the direction of Commodore Gordon C. Gillies and A. T. Griffith, the Peoria watercourse will be one of the most used and popular in the middle-west.

"Not only will the annual M. V. P. B. A. regatta be held there every year," said Commodore Gillies, "but it can also be turned over to smaller organizations for holding regattas. In addition to this it is planned to have the course open at all times for manufacturers of motors and boats and accessories who wish to use such a track and its equipment for private try-outs."

The first big event to be held on the course was the annual M. V. P. B. A. regatta, consisting of a 200-mile outboard marathon which gave first honor to Bill Frey of Madison, Wisconsin. Frey's time, for the 80 rounds of the government-surveyed 2½-mile course, was 6 hours 12 minutes and 22 seconds, which is slightly better than 32½ miles per hour.

LADY PILOT TAKES HONORS

Genevieve Atwood, Lakeland, Florida, thrilled spectators with sensational driving during the regatta held by the Central Ohio Outboard Motor Club of Columbus, O., on June 29th and 30th.

Miss Atwood drove her ORANGE Blossom boat to five firsts in six starts, trimming Huck Wooldard, Irv Leroy and H. J. Kouns, all of whom drove splendid races.



Outdoor Literature

Reviewed by Thomas Ambrose

Assistant Reviewer, Ralph Cheyney
(Co-Editor Contemporary Verse)

AMERICAN ANIMALS, by David Newell—Ten full page color plates and profuse black and white sketches by David Newell—79 pages—P. F. Volland Co.—1929—\$1.00. Buy through OUTDOOR AMERICA.

THESE rhymes, entertaining in the extreme, are packed with authentic Natural History and true information about the lives of animals," James L. Clark tells us in his introduction to this book for children by the author-artist-naturalist, David Newell. He continues, "No one is better fitted to tell us how these animals live than David Newell," and concludes, "His book is a real contribution to science, to education and to art." Assuredly, Newell knows his animals. What is even more important, he knows how to make us know them. We know of no book that more charmingly introduces the mammals of North America to the children of North America. For Newell has real sympathy for all animals, including man-cubs!

From mole to moose, antelope to whale, more than eighty animals are illustrated in spirited sketches and described in rhymes that, doggerel though they are, will probably please all children except those who have a feeling for poetry. He rhymes "ferret" with "garret" and shows that he has never mastered the medium of verse, but such technical faults are readily forgiven him. To let a few snatches from his verses speak for themselves, he tells us of the mountain goat:

"He climbs up jagged rocky slopes
Where men can scarcely go with ropes.
If we should jump across such chasms
We'd surely feel our mothers spasms!"
and of the raccoon:

"A 'coon, you see, is like a lad,
Who grown folks think is pretty bad,
Because he merely likes to get
His little hands and feet all wet!"

R. C.

THE COMPLEAT ANGLER, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation by Izaak Walton, with an Introduction by Bliss Perry and Decorations by W. A. Dwiggins—Cover, decorated boards, linen back, 12mo, 323 pages—Limited to 600 copies—C. E. Goodspeed & Co., Boston, The Merrymount Press, 1928. Buy through OUTDOOR AMERICA.

OF the making of many books there is no end, and so long as books are printed in the English language successive editions of The Compleat Angler are destined to come from the press. The publisher of the present edition (probably the 150th) has been very fortunate in having the Introduction written by Bliss Perry whose charming "Pools and Ripples" was reviewed by me some two years ago.

The text is that of the fifth edition, and is without notes. There are no illustrations excepting Mr. Dwiggins' original tinted drawings as Chapter headings. The printer has given us a beautiful page with wide margins, on good paper, and one could not ask for a more attractive reading edition of Father Izaak's deathless masterpiece than this. The title page in red and black is very effective.

When the publisher asked Mr. Perry to write the introduction the latter thought it too pleasant an invitation to be refused. "Any reader of Walton, or for that matter any fisherman, learned or unlearned in the literature of the art, who ever followed a stream with something of Walton's gracious and happy spirit in his heart, owes a debt to the 'father of anglers' and would gladly repay some portion of it if he could. But if he fancies that his debt can be paid by saying anything new about the history of his famous book or the art of angling itself, I would advise him not to begin, as I did, in a peaceful corner of the Widener Library at Harvard, surrounded by the thousands of volumes of the Bartlett and Fearing collections of angling books." The Fearing collection as you may know consists of ten thousand volumes in seventeen different languages. "It is disheartening enough to fish a brook when even one man is just ahead of you, but here are hundreds and hundreds of men, all tireless enthusiasts, fishing this Walton water."

But Mr. Perry at the conclusion of his eleven pages of introduction has no empty creel to show. He sketches the history of the early editions of "the Angler" and not only of Walton's Lives, but of Walton's life, references to contemporary writers, Lowell, Lang and Grey, with his own summing up: "Walton creates a mood. He does not merely furnish a manual of instruction; he teaches a way of life." . . . "The fashion of the world changes but what never goes wholly out of fashion is quiet happiness. Walton possessed the secret of it and he has had the marvelous good fortune of sharing his secret century after century without vulgarizing its charm." T. A.

MAN'S BEST FRIEND, The Story of the Dog, by Captain A. H. Trapman, with an Introduction by Albert Payson Terhune and a series of etchings by Diana Thorne—Buckram; large 8vo; 9 1/2 x 7 1/4—The Macaulay Co., New York, 1928—\$5.00. Buy through OUTDOOR AMERICA.

THIS is not an ordinary "dog book." The author explains in a Note that it is not a collection of dog stories but the attempt of a dog-lover to present to all lovers of dogs a synopsis of all that has been believed, thought, and written about man's best friend throughout the ages; and to deduce therefrom some knowledge of his psychology and mental processes whereby we may hope to glimpse the secret of his soul. Following the dedication "to the memory of all dogs who have loved man, and to all men who have loved a dog" is his confession of faith: "Plus je connais l'homme plus j'admire le chien."

Albert Payson Terhune, writer of many popular books and breeder of famous dogs, writes the Foreword and the pages are enlivened and enriched with charming etchings by Diana Thorne. These three, together with the printer and publisher, have contributed of their best in producing a truly delightful book.

Mr. Terhune in the Foreword states that "there is a queer link between dog and

man that exists between man and no other creature—man is loved only by dog and by man"; and that some dogs possess instincts and insights and gifts which are denied to humans, but he does not concur with the author in attributing these to the supernatural.

We follow the author from the Origin of the Dog Down the Ages to the Dog in History and in Literature, to Great Men and their Dogs and Some Great Dogs, and come to the Supernatural Attributes and farther along to the Peculiar Attributes of the Dog. In addition there is the Technology of the Dog, breeds and breeding, training, care and management, and appendices giving the rules of the various kennel clubs.

The average lay reader will be more interested in the wonderful stories illustrating the history of the dog and the "supernatural" and "peculiar" attributes of man's best friend.

The author asserts that abundant evidence exists to prove that the dog is possessed of "supernatural instinct" in three widely differing fields: (1) premonition; (2) divining the character and intrigues of man when these are calculated to threaten danger to his master; (3) sensing "supernatural" or uncanny influences; and then gives numerous instances in support of his belief.

In conclusion he says: "The more we probe into the attributes of the dog the more does he seem to have some connection with those things which are hidden from us. So far as we know he is the one and only created being capable of a whole-hearted and selfless love that asks nothing in return except just love!" T. A.

BIRDS OF ILLINOIS, by Orpheus Meyer Schantz, issued by the Department of Conservation, Springfield, 1928—Paper covers, 123 pages—Buy through OUTDOOR AMERICA.

THIS little manual is issued by the state authorities in the belief that by wide distribution of a popular book on birds, helping to identify them and giving their economic value, that we should feel it our duty and pleasure to protect the birds and encourage them to remain about our homes.

By an interesting calculation estimating 5 insect-eating birds to the acre, with 100 insects per day and bird, 18,000,000,000 insects or 150,000 bushels are consumed by the birds in Illinois for each day's fare. Destroy the birds, and insects would consume all vegetation and leave the world a desert.

The list of 766 birds is compiled by Robert Ridgeway, and the illustrations are from those used by the late Charles B. Cory, George N. Sutton, and the U. S. Biological Survey. The publication is very creditable to the Department of Conservation and should serve the useful purpose for which it is intended. T. A.

SURVEY OF NEW YORK AND ITS ENVIRONS, by Lee F. Hammer, Department of Recreation, Russell Sage Foundation—Maps, Plans, and Illustrations—Cloth; quarto; 256 pp.—New York, 1928. Buy through OUTDOOR AMERICA.

THE content of this imposing volume is well indicated by the title, the data representing a summary of some fourteen studies, reported upon separately to the office of the Plan, its main purpose being to present recreation conditions and needs in the Region, illustrated by a wealth of sketches, maps, plans, photographs, and diagrams. T. A.



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Your Dog And Mine

By OZARK RIPLEY



Dog Editor, OUTDOOR AMERICA

Conditioning Dogs

HUMANE societies have overlooked a good bet for their activities when they have failed to bestow any attention on the horde of sportsmen who annually put down in the field, at the opening of the shooting season, dogs that have had no work given them to harden them in order that they could perform comfortably and efficiently their destined tasks.

I thought of this for quite a while last Fall when I heard a man, late in the evening, waiting for a train close to a famed woodcock shooting grounds, profanely declaring to the world that every muscle in his body was sore from the day's tramp and those who suffered from the Inquisition had nothing on him.

That day, after the first hour in the alder coverts, all parts of his anatomy experienced agonizing travail; and even staccato breathing, at each slow, dragging step, was excruciating. Close to him, at full length, stretched his faithful setter, fat, out of condition for field purposes, jerkily twitching all over even though its entire body was steeped in sleep. The hunter thought of his own misery only—not once of his best friend, the dog. He was, however, just like an army of others: the passion to shoot game dominated him and he regarded his setter solely as a machine, that must act at his erratic bidding to provide him with opportunities for killing game birds.

In physical and mental qualities, the bird dog is most closely allied to the human being, particularly in cases where outdoor endurance is concerned, because both have to get over the same territory, with the dog having to perform a hundred times the amount of work done by the man.

The grievous manner in which sportsmen sin against the dog can be best illustrated by one's personal experience. Last Fall I began hunting over bird dogs in the Province of Quebec, later in New Brunswick on woodcock, in the famed Bay of Fundy region, ultimately ending my shooting itinerary after covering many states, near Albany, Georgia, on February 28th. What most struck me while meeting singles, pairs and groups of sportsmen hunting over bird dogs in all the vast region covered I found only two men who had bird dogs that really were in A-1 condition to stand their work easily, dogs that could go all day at a fast, bird finding clip, suffering no fatigue apparently and ready every morning to perform the same classy work.

And, while I am on this subject, it is permissible to add that most of the hunters were in the same condition as their dogs. And of course shouted aloud, to the world, every hour, how tired they were. Even the majority, who rode horseback all day behind their dogs, had varied and painful sufferings to recount.

Obviously the modern man thinks ahead very little regarding the condition of his dog for field work. Just so it looks sleek and well fed is all he asks, and he demands a lot on this account. Because the dog does not live in a modern apartment, like his marcelled-haired son of the present era, the animal surely must be tough, is the conception of the general run of dog owners who give attention to their necessary

shooting companions only when the season is open.

Looks are deceiving. A well rounded figure and good coat simply indicate that the dog has been well fed. A nice coat reflects attention that has guarded against skin diseases and inferior food, to which perhaps a little exercise has been added daily.

City conditions and working conditions are different matters, whether the dog is to be used in chicken country that requires the biggest going, or the owner works it as a typical covert dog is usually handled. No dog can do itself justice if it is not in perfect working condition, experienced and muscle-hardened so that debilitating fatigue does not exert a baleful influence on its stamina and the same thing on its thinking faculties, or intelligence.

Perhaps others will contradict the declaration I am about to make, but it has become an inborn, ineradicable conviction with me that half the bad habits into which a dog gets, and which reduce its performance to inferiority, are from pushing it along through long hunting trips when it was not thoroughly, in advance, conditioned for the purpose, but left to condition itself during the outing.

The owner says to himself, the dog will toughen up each day. Perhaps it will, and perhaps the next day its performing slump will be worse than ever, because he is given no time to recover from muscular soreness, and, if his feet are tender, rest assured this state will be increased instead of being alleviated.

Continuing to work a dog out of condition not only adds to its misery, but brings on bad habits. A high-type body scenter may become an arrant foot scenter. The despicable habit of false pointing soon becomes another affliction, because, when in pain or extreme physical grief, the dog can not exercise its intelligence to the fullest any more than can a man who is completely worn out yet has to carry on. Whereupon, the bird dog follows the line of least resistance, and ultimately becomes

indifferent to whether it is actually pointing body scent, a fleeting foot scent, a sparrow, a lark or some suspected rabbit form in the dead grass. Fatigued nerves and muscles are incapable of decisive determination.

Strange as it seems, some dogs out of condition through an ulterior ramification—if they are timid fellows, especially—develop an inferiority complex. If they are working with another dog they begin to feel he can do the work better and follow that idea thereafter.

When a dog can not stand the going and the owner wishes to continue his hunting he resorts to the inevitable borrowing of a local dog that knows the country and where each bevy of birds frequents. If a young, tired, out of condition dog of a sensitive nature is forced to carry on for several days behind such a sapient, hard pacemaker the chances for the inferiority complex cropping out and staying in the system forever are mighty good.

The dog out of condition that is forced to hunt that I most profoundly pity is the big going, classy fellow full of hunt, that on account of his tremendous and overwhelming supply of "guts" will not quit nor exhibit to his master any indication of the misery he is suffering.

That dog will hunt until his legs fall off. He will continue to search speedily for game, though he is in distress every second. True, he will not perform up to his best ability, but his master will never know the agonizing hours he is enduring to promote that master's pastime. And all because the man is stupidly incapable of comprehending how he himself put such a class fellow in the field out of condition.

At this moment I have two dogs in my mind that are surpassing in their field work. All day, every day, they maintain a tremendously speedy pace, very close to the fastest half hour or hour heat any dog ever ran in a trial. To those who have seen them go for the first time, it appears marvelous, actually unbelievable, though they are witnessing it, that those dogs can



Seven fine looking specimens of dogdom from the Pacific Coast.



C. W. Campbell, Tulsa, Oklahoma, with two of his prize Llewellyns. He has refused \$1000 for the white one.

continue that clip every day. They do it in the heavy coverts of the North Country, the prairie regions, and finally in Dixie-land, and their amazing sustained exhibitions are entirely due to that one thing: they are always in working condition.

Their ability to perform as they do and continue it without suffering can be wholly credited to a master who knows dogs. They were brilliant prospects with a great future before them. And was this master fool enough to hunt them the first year for an entire day or the next year either? Not by a long shot, with such amazing material in his hands. He was the kind who knows that no animal should be put through the gruelling of hard hunting until every bone is matured and hardened; each muscular part ready for perfect development. It was better, he realized, for a year or two to let them be, to let them loaf a bit, while his friends were hacking to death their own promising youngsters.

The matter of not starting his dogs into steady, aggressive field work until they were fully matured has bearing on condition only insofar as dogs of that age are more easily conditioned for endurance than others. But conditioning these dogs to keep at top speed all day and putting them in shape so they were all season goers, barring accidents, requires special attention and of the sort that would not be successfully culminated in a few days.

Gradual shaping was followed for three months before the shooting season started; and shooting seasons, with dyed in the wool quail hunters, are seldom limited to one state. First, right during the latter part of summer weather, the dogs were put down every day for an hour. In two weeks' time this was increased to two hours daily and a short time before the shooting season opened in the middle of November these dogs were participating regularly in a five hour clip until as hard as nails and their powerful lungs suffered not the least from the most arduous exercise. If rain caused an interval in this program, the dogs were not neglected in their kennel yard. They were rubbed down vigorously, wrestled with, and this was made to last into a pretty long session so that no softness would be incurred from their idleness.

Only a dog in good condition can perform field work well. When I say this, I have to admit exceptions, especially those

wiry, nervous, highly strung chaps that, however much they suffer from physical disability, persist in hunting. They are usually produced by inbreeding, or what is more commonly followed in dogdom, line breeding. Everything is intensified in them, though some superficial qualities are sacrificed, until their brains think only of birds and birdy places, and their legs happily and speedily coordinate to carry them. In condition or out of condition these dogs will hunt with terrible persistence but the chances are, when they are hunted out of condition, a casualty occurs.

Numbers of bird dogs kept in kennels where they acquire fat and consequently a lethargic nature, when put down in the field follow the same line of least resistance as masters who are of similar temperament and physical condition. Neither have they in them that blood for generations dominating them at all cost to keep going willingly, however grievous the hazards. As soon as the cover begins to cause labor, both pick more facile going. Eventually, before the day has grown very long, the animal's range is decreased and finally he comes to heel. Later in the day, both master and bird dog are seen resting and viewing topography that ought to be hunted.

While in these dollar-strenuous days every man is not able to condition his dogs himself, the reliable trainer is at his disposal. But, in every case, he ought to be given at least two months for the job, because, though you aver the opposite, he will have to steady him to wing again if he is in his second season, or, at least, steady him to shot.

The man who takes upon himself the work of conditioning his dogs is fully rewarded every time, because he is putting himself in condition at the same time and, if my memory is good, during thirty years following the heels of bird dogs, I can recall that the majority of hunters need re-conditioning for hunting as much as their short or long haired hunters. When they are in shape for hunting, they will enjoy the sport a whole lot more than when they are not physically right.

Conditioning your own dogs brings about a better understanding between you. Little intimacies show up that you will never perceive unless you devote time yourself to your faithful, four legged friends. But, while conditioning is a matter of daily

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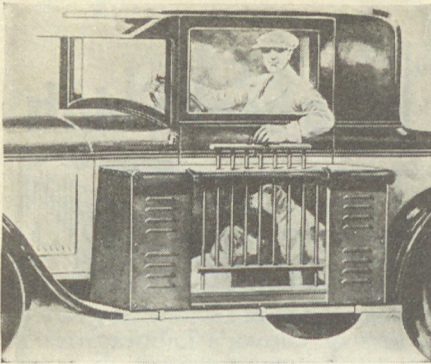
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exercise and proper feeding, it can not be attained by romping on a golf course or kindred terrain. Take the dogs out in the country, put them down in the very same kind of territory in which you are to hunt. Keep this up and when the season is open, you and your dogs will return to your quarters every evening pretty fresh and anticipating sport for the coming day with a thrill of ecstasy instead of as another grind of punishment.

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HOUSEBREAKING

Dear Ozark Ripley:

Will you please give me some advice on how to housebreak my 18 months' old dog? He was very easily trained at first and was thoroughly housebroken, but lately he has been a great nuisance in the house.

B. M. WICK,
Denver, Colo.

Dear Mr. Wick:

You will have to go to the trouble of watching and observing when he commits a nuisance. Then rub his nose in it and tie him to the place and keep him there an hour or two, no matter how he resents it. You may have to have a heavy chair or two for this purpose. But he will surely quit it after this cure has been administered.

OZARK RIPLEY.

SPRINGER SPANIELS

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I would like to get some information in regard to Springer spaniel dogs, as to training and raising same.

C. J. EASTERDAY,
Jenks, Okla.

Dear Mr. Easterday:

The training of Springer spaniels and raising them is no different from that of any other bird dogs, except that they are worked close and taught to flush the game within range of the gun, instead of pointing it.

Any of the modern books on training will help you greatly in training, as well as raising, Springer spaniels.

OZARK RIPLEY.

TIME TO WORM?

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a pointer bitch nearly seven years old, to whelp about April 4th, in good general physical condition, having been hunted the past season. She has not been wormed for six years.

Can she be wormed at this time with satisfactory results and without danger to the pups?

R. A. ROZIER,
Laurel Hill, Fla.

Dear Mr. Rozier:

At this stage of your bitch's pregnancy it would be very risky to give her any kind of vermifuge. All you can do is to wait until she weans the pups and worm both her and the youngsters.

OZARK RIPLEY.

SETTER OR POINTER

Dear Ozark Ripley:

As a member of Greater Boston Chapter, I. W. L. A., I have been much interested in your column about dogs, in "Outdoor America." I have never had a bird dog, and know absolutely nothing about training one. What breed of dog would you recommend to use, especially on pheasants?

EDWARD C. BUTLER,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Mr. Butler:

A pointer or setter, according to which your favor runs, will suit you best for pheasants.

OZARK RIPLEY.

WHAT BREED?

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have not owned a dog for years, and never a real good one, but have always loved dogs and they seem to like me. Of late I have become more interested in fishing and hunting as a means of pleasure and recreation as well as exercise, and have decided that I can and will have a good dog.

The big question is to decide what kind of dog to get?

The principal game available in this section is rabbits; quail; doves; pheasants; coon, and Illinois River ducks.

PHILIP C. GAY,
Lincoln, Illinois.

Dear Mr. Gay:

You could use a Springer for rabbits and feathered game, but you can not beat a pointer or setter on upland birds, and for retrieving from land or water. Nevertheless, if they are allowed to hunt fur, their greatest qualities are taken away from them.

OZARK RIPLEY.

MANGE TREATMENT

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have three Rat Terrier female pups, badly afflicted with mange, contracted from the mother dog. I shall appreciate your help and advice.

R. E. SPEECE,
Lewistown, Pa.

Dear Mr. Speece:

Wash dog in warm water well saturated with baking soda. Dry well then apply over three days the following ointment. Destroy all old bedding and disinfect old or recent quarters. Avoid all heating food.

Cotton seed oil one quart, sulphur four ounces, alum four ounces, boracic acid four ounces, tablespoonful of iodine.

OZARK RIPLEY.

THE TIP OF HIS TAIL

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I own a fine rabbit dog that when I am hunting him hard beats the brush so violently with his tail that the tip gets so raw and sore that he quits running and devotes himself to licking the sore member.

What can I do to toughen the tip of his tail?

MATT J. HOFFMANN,
Wausau, Wis.

Dear Mr. Hoffman:

Soak your dog's tail in a saturated solution of alum and sulphate of iron. When dry clip off hair as close to skin as possible and apply adhesive tape. Most dogs in time toughen their tails by hard work and never seem to feel the punishment they undergo while whipping it raw.

OZARK RIPLEY.

SUMMER MANGE?

Dear Ozark Ripley:

My pointer is suffering from some sort of "summer mange," according to a local veterinarian. Had the same trouble about two years ago. I don't think the "vet" knows exactly what to call it, but he seems positive that it is not what is ordinarily known as true mange.

The skin is very red, hair is almost all gone and he has many sores from scratching. Two months ago he was in fine flesh, but is now very poor. He always had a peculiar odor and some have said that he has some skin disease. However, although the odor is always faintly present, his present condition seems to come on about April to May each year.

Can you tell me what the trouble is and give me instructions for treating it at home?

JAS. C. SCOTT,
Richmond Heights, Mo.

Dear Mr. Scott:

From your description of the patient's trouble I feel sure it has mange. Destroy all former bedding used and clean all quarters with scalding hot water to which has been added concentrated lye.

Give the dog a bath in warm water to which baking soda has been added. After you have dried the dog's coat well apply the following ointment every third day until cured. After you apply the ointment see that the dog has a good place to roll in.

Cottonseed oil, 1 quart
Powdered alum, 4 ounces
Sulphur, 4 ounces

Two tablespoonfuls coal oil
Two tablespoonfuls iodine.

This treatment will help, too, if the dog happens to have eczema, which will also in that case require internal treatment. Do not feed any heating food such as corn meal or pork meat.

OZARK RIPLEY.

PARALYZED

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I am an interested reader of Outdoor America and especially your "dog queries." I have a pointer bitch about 13 months old. Last winter she became paralyzed in her hind legs and dragged herself all the time. Soon after she recovered from this, her tongue became paralyzed; it hangs full length out of the side of her mouth all the time. Other ways she is all right. The local veterinary called it dumb rabies and advised my killing her three months ago.



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549 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

but I will do everything I possibly can before I'll have her killed. Will you please tell me what to do?
HARRY HUNTER,
Wewoka, Okla.

Dear Mr. Hunter:
I had once a similar case, and the following treatment helped bring the animal around into a useful condition. But before treating yours, say to yourself the chances are mighty slim of the animal recovering.

Here is the treatment, and it may help. Keep dog on a meat diet. Give five drops of fluid extract of black cohosh twice a day for thirty days. Bathe dog frequently in very warm salt water baths. Massage well twice a day.
OZARK RIPLEY.

FOR DUCKS AND QUAIL

Dear Ozark Ripley:
I am about to purchase a Retriever to work almost exclusively on ducks in this country. At present there is a strain of very fine Irish Spaniels being raised here which are about the finest duck dogs I have ever seen. I have watched one of these dogs bring mallards out of the river when chunks of ice six feet were floating down it, and have seen him cross over to the bank fifty or seventy-five yards on the other side and bring in cripples. Mexican quail and duck are about the only game we have in this country, and you know how the Mexican quail is when he is crippled, and unless you have a good dog with a mighty good nose, you lose him, and our Irish Spaniels don't seem to care much about working out the quail.

What I am trying to find is a Retriever that is primarily a duck dog big enough to stand the ice water and at the same time, with a good enough nose to work out the dead and crippled quail. For this purpose, would you think a Springer, Spaniel, Chesapeake, Labrador or one of our Irish Spaniels with a little better training, would be the best dog?
LANGFORD KEITH,
Roswell, N. M.

Dear Mr. Keith:
I would still pin my faith on a pure bred water spaniel, but I would work him considerably on quail before your duck season. Of course the springer will work out the birds best but few equal the Irishman for the type of duck retrieving to which you refer.
OZARK RIPLEY.

WORK TWO TOGETHER?

Dear Ozark Ripley:
Would you consider it good policy to take two puppies into the field together, age 4½ months?
If so, would you advise continuing the training of them together?
H. C. MILZ,
Carbondale, Ill.

Dear Mr. Milz:
It will not hurt in the least to work your two puppies together. The instant you see one depending entirely upon the other, begin working them separately until they begin again to hunt independently.
OZARK RIPLEY.

SHOO FLY

Dear Ozark Ripley:
I have a German police pup, and am having a lot of trouble in keeping the flies off his ears. I have tried several remedies for this, but none seem to help any.

HERALD THOMAS,
Wichita, Kan.

Dear Mr. Thomas:
Grease ears with equal parts of black oil and turpentine.
OZARK RIPLEY.

FORCE COLLAR

Dear Ozark Ripley:
I have been reading your valuable articles in Outdoor America on training of bird dogs. I am teaching my dog to retrieve and need a force collar. What make do you recommend and where can I obtain one?
FRANK SANGER,
Pullman, Wash.

Dear Mr. Sanger:
The best force collar for your purposes is made by F. Lloyd, Oscawanna-on-Hudson, N. Y.
OZARK RIPLEY.

(Continued on page 75)

Ask Ozark Ripley

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MAN, we are told, should not live alone, and in India the Briton abides by this dictum. The exile keeps a dog, a fox-terrier, for choice; even if possessing a wife, he takes to himself a dog—perhaps two, or more, and of fox-terrier breed, for this variety stands the horrible summer climate best. The animal, being short haired, is little affected by the frightfully enervating "hot weather" or, at all events, comparatively little, provided he is a "country bred." The creature may, when the red-hot sun blazes its fiercest, go mad, unintentionally sending cases "home" to the Pasteur Institute. Still, all things considered, the fox-terrier is well suited to the Anglo-Indian's needs.

That the "farx" (as the natives pronounce and abbreviate the puzzling words "fox" and "terrier") is admirably adapted to the requirements of the white man cannot be doubted. He sleeps on "Master's" bed, and travels in the railway carriage with him. When the *Sahib*, keen on breathing fresh air, takes an evening drive in a swiftly-moving car, Jacky sits by his side, or, if there is a lady present, reluctantly occupies the seat next to the chauffeur. In addition to the sundown drive, the "farx" accompanies "Master" on the golf links, on sporting expeditions and early morning rides, to the office, and to the club tennis courts. During the progress of the game, he and the other dogs are kept at a distance. Running after the balls is not encouraged; vainly do they implore permission to play with them. . . .

The fox-terrier also takes part in jackal hunts, routing out the "jack" when the wily one goes to earth. He may get badly mauled over the business, the jackal fighting like its cousin, the wolf, and being about four times heavier than its opponent. The plucky little chap also joins in the chase, to be left behind—owing to the superior length of stride possessed by the Rampur hounds and other tykes. Panting, he puts in an appearance at the first check. . . .

AS a watch dog the fox-terrier has his uses, and, when, at night, thieves are afoot, he is particularly alert. Sleeping with one ear cocked, and a half-closed eye on the verandah, the watchful sentinel, hearing the stealthy tread of the marauder, as he threads his way through the bushes and past the beds of tropical flowers, yap-yaps. . . . The *chow* hastily decamps, whereupon "Jacky" barks his loudest. The *Sahib*, rifle in hand, is quickly on the scene; the native servants, leaving their odoriferous quarters, join in the hue and cry. Sometimes the unfortunate thief is laid low by a bullet; frequently he shows a clean pair of heels to his pursuers. Or poor "Jacky," being too near the object of

The Fox Terrier in India

By
CAPTAIN GEORGE CECIL

pursuit when "Master" lets fly, may, like Mr. Tupman, receive the leaden messenger dispatched by an Anglo-Indian Mr. Winkle. . . . He then is buried with pomp, his grave being garlanded by the sorrowing domestics. Very touching.

The natives, as a rule, are not partial to dogs, regarding them as soulless, unclean beasts. "O dog, son of a dog!" is a common form of abuse in Mahometan circles, while Hindus gladly liken their mothers-in-law to dogs. But colored servants usually know better than to express disapproval of the *Sahib's* cherished fox-terrier. They cosset the pet—especially when the *Sahib* is within earshot. . . . "My pearl!" says the black cook, employing the honied metaphor of the East. "Doth thy honorable stomach yearn for breakfast? Art ready for delicately chopped liver cunningly mixed with rice? Come then, O beloved, 'tis thine!" . . .

Should "Jacky," in an enterprising moment, help himself to "Master's" curried prawns, there is trouble. Mahomet Bux may catch the pilferer a clip over the quarters, cursing him as a base born cur of despicable morality. Well deserved is the timely admonition.

THE fox-terrier bulks largely in barracks and throughout the length and breadth of India cantonments, almost every British soldier possessing one. The dog-loving warrior, in the intervals of being subjected to the wearisome inanities of useless drill, devotes much time and trouble to "Jacky's" toilet. The animal is washed daily; the most diligent search is made for those lively visitors who consider a dog's coat their proper abiding-place; his health is the soldier's first care. He sometimes



Ch. Aire Captain, the property of Mr. R. H. Taylor, Shann House, Spring Gardens Lane, Keighley.



Eden Aristocrat. Property of Mr. "Bob" Barlow, Keresley, Coventry.

learns to "shoulder arms," to "stand at ease" to "salute his superiors," to "die for King and country"—and to "bite the Germans." Most accomplished.

Should a fox-terrier have been appointed regimental mascot to a battalion, he is entitled to rations, these being drawn every morning by the quartermaster-sergeant, and entered on a multiplicity of army forms. If "Jacky" falls ill, he is doctored by the Royal Army Veterinary Corps officer, and usually cured. His status is that of a charger.

ALTHOUGH there is a great demand for fox-terriers which have been bred and brought up in India, well-to-do Europeans often import prize-winners from England. Those who can afford luxuries even go the length of thinking that no "country-bred" is worth possessing. This, however, is ridiculous, for the dog which has been pupped in India stands the "hot-weather" and "rains" far better than does the imported variety. Indeed, the exotic acquisition has to be sent to the "hills," as the Himalayas are termed; let him remain in the "plains," and he may die. From April till July heat apoplexy awaits him, and the rainy season, which follows, brings in its train, *bursati* (a horrible form of skin disease). The "country-bred," unless a born weakling, will survive. The lordly importation, unless packed in ice and railed to Simla, quickly turns up his toes. *Kismet!*

In the welcome "cold weather" fox-terriers are entered at dog shows. The prizes may not be of great value; but the Anglo-Indian owners are out for honor and glory alone. Paltry *rupees* are nothing to them;—all that counts is the satisfaction of knowing that the valued tyke has distanced its competitors. Theirs is the sporting British spirit. . . .

RAJAHS and other potentates, to whom a fistful of money is as so much dust, spent vast sums in acquiring fox-terriers of perfect make, shape and markings. Emissaries in Paris and London send them alluring photographs of prize animals, quoting a price which covers a trifle for the intermediary, and a cable instructs the agent to dispatch the treasure. The importation is met at Bombay by His Highness' local representative and a black kennel attendant, and conveyed to its destination by train or motor car. The journey may take from twenty-four hours to a couple of days, and more, distances in India being enormous.

Should the imported fox-terrier fail to please the *Rajah*, the emissary is sacked. If "Jacky" does not take to his new master, he is presented to the *Dewan* (Prime Minister), or to another courtier. His Highness is too proud to impose affliction where it is not wanted.

Your Dog and Mine

(Continued from page 73)

FIELD TRIALS

Twenty-sixth American Field Futurity, for pointer and setter bitches bred on or after October 30, 1928. Nominations of dams close October 29, 1929. Nominations must be made within thirty days after bitches have been bred. Send for nomination blanks containing full information. American Field Publishing Company, 440 South Dearborn Street, Chicago.

McKean County Sportsmen's Club, Bradford, Pa., September 16. W. F. Enright, secretary.

Rockville Fish and Game Club, Rockville, Conn., September 21. J. A. Traill, secretary.

Southern Michigan Field Trial Club, Battle Creek, Mich., September 23. Entries in Derby close July 15, in All-Age stake August 1. G. E. Wood, secretary, Lakeview, Mich.

Washington County Sportsmen's League, Canonsburg, Pa., September 23. Charles Kuhn, secretary.

Mid-Continent Field Trial Association, Yates Center, Kan., September 23. H. C. Brooks, secretary.

Connecticut Field Trial Club, Madison, Conn., September 24. F. J. Brooks, secretary.

Empire State Field Trial Association, Canandaigua, N. Y., October 3. Charlotte Bacon Munson, secretary.

New London County Grouse Trial Club, New London, Conn., October 4. W. S. Griswold, secretary.

Buffalo Trap and Field Club, Buffalo, N. Y., October 11. J. C. Vroman, secretary.

Fayette County Field Trial Association, Uniontown, Pa., October 17. H. A. Coughanour, secretary.

Burlington County Game League, Medford, N. J., October 18. W. W. Worrell, secretary.

Rhode Island Grouse Trial Club, October 19. J. M. Chapman, Jr., secretary, Bucklin and Woodman Streets, Providence, R. I.

Bird Dog Association of the Province of Quebec, Napierville, Que., October 19. J. S. Hall, secretary.

Cedar Brook Field Trial Club, Cedar Brook, N. J., October 21. C. H. Allen, secretary.

Northern Indiana Field Trial Club, Rensselaer, Ind., October 21. J. W. Bates, secretary.

West Virginia Amateur Field Trial Association, Point Pleasant, W. Va., October 21. D. H. Morton, secretary.

English Setter Club of America, Medford, N. J., October 25. J. R. Moon, Jr., secretary.

Mt. Holly Field Dog Club, Mt. Holly, N. J., October 27. G. M. Rogers, secretary.

Western Illinois Field Trial Club, Macomb, Ill., October 27. I. L. Maxey, secretary.

Pointsetter Field Trial Club, Marietta, Pa., October 28. W. R. Husted, secretary.

Southern Ohio Field Trial Association, October 28. Dr. F. J. Boyd, secretary.

Missouri Field Trial Association, Sturgeon, Mo., October 28. Z. W. Street, secretary.

Mid-Jersey Field Dog Club, Plainfield, N. J., October 30. E. G. Corey, secretary.

Maryland Field Trial Club, October 31. O. H. Aylor, secretary.

Hunterdon County Field Dog Club, Lambertville, N. J., November 1. J. H. Holcombe, Jr., secretary.

Kentucky Pointer and Setter Club, Camp Knox, Ky., November 6. J. W. Anderson, secretary.

Virginia Amateur Field Trial Association, Camp Lee, Va., November 11. A. M. Pullen, secretary.

Twenty-fifth American Field Futurity, Vinita, Okla., November 18. American Field Pub. Co., 440 South Dearborn St., Chicago.

Southwestern Field Trial Club, Vinita, Okla., November 20. Dr. F. M. Adams, secretary.

Georgia Field Trial Association, Waynesboro, Ga., December 2. Dr. E. M. Wilder, secretary.

Cotton States Field Trial Association, Jackson, Miss., December 30. R. W. Wallace, Jr., secretary.

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Dogs

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Dogs

Miscellaneous Dogs—Continued

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Dogs

Terriers—Continued

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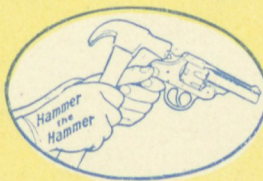
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